AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMEN
SEPTEMBER 1980 $2.00*
EXCLUSIVE
JAILBREAK: My story by Raymond John Denning
SILVERFINGER
How Nelson Bunker Hunt risked a billion
INTERVIEW
Alan Bond on The America's Cup
BO IS BACK
12 GLORIOUS PAGES

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Summer pleasures are pure gold.

When only the best will do.

PLAYBILL

Bo Derek is back. A delicious, sexy, beautiful pictorial that erupts from the 12 scrumptious pages we have devoted to her. So many men have a yen for the ten, we just had to give you a second look at the woman who has attracted more male adulation than any other in years. When the Bodacious Bo appeared in Australian PLAYBOY last March, the flood of letters was staggering. Well, we didn't let you down, did we?

The name **Raymond John Denning** is famous, or infamous, if you like. Denning, escape artist extraordinaire, armed robber, activist reform campaigner, currently the best known outlaw in Australia, is a man who has learned some things during his years in prison — like how to read and write, how to paint. And although he is on the run, Denning is indulging in a unique exercise, campaigning through the media against what he argues are the evils of the prison system. Well, Denning has supplied Australian PLAYBOY with something different — his personal account of the critical days after his escape. That's quite a scoop.

So is Silverfinger, a financial thriller. This incredible and gripping story relates the extraordinary machinations of Nelson Bunker Hunt and his bid to corner the world silver market, a bid involving hundreds of millions of dollars, a bid that threw Hunt's oil empire into jeopardy. **Harry Hurt** is the author.

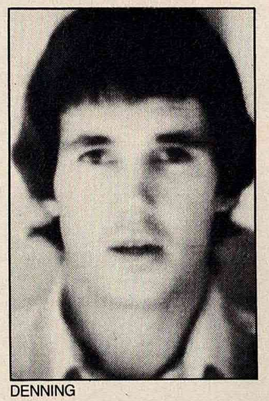
It could only happen in Australia — the Birdsville races and the beery bacchanalia that goes with this unique annual outback event. The words and pictures of the Birdsville ritual are hilarious, and symptomatic of that wild and woolly streak in the Australian character. **John Algate** was the recording witness.

Our Playmate for September is Maree Johnson, a self-confessed dreamer, a beauty who will generate more than a few fantasies among the pictorial *aficionados* of PLAYBOY. Maree, originally a convent girl from Brisbane, now lives in Sydney. Being a dreamer, it's understandable that she is attracted to a certain classic type of male — "Perhaps 'tall dark and handsome' is a bit of a cliche but it sums up the physical qualities I like in a male." Hmmm.

This month the reading is exceptionally good. World famous Australian author **Xavier Herbert** writes an intriguing memoir — enhanced by **Frants Kantor's** fine graphic — about overcoming cowardice. In a different vein, **Joseph Murphy** overcame his fears too, by travelling through Afghanistan with notebook and camera, braving the harsh scrutiny (while in custody) of Russian soldiers and surviving an ambush by Afghani freedom fighters. Murphy's writing is direct, compelling, and essential for anyone who wants to "feel" the tension of this tragic war.

Playboy staffer **Neil Jameson** is a man who can write about sport with panache, intellect, wisdom and style. Provoked by the declining nature of Australia's international sporting prowess, Jameson set out to discover why Australia, which won 13 gold medals at the 1956 Olympics, has steadily lost winning ground ever since. Also sporting is Ken Warby, one Australian who is the best in the world — the very fastest man on water. Warby's terrors, joys, ambitions are detailed by **Russell Deiley**. And the photography by **Voytek Eymont** is spectacular.

Short-story writer and novelist **Robert English** (the acclaimed *Toxic Kisses* is his latest book) has written for Australian PLAYBOY before. His latest effort is an hilarious romp with a dash of misery and a finale that reminds us of the justice of Solomon. The Billboard is a delightful story about a ruthless advertising executive (how he got his secretary to fix his mid-week "headache" is a nice sub-plot in itself) and a simple little widow. Enough said!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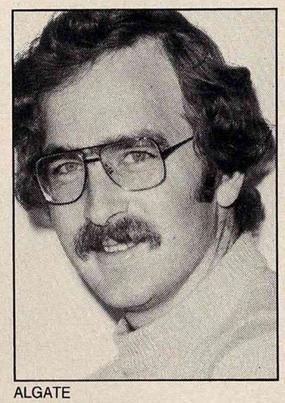
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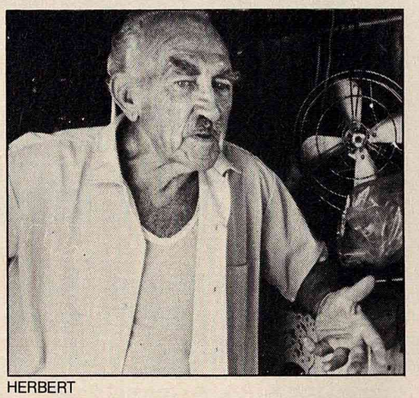
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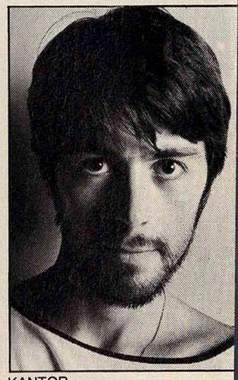
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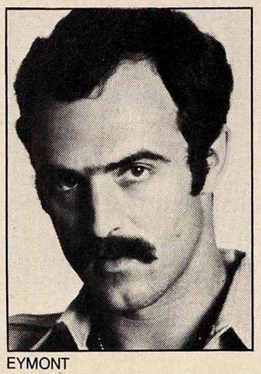
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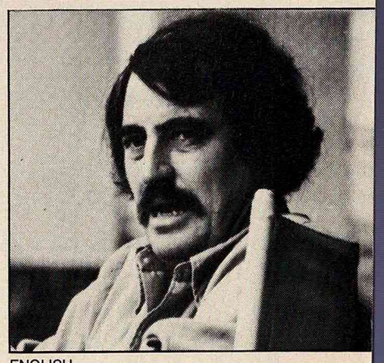
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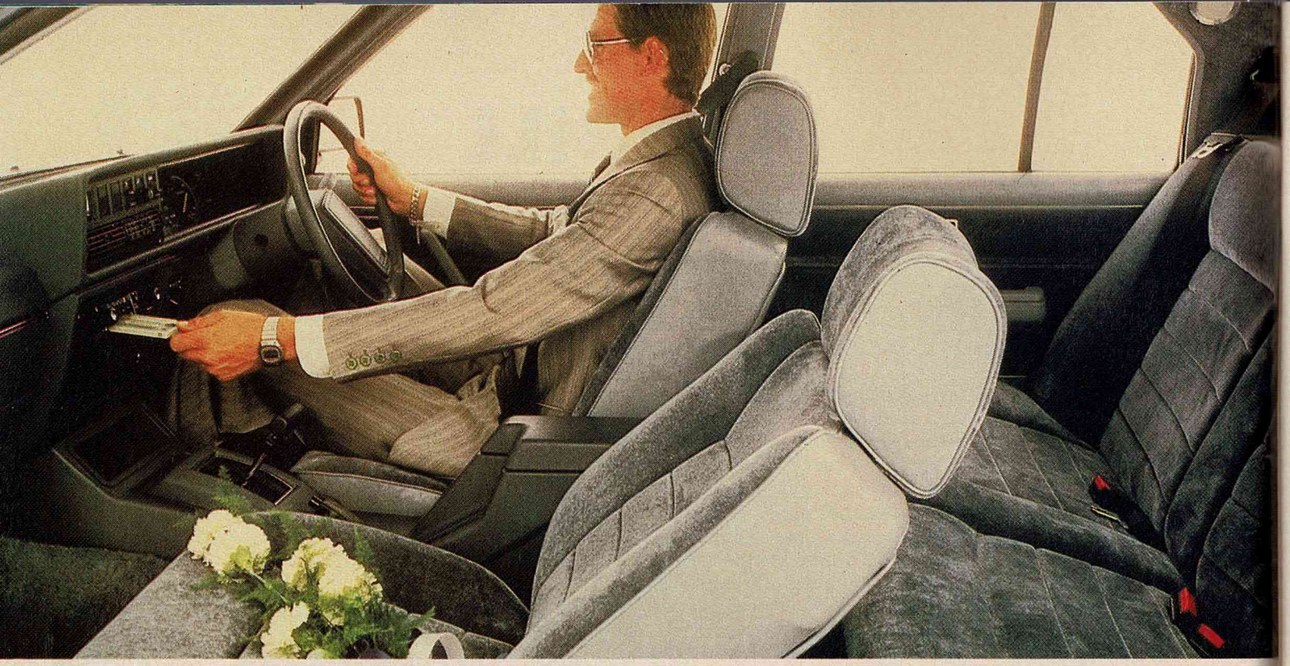

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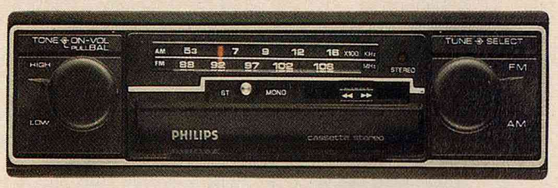

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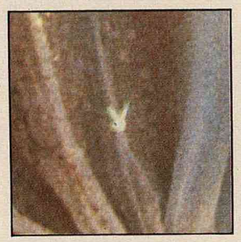

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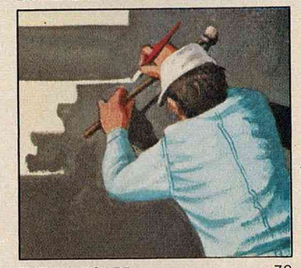

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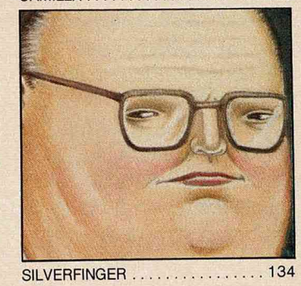

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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MONEY TALK

It's all very flattering that people of the financial clout of Robert Sangster *(Playboy Interview,* July) are keen to invest their cash and bloodstock in the Australian racing game, but it looks like the small investor will be the real loser. I'm not talking about the punter but the small guy who has traditionally had a slice of the ownership action and is now being priced out of the racing game. The "battler" syndicate has always been a part of the Australian racing dream but we are now seeing this disappear as the likes of Sangster and other big overseas buyers are cornering larger shares of the quality market. I've got no doubt that his methods and money will produce better horses and higher standards, but I think it will be at the expense of what has been a romantic aspect of racing.

Hilton Webb
Ballarat, Victoria

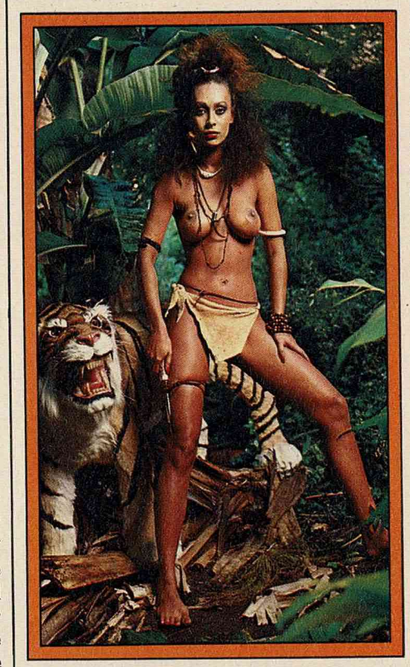
DERBY TIPS

I'm thanking my lucky stars that I didn't get my copy of the July PLAYBOY until after the running of the English Derby. If I'd read the raps Robert Sangster has on his colt before the tote closed, I might have been tempted to back the combination of Vincent O'Brien, Lester Piggott and Monteverdi. As it turned out, I backed Henbit who managed to beat the cream of the colts, including the Sangster pea, with three legs. Maybe I'm boasting through my hip pocket, but I wonder whether Monteverdi is still worth the $12 million that Mr Moneybags Sangster quoted?

D. Karl
Hornsby, NSW

DRIVE TIME

As the originator of the controversy over the music which accompanied Peter Williamson's great driving in last year's Hardie Ferodo 1000, I feel I must come to the support of your correspondent J.M. (PLAYBOY, June). Despite your reply and the insistence of Channel Seven and Festival Records that the only music we television viewers heard was Strauss' La Nuit Blanche, I disagree. For my corner, two sets of music were heard — La Nuit Blanche played by the Munich Machine and



The Chase by Giorgio Moroder. And while I'm about it, isn't it about time PLAYBOY did an article on Peter Williamson? Willo is living, winning proof that a good driver doesn't have to be mounted in a fuel-guzzling V8 to go fast.

Chris Ferris
Woden, ACT

Your ear is keener than ours, Chris. A recheck with ATN 7 in Sydney proves your point.

GIRLS NOT GHOULS

I've been a little disappointed to see PLAYBOY obsessed with the same war and weapons fixation that has cluttered most other publications of late. Joe Murphy's piece, Behind the Lines With the Khmer Rouge (May) was depressing enough, but when I opened my July issue to John Edwards' The Laser (will it challenge nuclear might?) I just about threw it in. Warmongering is something I expect to find anywhere but in PLAYBOY. If we're all hellbent on destruction, let those of us who appreciate the sweet things in life, enjoy the few moments or days or years we have left. And, in my opinion, that means leaving the pages of PLAYBOY open to something more entertaining than war and weapons of destruction.

B. Richies
Frankston, Vic

PRETTY PLEASE

As an avid collector of Australian PLAYBOY, I've been hoping against hope that your November covergirl, Kathy Pereira, would reappear. I don't think I'm Robinson Crusoe in wishing that I'll see more of this lovely creature. Here's hoping.

Jim Waite
Rozelle, NSW

Kathy's been playing a little hard to get, Jim, but here is a sample of the lady's charms to keep the tiger purring in your tank.

POLLUTION BLUES

I don't know whether I am over-impressionable, but Rob Luck's story on the politics of pollution (PLAYBOY, July) scared the hell out of me. Since reading the article I've locked the motor mower in the shed and thrown away the key, I've left the leaves to the wind and travelled to the local club on my push bike. I've tried to explain to my wife, but all she does is threaten to burn my PLAYBOY library. If she does, will she be aggravating the pollution problem?

S. Fisk
Chatswood, NSW

RAVING

Judging from their comments in the July PLAYBOY, Messrs Macpherson, Edwards and Koenig seem a trifle disappointed in the quality of Dave the Rave. Anyone who has been to Newcastle must surely appreciate the humor Dave generates. Even those who haven't had the pleasure of visiting Newcastle should be able to appreciate Terrance Harrison's satire as valid comment on the Australian way of life. Perhaps your three correspondents — and Mr Edwards in particular — feel Dave the Rave is too honest a mirror.

Russell G. Cott
Sydney

Thank you for your vote of confidence in Dave, Mr Cott. We share your faith in cartoonist Harrison's talent and apologise for Dave's absence in this magazine. Because of technical problems beyond our control, Dave has had to take a short holiday, but we can assure you he will be back in living color next month.

NIGHT STUNNER

Lonely are the nights out here in a geologist's camp 100 kilometres east of Marble Bar, but your June issue has been a real comfort. And your June Playmate, Zy Laurent, is a revelation. I congratulate you on finding and featuring such a beautiful woman. It's been a long, long time since I have seen a woman who oozes such a delicious, fresh, clean sexuality. My compliments to PLAYBOY for finding her and to Zy for being you.

Tim Rimmer
Coppins Gap, WA

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

DEAD WOOD

Beat inflation — invest in a coffin. That's the latest sales pitch which Australian funeral directors may adopt after its successful application in the US. Seems that a firm of Denver undertakers is building coffins which can be used as bookcases, linen closets and drink cabinets before being put into more practical use. "We're dead serious about this," says a spokesman for the Denver Casket Company. "If you're going to purchase a coffin, why not use it during your own lifetime?"

PLANTED

A fixation that his neighbors had cannabis plants in their backyard landed plant operator Raymond Plant in court himself.

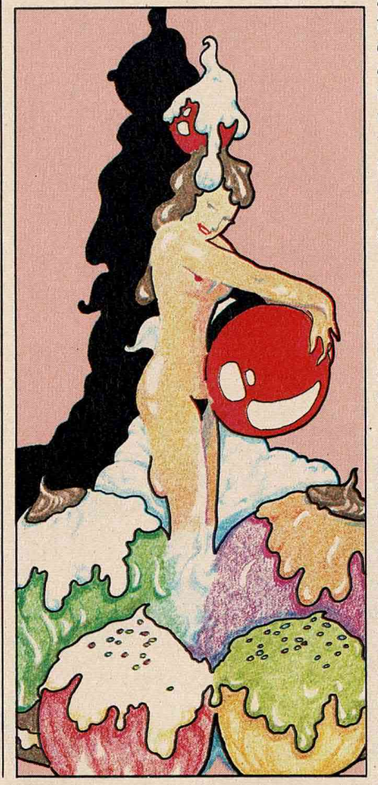
After drinking several glasses of his potent homemade beer, Plant "raided" the backyard armed with a .22 rifle. Plant, 32, later pleaded guilty in Perth District Court to going armed in public to cause terror. His counsel told Judge O'Dea that Plant was obsessed with the idea that his neighbors were cultivating cannabis. Plant was remanded for sentence.

The court heard that the police *did* find some cannabis on the neighbors' property. But they *claimed* it had been *planted.*

THE I's HAVE IT

If you want a sensuous lover, seek out a partner with long lower loops. Graphologist Frances Rockwell says anyone with this handwriting trait will make a good bedmate. But watch out for big capitals — they mean vanity. Even more dangerous are final strokes which slash sharply to the left — these indicate suicidal tendencies. The way the writing slants—to the right, left, or not at all—tells whether the writer leans to or away from people, is independent or extrovert. And if you want a partner with humor, look for someone with curvy, smile-shaped i-dots and wavy t-bars.

Author of *Graphology for Lovers,* Ms Rockwell says studying a potential partner's handwriting will give you a clear idea just what to expect in a relationship with that person. But first you should study your own script to come to an understanding of your own needs, virtues and vices.



DETHRONED

A Welshman who visited a public toilet had to be rushed to hospital with the loo seat firmly attached to his bottom. A prankster had coated the seat with superglue, and the victim sat crying for help for three hours before he was heard. Astonished firemen had to break into the cubicle and use a crowbar to prise the seat away. In hospital, the man was put under full anaesthetic on the operating table while the unwanted attachment was removed with a solvent. Police in Newport, Gwent, are treating the case as a vicious assault.

DOLLNAPPED

We've all heard of kidnappings, dognappings and catnappings, but how about dollnappings?

A doll belonging to an eight-year-old, Stephanie Dressin, was abducted and held hostage by a youthful babysitter who claimed she was owed $52 by the girl's mother. The dollnapping ended in a San Diego court, with Stephanie's father Harvey agreeing to pay the babysitting charge and Judge Ronald Mayo paying the court costs of $8.50 out of his own pocket. Babysitter Sharon Russell returned the doll, Sandy.

HOW SWEET IT IS

The Sweet Art Cake Shop in Randwick, Sydney, is specialising in a new type of treat — erotic cakes made to order. So far not many people have picked up on this new service, but the owner, Anthea Leonard, 26, says business is improving.

"I've only been open a few weeks and penises are about all I have done," Anthea told us. "I did one with three balls, for the cast and production crew of *Boy's Own McBeth* for their 100th performance."

Australian-born Anthea, works in either carrot cake or chocolate cake, and learned her craft in Los Angeles. She remembers with pride a 60 centimetre penis she made in LA and the scale replica of a female torso she made for a bucks party.

She says of her art: "I do it all from photos and memory. I have a lot of fun perfecting the shapes."

UGLY INCIDENTS?

Women leaders of Malaysia's ruling party are getting into a flap about girls going to school without bras. Raja Azlina Sharudin, deputy leader of the United Malay Party's women's wing, says the habit could lead to "ugly incidents", and she wants schools to expel offenders.

TREATING IT LITELY?

The price of the Australian community's drinking habits is around $1 billion a year. Hospital and

court costs, rehabilitation, absenteeism and dozens of other factors contribute to this astronomical figure. So why can't the government sacrifice a mere $6 million or so with a reduction in excise on low alcohol beers?

Sadly, the prospect of losing revenue makes beads of sweat break out on our Treasurer's brow and ties his stomach in a nauseous knot. And the fear in the brewery industry is that, in his imminent budget, he will get around the problem by creating a false price differential between LA and regular strength beer — by increasing the excise on normal beer, but freezing tax on low alcohol beers.

According to sources in the industry, Canberra would lose $6-$8 million income if the excise on LA and Lite beers was cut by one third. Says a spokesman for Tooths: "Surely this would be offset by the benefits to society that would stem from a wider consumption of LA." Australia currently has the highest beer tax in the world — 52 cents per litre. It also happens to have the second highest beer consumption per capita and a horrifying road death rate.

Think about it for a while, Mr Howard.

NED KELLY INNOCENT, OK.

Was Ned Kelly really *that* nasty? Could he have been a good Irish lad, more sinned against than sinning, who became a victim of his terrible circumstances?

Considering he coldbloodedly murdered three policemen, this is a rather difficult line to push. But that hasn't deterred supporters trying to gain a pardon for the legendary bushranger. And on the 100th anniversary of his death this November, a symposium will examine the life and crimes of Ned Kelly.

The conference is being staged in Benalla, where the outlaw was captured by police. Those invited include Gough Whitlam and Professor Manning Clark.

Other well-known figures who have already thrown themselves into the Ned Kelly debate include author Xavier Herbert and Ben Hall — great grandson of *the* Ben Hall, bushranger. They've put their names to a petition calling for Kelly's pardon which is to be presented to the Victorian Legislative Assembly. But the Victoria Police is most certainly not amused about the petition, which is being organised by the Kelly Centenary Committee. Said Police Association secretary Tom Rippon: "We suspect it's a gimmick — how can they seriously try to vindicate a murdering thief?"

Inspector Rippon also believes an Australia Post stamp commemorating the outlaw "is in poor taste", but adds: "We're not too concerned about it." Meanwhile, the Seven Network is producing a TV series about Kelly, and Frank Hardy is preparing a book.

On the centenary of the bushranger's death, the Kelly fever will culminate in a two-day Ned Kelly Festival at Benalla, with the symposium, bush band music, and a costumed reenactment of his capture. Kelly was hanged in the Old Melbourne Jail on November 11, 1880, after being convicted of the wilful murder of Constable Thomas Lonigan at Stringybark Creek. He also admitted to killing two other policemen. At his trial, Kelly said: "If my lips teach the public that men are made mad by bad treatment, and if the police are taught that they exasperate to madness men they persecute and ill-treat, my life will not be entirely thrown away." Perhaps this year he'll get his wish.

FATAL FORNICATION

Too much sex is definitely fatal if you happen to live in Iran. Two Islamic judges recently warned that anyone convicted four times of having sex before marriage will be put to death. Adulterers have an even smaller margin for error. They are executed first time.

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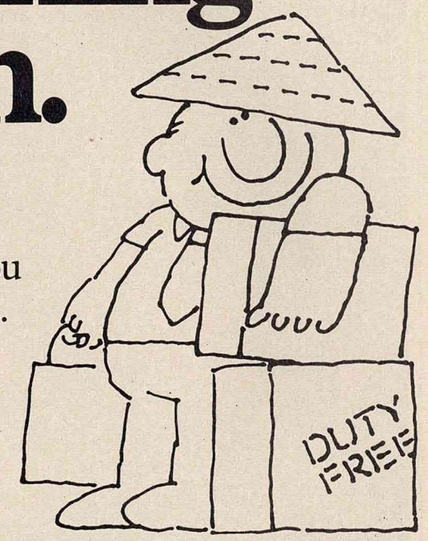

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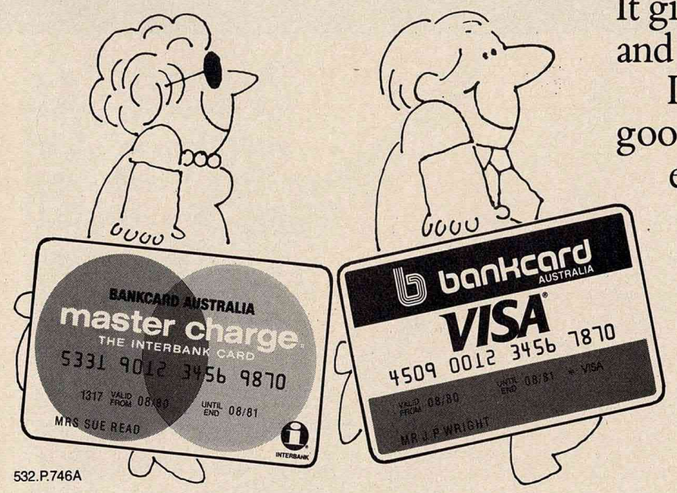

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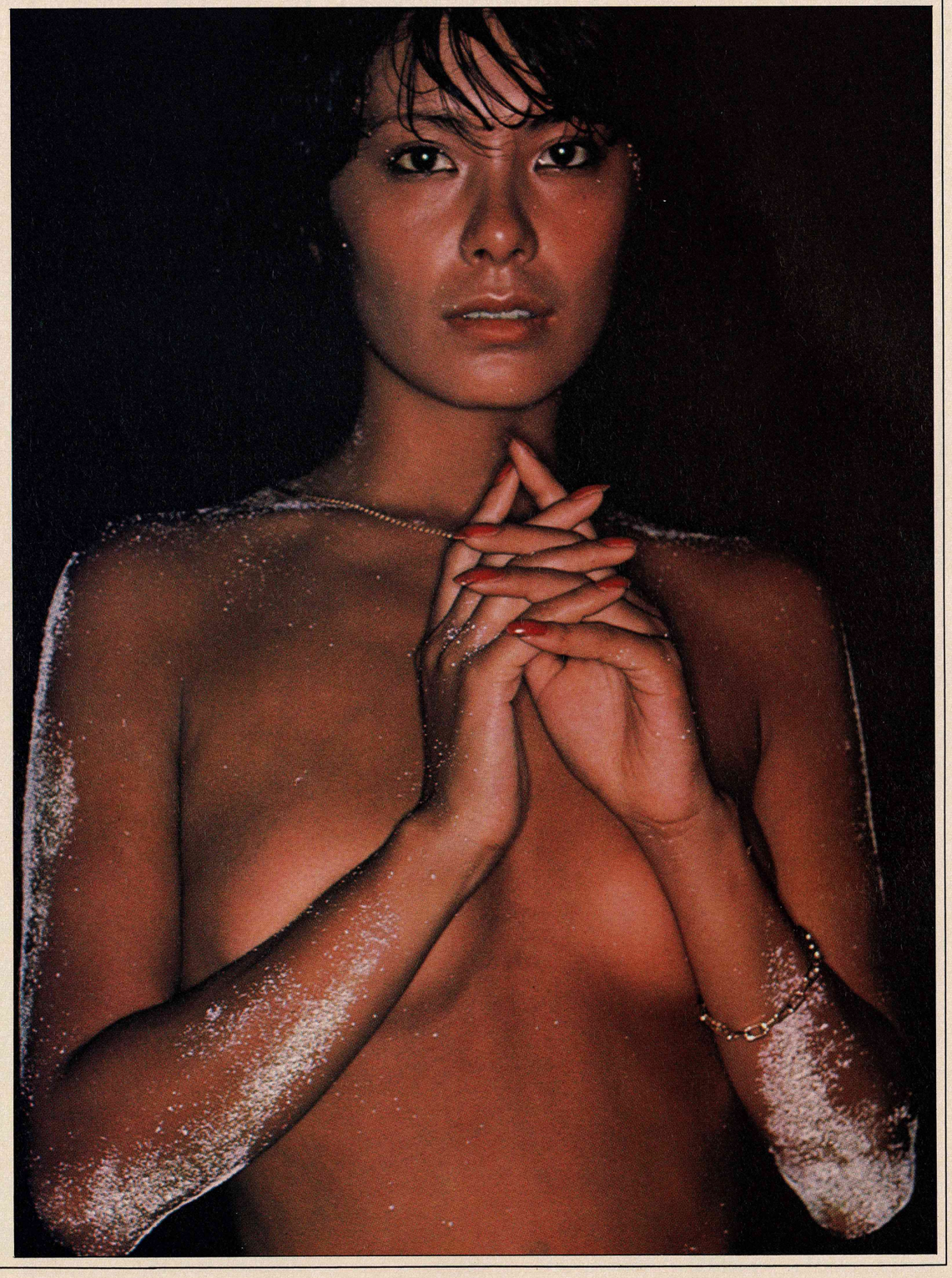
KEIKO

By the light of the full moon she turns into a leopard, wild and free. The wolves, too, are out on the prowl. They smell their prey; the sound of running breaks the night . . . In this poetic way, Japanese Playboy readers were introduced to Keiko Usami. Now you too can let your imagination run wild.



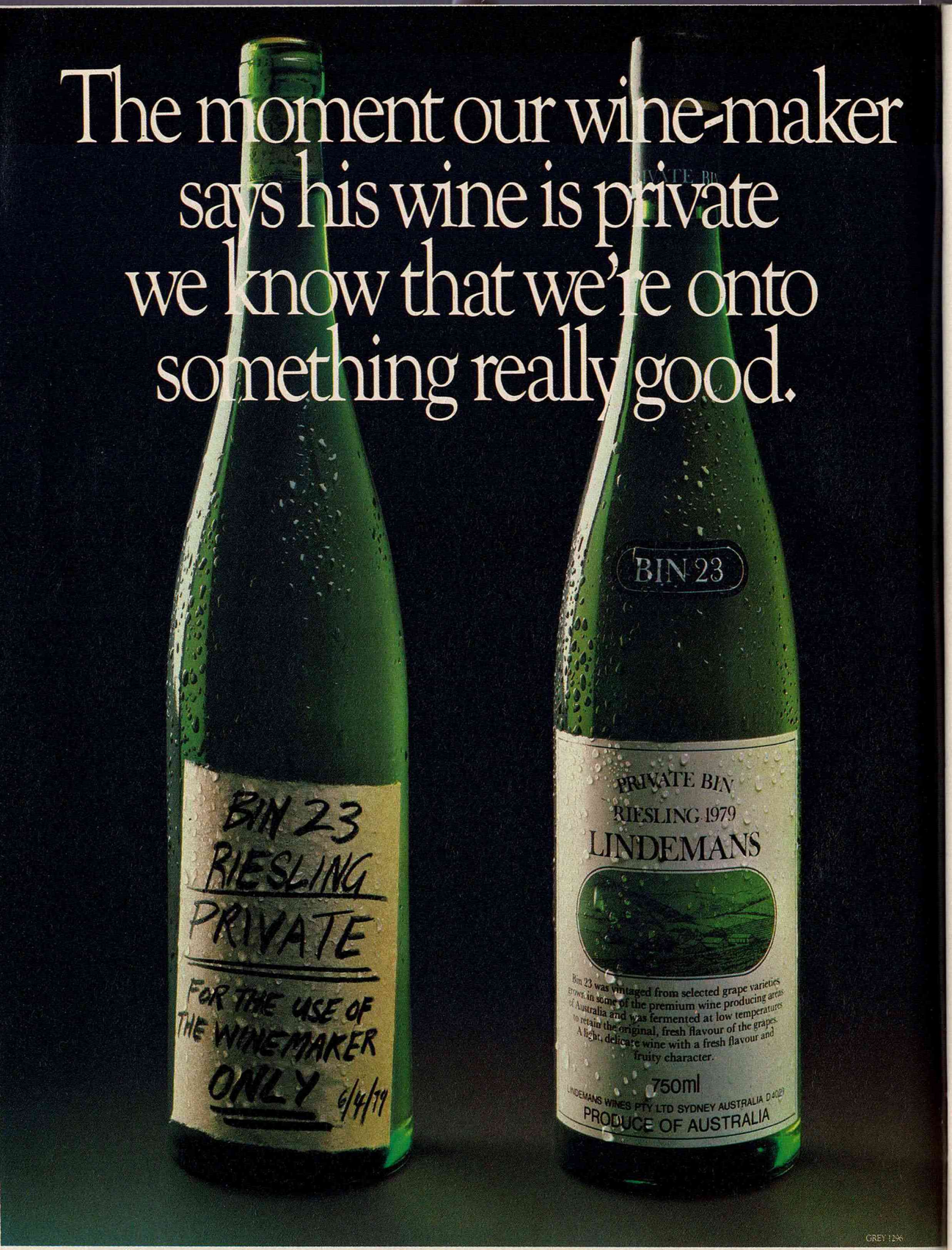
KARIN

Germans are supposed to be hard-working and efficient. Not Karin Fastner, who'd rather laze round in the grass. She can't fathom this obsession for perfection. Hasn't anybody noticed that she's already perfect?

LALLA

How does an English girl start a romance? Lalla Dean, 20, told of her first attempt to win a shy student. "I stayed home sick and asked him to bring some lecture notes. I'll never forget the look on his face when I sat up letting my negligeé fall open a little. It backfired as I tried to kiss him. He backed out of the room saying something about being afraid to catch a cold." A week later he'd recovered enough to ask her out.

The moment our wine-maker says his wine is private we know that we're onto something really good.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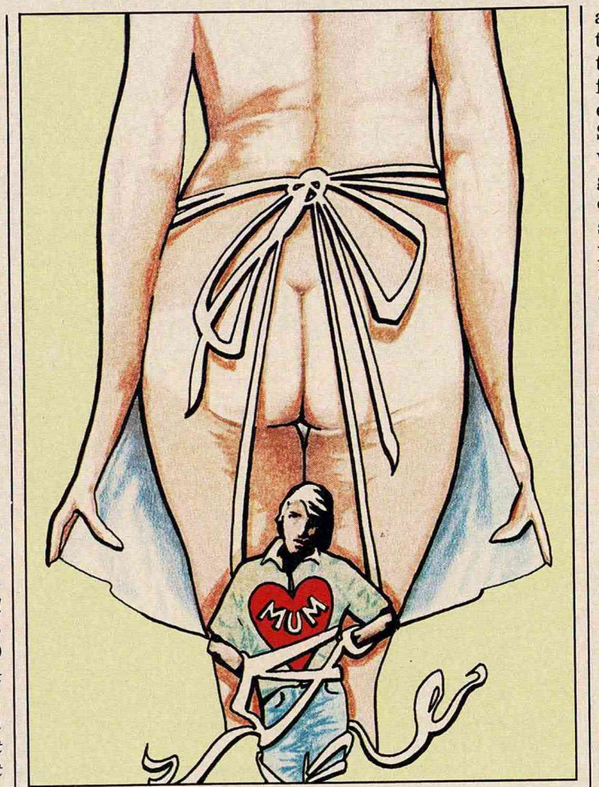
THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

I have been going out with my girlfriend for about three years now. I am 20 and she is 18 (and a real spunk). We have a great relationship — a perfect match in fact. But for the past year I have been forced to travel from one side of Australia to the other because of my job. I see her as often as I can, but I'm often away for a month at a time, with the longest break having been seven months. She says she doesn't mind, but I can see that these separations will take their toll soon. As I wouldn't jeopardise our relationship for anything in the world, what can you suggest? — O.J., Victoria.

It depends on what you want. If you are really serious about keeping the relationship intact, you could give up your travelling job and settle down. But at 20 years of age, that doesn't sound like such a great idea. You both must have been very young when you first met, and although you say it is a perfect match, you really haven't given yourself much of a chance to look around. You and your girlfriend obviously have something good going, and it's worth keeping if you can. But you've still got to have some sort of action during those times when you are away (seven months is a long time!), so get around with some other women now and again and see how you feel after that. You should then be in a better position to judge whether the separations are really worth it.

Girls who are bisexual are really a turn-on for me and, I imagine, for lots of other men. I've been out with three bi girls in the past, and they were really great lovers; now I have a steady relationship going with a girl who is bisexual. She's a mature 20-year-old, attractive, fun-loving, and really gets on well with people. The trouble is, she is finding it hard to make contact with other bisexual girls. We've gone to some places together in the hope of meeting others, but the scene was very heavy and very camp. The people seemed to resent her for being bi and me for being straight. I don't like to see my lady's fantasies go unfulfilled, and I would also like to join in if the right opportunity came along. However, short of walking around with an identification sign, it seems no other girl will taste her fruit. If you can suggest any way of solving the problem, it would be much appreciated. — A.S., W.A.

The problem may be you. We can see your point about wanting to join in, but maybe you're confusing your own urge to have an extra body in your bed with your girlfriend's need for other women. If she is really serious, she may have to go it alone, at least some of the time. When the two of you went to those "heavy" places, it seems likely that some women were put off making contact with your girlfriend because you were hanging around watching. There are places where women go to meet other women, but not many where they go to meet couples. Encourage her to find her own action and then, once it begins to happen, she may be able to gradually bring you into the scene, if that's the way she wants it.



I am 20, my mother is 36 and an incredibly beautiful woman. We've always been extremely close, especially in the five years since my father died. I live out of the city now but stay with her quite often, sometimes for weeks at a time. When we say goodnight to each other, we always kiss and cuddle, but I've never felt there was anything more to this than the normal mother and son relationship. But recently she found a lover who is 31, and sometimes he stays the night with her while I'm on a visit. I disliked him on sight and resented him being there but initially I attributed this feeling to the fact that he's not good enough for her (and he isn't). Sometimes lately, though, when they're in bed together, I've felt really jealous and haven't been able to sleep at all. When they appear in the morning with their arms around each other, I feel I could kill him. I don't want to go on feeling like this but have no idea what I should do. — O.R., Queensland.

Hit the road, Jack. Under the circumstances, having spent a lot of time with an attractive, relatively young mother, it is not surprising that there should be a strong emotional bond between you. But if you allow that bond to be so overpowering that it stops either of you from forming deep attachments to other people, you are headed for a disaster that could destroy your relationship permanently. Your mother is entitled to get involved with any man she chooses without having to seek your approval. If you feel uncomfortable being under the same roof when they are together, then go somewhere else and arrange your visits for a time when your mother's lover is not going to be there.

Sometimes I have heard people talk about the "missionary position". I understand this refers to the most common sexual position, face to face with the man on top, but I keep wondering why it has that name. Did the early missionaries teach it to the natives as being the only proper way to have sex, or what? I didn't think they were into that sort of thing. — K.W., South Australia.

Some pretty funny things used to go on out there in the jungle in the name of righteousness, but we don't think that is the explanation in this case. The missionary position refers to an attitude of mind as much as to an attitude of bodies, and usually

implies that the man is thrusting down upon the woman from a position of total arrogance and, indeed, contempt. As such, it is a term of derision, but the physical position itself still has a lot going for it.

Can you tell me something about so-called "outlaw" music? I know it's a kind of country and western music, but I'm interested to know how it originated, and why it got the name "outlaw." — S.D., Queensland.

Outlaw music originated a few years ago as a reaction against the schmaltzy sentimentality and extreme right politics that were so much a part of the country music coming out of Nashville, American country music's traditional home. The movement started in Texas, and its heroes include Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings and Jerry Jeff Walker. Though having the same general sound as much of the more traditional country music, its lyrics are often cynical and sometimes downright crude. The traditionalists look upon it as an unwholesome influence, determined to destroy country music, hence the name "outlaw". That's also been a useful selling point. And outlaw fans say that their heroes are really taking country back to its roots after the promoters and record companies had spent many years in presenting it in the wrong light. Some of the earlier country music had strong ties with the first rock and roll which explains why so many contemporary rock artists appreciate outlaws' music.

Last month, while out of town on business, I found myself with a few days between work appointments. I met a really raunchy lady who was also at loose ends, and we ended up spending two solid days in bed. We hardly slept at all, just screwed like crazy the whole time. We were really going at it, trying every possible way, dozens and dozens of times over the two days, and sometimes got pretty rough about it. I was also wiped out afterwards, as well as sore. I didn't expect any ill-effects. But when I got home I had a very painful area inside my penis (I was passing blood), and I found I had broken a blood vessel. I couldn't have sex with my wife for some time, and I explained my condition by saying that I'd bumped into the corner of the table. I think she believed me, but I'm not sure. Is it fairly common for a man to suffer that sort of injury as a result of too much sex? I'm wondering if my wife has heard of any other cases, and put two and two together — B.F., Tasmania.

A man in a reasonable physical condition can cope with just about any amount of sex. Even after such prolonged, intense bouts as the one you describe, the worst you should expect is temporary soreness. It's more likely your injury occurred during some of the rough stuff you mention. There's no reason why your wife should be suspicious, unless you've also given her a few other clues to go on. Get well soon.

A few months ago a woman came to work in our office for a few days, visiting from an interstate branch of the company. She's returned for a couple of days every month since then, and it looks like she'll continue to do so for a while to come. We got along well from the start, and on the visit before last I saw her off at the airport. When we said goodbye to each other, we got into a clinch and I began to get pretty horny. She indicated then that she was just as keen as I was for something to happen between us, and agreed that the next time she was in town she would stay at my place. For the next month I could hardly think of anyone else but her, as she is one of the most exciting women I've ever met. But when she came to stay it was a real disappointment. We spent the whole evening in foreplay, caressing one another's body and getting into the mood, but then when we got into bed I just couldn't keep my erection. We tried for a long time, but eventually gave up. There were no hard feelings about it, and she's going to stay with me again the next time she's in town, but I'm worried that the same thing will happen. It's not a problem I've had before, so why should it happen now? — C.S., Tasmania.

If you spent a whole month looking forward to that one night, it's not surprising that, when the big moment finally came, you weren't up to it. You'd already used up most of your energy thinking about it. You don't say whether or not there are any other women in your life at the moment, but if she is the only one, you are probably counting on those one or two nights per month so much that you have built up an unreal expectation of perfection. Everybody has their off nights, more so when they are as anxious about it as you must have been. Next time she stays with you, don't devote the entire time to the single purpose of sex. Get to know her in other ways, and try to forget the fact that she is leaving the next morning. It's not a race against the clock.

Can you answer something I've been wondering about a lot lately? I'd like to know if it is possible for a woman to have a vagina that is just too small to allow intercourse to take place. I ask this because of an experience I had with a girl I was going out with recently. We were getting on really well, I was lusting after her, and I think she was just as keen on me. But then when I finally started trying to make love with her, I just couldn't get it in. We struggled for ages, but there was no way I could get my penis more than half a centimetre into her. After a while we stopped because she said it was very painful — and it wasn't very comfortable for me either. Some

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bad feelings resulted after that experience and I didn't see her for a while, but the other day we met again. I am still attracted to her and I think she is still interested, but I'm worried that the same thing might happen again. Is the problem likely to be caused by her having too small a vagina (my penis is about average size) or could there be some other explanation? — H.L., South Australia.

While it is possible for a woman to have some sort of physical abnormality that makes it impossible for her to engage in intercourse, there are other, more common explanations. A normal vagina can expand to accommodate a penis of any size. Sometimes, though, anxiety can cause the vaginal muscles to contract to such an extent that entry may be completely impossible. In that situation, the woman is also unlikely to produce any of the natural lubricating fluid that normally occurs with arousal. Allow more time in foreplay rather than leaping on her, and if there are initial difficulties, don't force. This will only make things worse. You could also try using some kind of extra lubricant to help things along. The old standbys Vaseline and KY jelly are both effective.

Last year I saw a documentary on television about the existence of marriage bureaux in both Adelaide and Sydney which introduce Australian men to Filipino women. Could you please supply me with the addresses of these two bureaux as well as a Melbourne address if there is one? — P.G., Victoria.

A quick peek at the personal columns of some morning dailies will reveal a number of introductory services, many of which claim instant and harmonious companionship. Before you apply to any such service, be certain it's reputable. Sydney lonely hearts can contact Vicki Enoveso at the Philippine Introduction Service, PO Box 139, Artarmon. Adelaide singles should write John McQuire, PO Box 6, Ingle Farm, Adelaide. Melancholy Melbournians will have to fly to Manila to meet unwed Filipinos — there's no bureau in Victoria yet.

Something that happened at our last office Christmas party has been bothering me ever since. I managed to get a bit of a thing going with one of the secretaries and we went into one of the storerooms for a quickie. That was all right but I was so plastered that I passed out

soon afterwards and the boss had me sent home in a taxi. The problem is that there are two secretaries in our office who look very much alike and I can't remember which one of the two I got into — that's how wiped out I was. But I do remember that it was really good and I'd like to get it going again — if only I could be sure who it is that I'm lusting after. I don't want to make a fool of myself by coming on too strong to the wrong girl. What should I do? — F.R., Queensland.

If you were as plastered as you say, it's amazing that you were able to get it up at all. Perhaps the reason that nothing has happened since is that the girl concerned was just as smashed as you were and she doesn't remember either. If you're really keen, you have to take the risk and put the word on both of them. Who knows? The wrong girl could even prove to be the right girl. Otherwise, sit back and relax until next Christmas.

There's a big problem with my marriage at the moment, and I'd be grateful if you could give me your opinion on the matter. My wife used to be my older brother's girlfriend some years ago although, when I married her, it was quite a while after they'd stopped going out together. Now I think something might be going on between them. My brother came back from the country recently and is now living in a caravan parked in our backyard. He said it was only temporary, but so far there is no sign of his moving. My wife seems to be spending a lot of time with him, but she always has some explanation, like taking him his tea. He's unemployed and at home most of the time while I'm at work. One day I came home to find my wife coming in the back door with her clothes in disarray. She said that she had tripped over something in the yard, but it looked to me as if her bra was partly unfastened, and I began to feel suspicious. Then the other day I saw a used condom in my brother's dustbin. I suppose he could have had some other woman down there, but . . . What do you think I should do? — K.Q., W.A.

If you've never stood up to your big brother before, now might be a good time to start. Lay it on the line, and tell him that you and your wife need some sort of privacy. If there's nothing serious going on between them, just getting him out of the place might be enough to settle the problem. If the suspicious happenings continue, you're eventually going to have to confront them. Once you tell your wife you're worried, there at least may be some chance of saving what sounds like a very precarious marriage.

I have been married for one year, and a problem has developed in my sex life. My wife is a single-shooter and always rolls away and goes to sleep while I'm still turned on and keen for more. Because of this, I frequently masturbate under the covers. Then, when I go to work, I see a lot of horny women around so I go into the toilet and masturbate again. Could you tell me how I can overcome this problem? Should I look for some part-time love, or try to work it out with my wife. — C.P., NSW.

You should start by talking to your wife. Try to find out whether, when she turns away from you and goes to sleep, it is because she is satisfied or just isn't enjoying the experience any more. You may find she is just as unhappy about the situation as you are, and, like you, hasn't got around to talking about it. Work on your sex life, trying to find ways of varying your lovemaking. If it turns out there is a real problem between you, some sort of professional counselling may be useful. Certainly it is better to try to do something about the problem rather than just seeking satisfaction elsewhere. The longer you suffer in silence, the less chance your relationship has of surviving.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

KILL THEM SOFTLY

While reading the alarming thoughts of the Ayatollah Khomeini (PLAYBOY, May), in which he revealed his bizarre exhortations on sex, a thought occurred to me: has this man ever had a screw himself?

Then I thought of all the stories you hear and accounts you get on television about the tight nature of sex in the Middle East. It seems things have almost never been cosy around there.

And, my molotnik, I recalled a very disturbing article in US PLAYBOY circa June 1978 about the neurotic state of sex in Russia. For God's sake man, they don't seem to have had women's liberation! And I thought of Hitler and the Emperor of Japan during World War Two and it became apparent to me: what the ayatollah needs is sex.

If there is any way on earth that you can help, you will be actively preventing World War Three. Send blue movies, send erotic paraphernalia, write extremely suggestive notes. The same goes for Brezhnev, Kosygin and the Russian military. You see, it's all very Freudian. These men have never been able to get what they really need. Their mothers probably beat them. I don't know if the makers of the erotic movie *Flesh Gordon* were really serious on the sly, but maybe there is a *sex ray* . . . an ERASER (ERotic quASER) waiting to bring whole cities to orgasm. What an exciting thought. Already I'm in the mood to rush out on the streets and shout to the skies: "Erase me. Erase me. C'mon, I don't care."

If US President Jimmy Carter already has the sex ray I implore him to use it. If not, I suggest the world's experts on sex — I'm referring here to PLAYBOY — get together and invent the world's first sex ray.

I offer you my assistance in the name of peace.

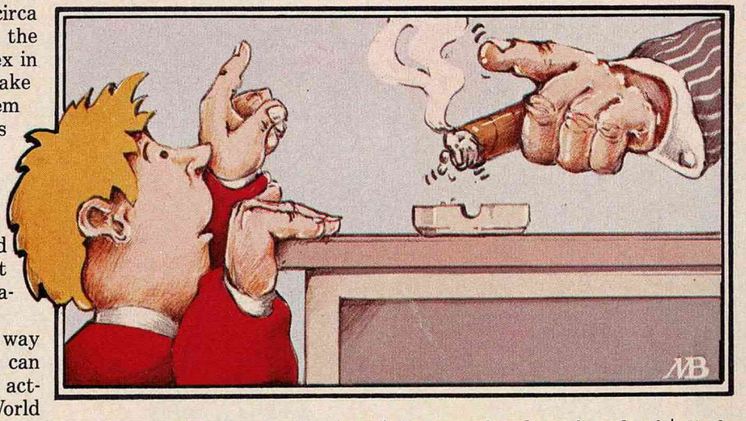
Bruce M. Quilty
Hawthorn, Victoria

CUSHION TRICK

I was interested to read Russell Deiley's article on The Fine Art of Wheeler-Dealing (PLAYBOY, June) in which that old intimidatory trick of positioning yourself in a high chair, behind a large desk with a light at your back, is mentioned. As was pointed out, this is a very obvious ploy. But not so obvious is another little trick employed by J. Edgar Hoover, the late boss of the FBI. He reputedly sat people on a chair with an air cushion which had a very slow leak in it. As the interview progressed, the "victim" would imperceptibly sink lower and lower as the bulldog face of the much-feared J. Edgar Hoover loomed overhead.

Hoover was one of the great masters of wheeling and dealing who invariably got his way.

J. Roberts
Burnie, Tasmania



MALE FANTASY

You raised a very interesting point in your pictorial Diesel Dreams (PLAYBOY, June). Yes, it is true that men like to fantasise that girls are turned on by them when, in fact, they are really being turned on by girls.

Admitting their vulnerability to the female sex is a little too close to the bone for most men, who like to pride themselves that they can stand alone, be strong and support a family. Any suggestion that men, in fact, might depend on women as much as, if not more than, women depend on men is pushed aside as being too painful to contemplate.

Hence, most men do fantasise that the woman is the one who plays the role of the needy one, always wanting a man's support. But men who try to make themselves invulnerable in this way tend to crack up after a while, because nobody can build a wall around themselves and feel at home.

I am a psychiatrist and I treat men all the time with this problem. The trouble is that they usually try to label it as something else.

Harry K.
Melbourne

BUTLER "SIMPLISTIC"

I would like to raise several issues arising from your interview with Harry Butler (PLAYBOY, June). I am prepared to concede Mr Butler's expertise with regard to biology, but feel that his knowledge of Aborigines is open to question.

He states that "the Aborigines have only been here 10,000 years" when most recognised authorities state at least 20,000. It is interesting to note that Europeans claim ownership of land on the basis of an occupation of merely 200 years. In fact, the history of Aboriginal/European interactions has very little to do with civilising influences. It is a history of murder, exploitation and stealing.

It is hard to conceive of a situation in which choices would have to be made regarding who should be fed. In a country such as ours everybody can eat if we are prepared to co-operate. At present quite the reverse exists—the Aborigines need our help to ensure that they are properly fed. The use of arguments such as this is surely only to raise, in Mr Butler's words, "wholly emotive" arguments.

Mr Butler portrays in simplistic terms what is a very complex issue. He does not discuss how "other Australians" acquire land rights. Such acquisition is, in the long run, the result of money and power.

Mr Butler argues that the Aboriginal communities who wish to live like "aborigines" still ask for the "benefits of the Australian community". One reason for this is that such groups require protection from other groups who, through money and power, would seek to acquire their land.

Mr Butler seems confused about his own position. He states that he was successful where others were not because "I was a human living with them". Yet at another point states: "I'm a biologist, not some bloody humanitarian".

I would suggest that Mr Butler's views on the Aboriginal situation are lacking in both empathy and understanding. I find the notion

that Australian Aborigines should be considered as "in the same position as any other ethnic group" to be erroneous.

The current policy of "assimilation" has been in vogue for years and has been found to be ineffective and decidedly anti-humanitarian. We "bloody humanitarians" are now engaged in attempting to find more reasonable courses of action.

John Other-Gee
Townsville, Queensland

'SCUSE FINGERS

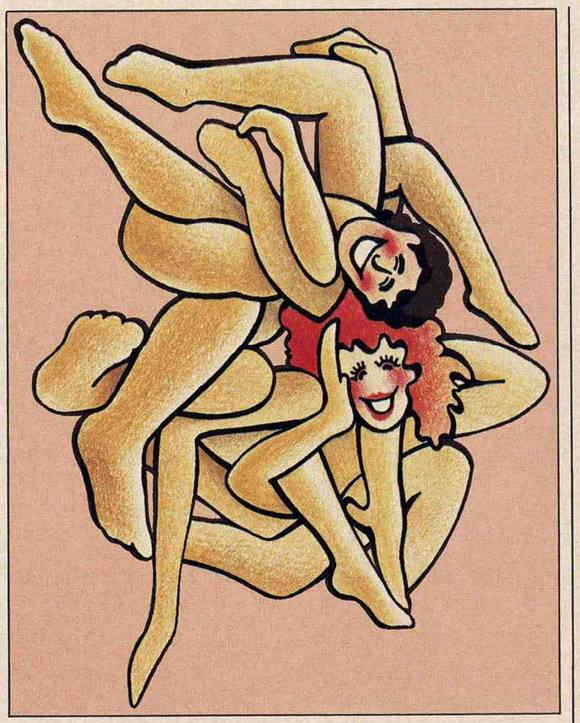
Sex is supposed to be fun, so why do we take it all so seriously? You had the right idea in your photo feature Clowning Around (PLAYBOY, July) in which you presented the female form with both humor and sexuality.

The two definitely go hand in hand. Don't you sometimes feel the urge to burst into laughter during strenuous sexual exercise? Or feel like an acrobat in training for some kind of sexual olympics?

Interestingly, the creator has positioned things so strangely that it is funny even pondering the situations we get into to make it all happen. (Spike Milligan once remarked that the female sexual organ should have been placed on the shoulder and the male organ on a digit on the arm. To make love all you'd have to do would be to go round tapping people on the shoulder.)

But for most of us it is a pleasure to go to that little bit of extra trouble — and get more turned on in the process. And if we can appreciate the humor of it all, so much the better.

Victor Carroway
Adelaide



BUFFALO HUNTERS

In the article The World's Most Macho Business (PLAYBOY, June) several statements which are of doubtful origin occur. As a resident of the area of which author John Shaw writes I find it hard to understand some of his remarks.

For instance, I have never heard the Arnhem Highway referred to locally as the "Uranium" or "Yellowcake" Highway. As a matter of interest, to date, not one gram of uranium has been carried over this road. Only Nabarlek is in the position at the moment to produce uranium U_3O_8 (most stable of uranium oxides).

Even this will be transported to an outlet on the Arafura Sea, north from Nabarlek.

The Ranger Mine at Jabiru is not expected to come into production 'til the end of next year. There is also nothing strange in "the strange coincidence of nuclear mining and buffalo hunting". Anyone familiar with the history of the North knows that, even in the days of Rum Jungle, buffalo hunters shot the plains of the South Alligator while on the headwaters of the river the roar of mining machinery scattered the torpor of the Top End bush along with rifle shots.

What uranium has to do with buffalo is another odd angle of the story in which Shaw borders on mistruths. If he had taken the trouble to inspect the Ranger Mine construction site and studied the water management scheme of the complex, I feel sure he would not have said anything about radioactive buffalo. There will be no Wet season run-off of uranium mine tailings at the mines in the Alligator River Province. Environmental safeguards and regulations absolutely forbid this. In fact it would result in the closure of the mine responsible.

The companies concerned are spending millions of dollars to contain all contaminated water in huge tailings dams. As all areas containing tailings will be fenced off from buffalo or similar wildlife, Shaw's statement does not hold water.

The only things that will kill buffalo exports in this area is the hand-over of the land to any Aborigine who wants a slice of it, and extermination of all feral animals in Kakadu National Park.

Take the buffalo away from this country and the Top End will lose its chief tourist attraction.

Dick Eussen (JP)
Jabiru

WE NEED A FRIEND

It seems incredible that Alan Renouf had an article accepted by your publication (Going It Alone, PLAYBOY, May). After reading the first two pages I realised he is devoid of intelligence.

It seems to me that, in the case of a world war, we would feel slightly more comfortable with a friend who has a lot of new, shiny weapons. And how could Australia remain aloof from a world war (the lucky country is not that lucky).

Last but not least, if Australia alone was threatened by Russia it would be nicer to have a "maybe" friend than none at all.

Graeme D. Gillies
Elizabeth Bay, NSW

BETRAYAL

The Western administrations have betrayed their own ideals in not making any substantial political or economic sacrifices over Afghanistan.

The Olympic boycott degenerated to nothing more than the froth and bubble of political theatrics. The only people who have really suffered are, first, the people of Afghanistan and, second, the Olympic athletes.

Thus, it looks as if the ruthlessness of the Soviets and the liberalism of the West have a lot in common.

Something is indeed rotten in the state of diplomacy between the two.

Richard Bukis
Ashfield, NSW

DRINK WARNING

With reference to your article in *After Hours* (PLAYBOY, May) concerning tippling after an accident . . . It may be so in some States that you can get away with it, but in NSW Section 7B of Part Three of the Motor Traffic Act of 1909 does state that: "any person who . . . between the time of the event and the time when he undergoes that test (roadside breath test) wilfully does anything to alter the concentration of alcohol in his blood, shall be guilty of an offence under this Act . . ." The penalty involved is a fine of up to $400 or imprisonment for up to six months or both.

Craig Rogers
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a wet ending to owen's dream was a natural for the fishy old witch

THERE LIVED long ago near Ballaghadereen a man named Owen Mulready, who should not have had a care in all the wide world. Owen was blessed with a kind master and a fine little plot of ground. But one small thing weighed upon him. Owen had never had what the old folk called a *gouey gruaich* — a wet dream.

Often when Owen visited the local ale house the men would tell of the strange and wondrous dreams they had. When talk turned to these matters, Owen would fall silent. As he nursed a beer and a huge erection, a darkness would come over his heart, for his own dreams, which were usually about hoeing potatoes, seemed a great injustice.

Now it happened one day at market that Owen met an old woman, and, as was his wont, he told her of his predicament. The woman was a witch, and, thinking Owen a fool for not appreciating his good fortune, decided to make sport with him.

"You will have a *gouey gruaich,*" said the crone, "if tonight when you go to bed you take the fire from the hearth, put it out, and make your bed there. For, as all of us Old Ones know, inside the fireplace is where the spirits dwell in any house. Make your bed of a horse blanket filled with hay and, for a pillow, lay down a fine fish. Just before you lie down to sleep, lead your black ewe three times round the house, each time bringing her over the threshhold. When you finish with the ewe, shut the door but do not latch it, and go to bed. And you shall have your dream."

Owen was overjoyed! That night the sun had scarcely set before Owen had the bed made and had led the ewe round the house. No sooner had his head touched the fish pillow than he fell deeply asleep.

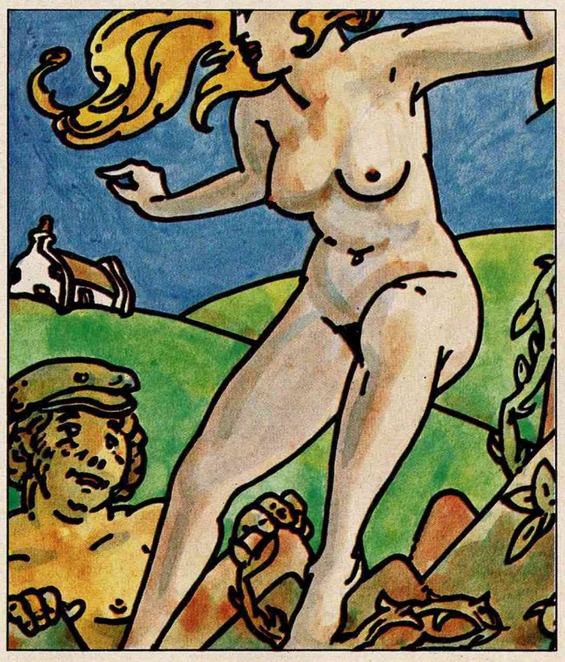
It was not long after Owen fell asleep that there came a knock at the door. Up jumped Owen in his dream. At the door stood a beautiful lady in her nightgown. Very fair she was and dressed all in white. By the light of the moon she undressed him, and kissed him once on the lips. Then, beckoning Owen to follow, the lady turned and ran off toward the foot of the Sliabh Charn.

Off ran Owen at a great pace, naked as sin, after the lady. Through brambles and nettles she led him; through brambles and nettles Owen ran, never caring about the beating the foremost part of himself was taking, 'til the lady stopped.

Taking Owen in hand, she laid him down beneath a holly. The old leaves at the foot of the tree pricked at Owen unmercifully, but never a complaint left his lips because of what the snowy lady was doing with hers. Then, just as the leaves were pricking him sorest, for all his thrashing about, the white lady looked up from between his legs, kissed him once there, and said: "I can do no more for you, Owen Mulready. You must go to my sister who lives up on the mountain." With that, she vanished; and there, beneath the holly, was a path winding out of the woods and up the Sliabh Charn itself.

Off ran Owen faster than ever, though covered with welts where the thorns and nettles had touched him, and weak with loss of blood from the holly scratches. Up and up he climbed, through icy streams, over boulders, and through gorse 'til at last he came upon a maiden perched on a ledge that even a goat wouldn't try. Dressed all in black she was, with hair the color of midnight.

"Come to me, Owen Mulready, and I shall finish what my sister has begun," said the maiden. At her voice, Owen's blood boiled, and though the rocks rubbed him and the cold wind froze him, he braved the ledge and came at last to the dark maiden. Exhausted, he lay down at her feet upon the stones of the ledge. At this, the dark lady removed her robe and bound the unresisting Owen hand and foot with it where he lay.



Cold and tired though he was, Owen responded to her touch. Whether it was the fear of falling bound from the ledge, or the skill of the raven-haired lady, who can say, but Owen soon rose to heights he'd never dreamt of before. As the inevitable neared, the lady disengaged and lowered herself on to the disbelieving Mulready's face, at the same time taking his member in hand.

At first Owen could not believe his good fortune. Then, as the lady continued, he began to feel himself suffocating. Bound as he was, though, he could neither move nor cry out. Wildly, Owen began to thrash about, but the black maiden never missed a stroke there on the ledge of the Sliabh Charn. Just as Owen felt sure he must suffocate, the lady's ministrations brought him to the edge, and with a great cry Owen gave a terrific thrust that sent him and his demon lover off the ledge, both of them pinwheeling into the void.

With a thump that rattled his bones, Owen Mulready awoke and gazed up at the hearth from which he had fallen. His tabby cat, who had leapt from Owen's face at his roar, nibbled at the fish pillow and regarded him suspiciously. A cold wind blew through the open door while the black ewe still nibbled at the hay by Owen's groin. Upon trying to rise and turn the brute out, he found himself tangled in the straps of the horse blanket and chafed raw by the hay. Wearily, Owen dragged himself to bed. It was here that his mother found him much later in the morning, with a smile on his face, sound asleep, dreaming of hoeing the potatoes.

— **retold by Barclay Neilson**

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Playboy Interview

ALAN BOND

discussing australia the yacht, australia the country and australia as investment

HOW DOES one fathom a man who reckons he can become the first tycoon-sailor to do what no other yachtsman has achieved in 129 years and win the crown jewel of ocean racing, the America's Cup, from the damned Yankees? Or a bloke who, as an 18-year-old itinerant signwriter and decorator, vowed he'd ring up his first million dollars by the age of 21 and did? Currently calling the shots off Newport, Rhode Island, in the lead-up for his third tilt at the America's Cup, and parlaying his millions into his first billion, Alan Bond is an enigma.

As a go-getter in the brave new frontier of the '60s, Bond has long been a headliner in the golden west. He did not begin to make regular news in the eastern States until 1970, and then it was only as owner-skipper of the 18-metre sloop Apollo, *the racing machine which his Poseidon windfall helped build and maintain. Hard in the wake of his ocean-racing success with* Apollo *came the decision to make his first bid for the America's Cup. The subsequent journalistic inquisition into the style and affairs of the young West Australian who dared to strike out in the sailing and financial currents traditionally reserved for the establishment has never slackened.*

In spite of the millions of words which have been written about Bond and the America's Cup, Bond the millionaire and Bond the family man living in a walled 20th century castle which overlooks the Swan River, the picture is still full of shadow and contradiction. The early Bond watchers called him brash, the Sammy Glick of the business and yachting world whose star would eclipse as quickly as it flamed. They talked of Bond as the artful brinkman whose collapse was as inevitable as it was imminent. Bond has done little to try to straighten the record. As a confirmed disciple of the Christian work ethic, he has seldom found time to stay for interviews that might have confirmed or denied the ever-compounding myth. Through two America's Cup wallopings, the forecasts of foreclosures and disaster, and that precedent-setting legislation which froze him out of absolute control of the resource-rich Cooper Basin in South Australia, Bond has bubbled along, piling million upon million in a vast portfolio of widely-varied interests.

Just lately, he has shown himself to be more amenable to meet the men and women of press, radio and television. Not that he has suddenly become more generous with his time, but simply that he feels he must be more available to the media as chairman and spokesman for the corporately structured America's Cup Challenge 1980 Ltd. Thus, through appearances on television shows such as Parkinson in Australia, *and through an officially commissioned mini-biography by Elizabeth Riddell, Alan Bond is finally taking recognisable shape.*

And what is emerging is quite a remarkable man — determined, single-minded, fiercely patriotic and very confident in the future of an Australia that welcomed him as a 13-year-old migrant schoolboy from London some 30 years ago. The public mirror is beginning to reflect a visionary who sees his prime involvement in the development of Australia and the resource reservoir as his destiny. If, as he has done in the past and he promises to continue doing, he makes the odd million along the way, it makes for a nice bonus for his personal fortune and for the Bond Corporation which he heads. It is all a long, long haul from those unsettled days at Fremantle High School, which he left as soon as the law allowed, and the tin shed on the Fremantle docks which doubled as a storeroom for his paints and his office.

By Australian standards, Bond has done it his way. However, it is a way moulded and honed by years of studying and learning the high-rollers of international business. Bond made

"I am confident that the America's Cup will be won from the United States . . . I would like to be the man who has brought the successful challenge together."

"I vowed I would be a millionaire by the time I was 21. And once I reached that goal I realised I was the same person and the money did not make that much difference."

"I have many goals to achieve. I want to see greater participation by Australian companies in the development of our resources and I intend to play a part in that."

his first study trip overseas when he was 21 and has since been a constant jet-setter. As long as he can remember, his mother has preached the gospel that no man or woman can afford to stop learning, and he has been a model pupil. As he recently told Riddell: "There is just no substitute for conversation. Whatever happens abroad will ultimately be reflected in Australia because we are not, in a money sense, isolated. I need to talk about the economy as well as reading about it, or getting it on the telex."

Right now as his crew of Australia *is in the thick of the elimination races against the French, the English and the Swedes, he has his eye fixed on the ugly Auld Mug bolted in pride of place in the New York Yacht Club. Bond went into his first America's Cup challenge in 1974 full of bravado and a yacht which had the distinction of being the first aluminium 12-metre ever built, but little else. He and skipper Jim Hardy were whipped.*

Back he went in 1977, a shade less brashly but still confidently, with a new skipper, Noel Robins, and a new yacht, Australia. *Cold statistics show that Ted Turner and* Courageous *won the series by the same 4-0 margin, but the record doesn't show just how much more competitive the Bond team were. Now Bond and Hardy have teamed up again with a redesigned* Australia *intent on closing the gap narrowed three years ago.*

On the eve of the departure of the Australia *crew for Newport, Bond sat down with* PLAYBOY *writer,* ***Russell Deiley*** *to talk about the America's Cup and Alan Bond the man. Says Deiley: "I first met Bond in those theatrical days leading up to the 1974 challenge when he'd convinced himself the America's Cup was his for the taking. Today, he is a study in twice-chastened, thrice-shy. While still supremely confident that* Australia *and the crew will be as finely tuned as humanly possible, he finally concedes that they are now facing the toughest test in yachting. It is an attitude which just might give the Australians the finely honed edge which was so obviously lacking in 1974 and 1977. In spite of the many sides to Bond, it seemed unpatriotic to open the interview on any subject other than the America's Cup."*

PLAYBOY: After eight races against *Courageous* and eight losses against the American skippers Ted Hood and Ted Turner, what makes you think your third America's Cup challenge is going to fare any better than the previous two?

BOND: We are just that little more experienced, but we are going into the series with no illusions. We know it is going to be hard. People don't realise just how hard it is going to be off Newport, but we are not underestimating how difficult it is going to be to win through the elimination series against the Swedes, the French and the English. Still, we are prepared. We have a faster yacht and as experienced and as well-equipped a crew as we could possibly have. People keep asking what hope do we have going to Newport with the same yacht that was beaten in four straight races in 1977. What they don't realise is that *Australia* is not the same yacht. Above water she might look the same as she did three years ago, but beneath the waterline she is a totally different craft. She has a completely different hull shape, a new keel and, comparing the tapes from 1977 with her performances in the shakedown trials, we know she is significantly faster. The thing we don't know is how much faster the American yacht will be, or, for that matter, how fast the other challengers will sail.

"We had no alternative but to set Cuneo and Hardy up as rivals. I felt we had to create our own competition to prepare the crew."

PLAYBOY: In 1974, the Americans described you as pig-headed, bad-mannered, rude, arrogant, crass, uppity, uncouth, nasty, a Philistine and a land salesman in boating shoes, and you seemed to revel in their epithets. Was it all part of an act to try and unsettle the blimps of the New York Yacht Club?

BOND: No, it wasn't. And I must say that a lot of that was the result of bad and mis-reporting by the media. The sole sponsor of that first challenge was the Yanchep Sun City development. It was true that I was personally involved in both the America's Cup challenge in 1974 and as the man behind the Yanchep development. But other people were involved in that development and they had gone into the sponsorship on the understanding that they derived some promotional spin-off from the challenge. And they got that — international publicity. If some company like BHP had backed the challenge, people would have said that was all right. But they seemed to think that, because the backer was a large West Australian property developer in which I was involved, there was something wrong with its direct association with a challenge for the America's Cup. And because companies such as Qantas, Channel Seven, Old Spice and a host of other companies have put money into this challenge, their names will receive publicity when the racing begins off Newport, and that is as it should be.

PLAYBOY: In 1974, you appeared to play the skippers, John Cuneo and Jim Hardy, off against each other. You eventually chose Gentleman Jim as your skipper only to saddle him with a lot of the blame for the 4-0 whitewash. In retrospect, do you think you were wrong to pitch Cuneo and Hardy against one another?

BOND: My thinking when we went into that first challenge was that we had no alternative but to set Cuneo and Hardy up as rivals. We had to go into that series against the Americans with no real competition and I felt we had to create our own competition to prepare the crew. I know we had to race off against the French, but that wasn't real competition. It was merely aggravation. As it turned out it was wrong to create that rivalry but, at the time, it seemed our only option if we were going to make the crew and *Southern Cross* competitive.

PLAYBOY: Was Hardy considered a rival for the man you eventually chose as the skipper in 1977, Noel Robins?

BOND: Yes, he was. But you have got to realise that the skipper is only one member of the crew. There are 11 other men whose jobs are just as important. The skipper really only drives the yacht.

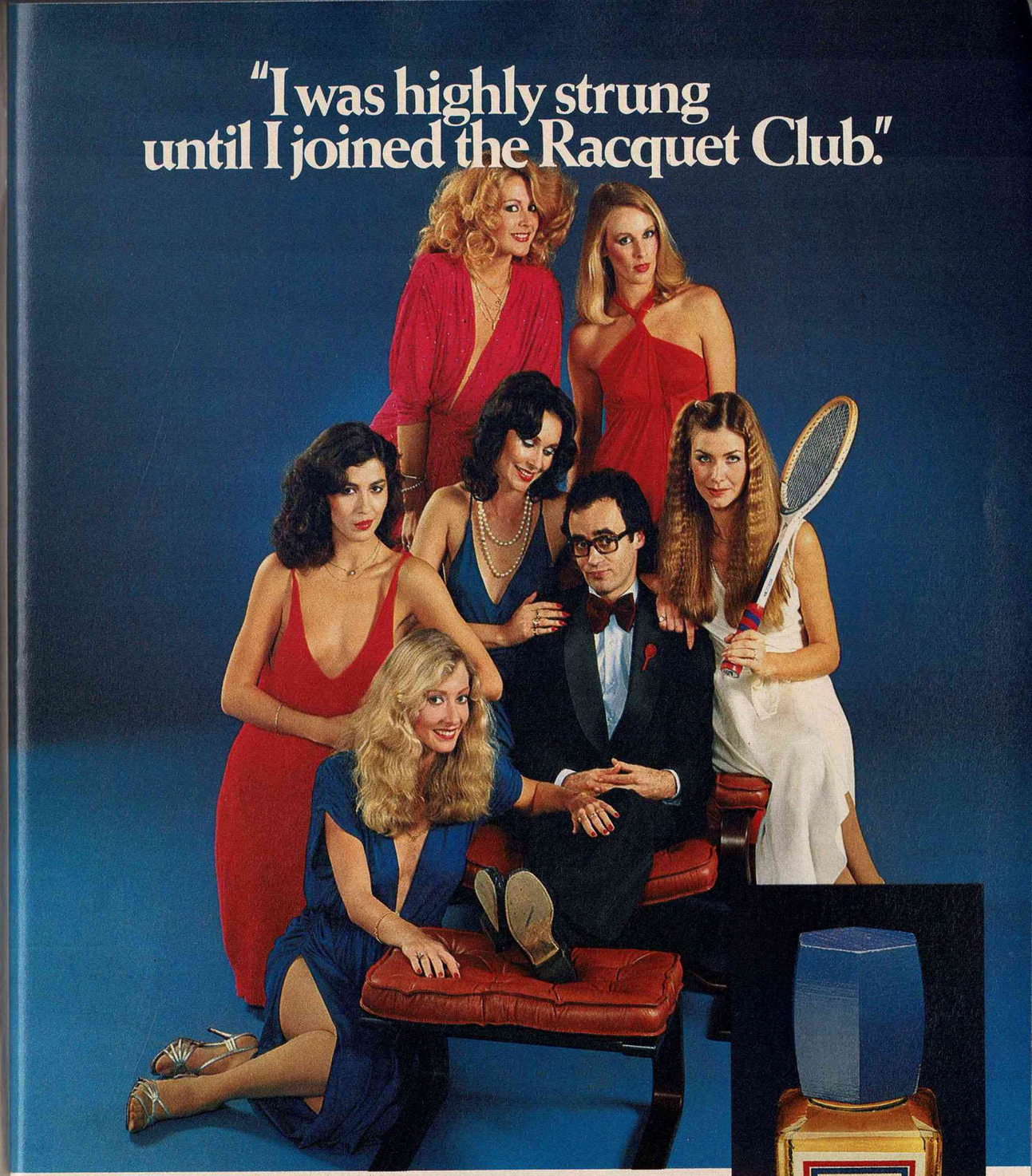
PLAYBOY: What has happened in the past three years to restore your confidence in Hardy and to name him as skipper for the 1980 challenge?

BOND: I have never really lost my confidence in Hardy as a skipper of 12-metre yachts. But yachting skippers, like anyone else, have their peaks and their troughs. And you have to remember that Hardy has proved he can be a winner in 12-metre racing. In addition, he has competed internationally — notably as a member of the successful Admiral's Cup team — in other classes of yachting and has been a winner.

PLAYBOY: Turner has said that he and *Courageous* won in 1977 because they were faster. Does the America's Cup boil down simply to a matter of speed?

BOND: Yes, I think it does. We were outpaced by *Courageous* in 1974. *Southern Cross* just wasn't fast enough through the water and we weren't really competitive. With *Australia* in 1977, we had a much faster boat and that was reflected in the racing. In spite of the record, in

"I was highly strung until I joined the Racquet Club."



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that we didn't win a race against *Courageous* three years ago, most of the races were close. But we made some tactical errors — especially in our decision to change the mast after winning the elimination series. We didn't give ourselves time to evaluate how the new mast would perform under the stress of racing. The America's Cup is the toughest form of ocean yacht racing there is, and it was not the place to try out a new mast. Yet even with the new mast we were able to push the Americans. We knew during the races that *Courageous* was marginally faster than *Australia.* We weren't as fast pointing into the wind at between 23 and 25 degrees. All our research, redesigning and testing over the past two years have been tailored to make *Australia* faster sailing into the wind. We have achieved that, and *Australia* is appreciably quicker. Of course what we don't know is whether the American yachts or the yachts from the other challenging countries are also faster.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea which yacht and which skipper will defend the cup this year?

BOND: I have seen all the yachts which will be likely contenders and I am almost certain that they will again choose Ted Turner and *Courageous.* There is some speculation that the New York Yacht Club will select Dennis Connor who is racing the new Sparkman and Stephens boat, *Freedom.* But when it comes to the acid test, I think Turner will win through. He and *Courageous* were winners in 1974, he is sailing with the same crew and you can be certain that they have put as much work into improving their boat as we have.

PLAYBOY: You've said the Australian public thinks *Australia* will be the same boat as she was three years ago. Is it easier to redesign an existing 12-metre than to build a new yacht?

BOND: No. In fact, in many ways, it is more difficult to reconstruct an existing yacht than it is to start from scratch and build a new yacht from the hull up. And it is probably more expensive to do what we have done with *Australia.* But we think the money and effort have been worth it because we are totally confident that *Australia* can be a winner.

PLAYBOY: What is it about 12-metre racing that makes it different from any other form of ocean racing?

BOND: There is no second place, only a winner. Match racing is different from any other form of competition in that the time is not important. It doesn't matter how long it takes you to get round the course as long as you finish in front. Tactics are of primary importance. Once you get in front, you do all you can to make sure you stay there. And to do this you use all the foul means available to you within the rules of racing. When I say "foul", I am talking in terms of ensuring that the yacht you are leading is sailing in your foul air. Let me give you a couple of illustrations of what I mean. When you are running second in a 12-metre race it is like trying to sail on the leeward side of a 10-storey building — that is the height of the yacht's mast and the volume of her sail area. And, as you can imagine, you are not going to get much of the breeze standing behind a 10-storey building which is between you and the direction from which the wind is blowing. The art of 12-metre racing is also often compared to two cars racing down a narrow road. Every time the trailing car picks up speed and runs up to the leader, the driver of the first car merely moves to the right or left to prevent the second driver from overtaking. That is why there is so much tacking in a race like the America's Cup. The skipper in the lead tacks continually to take up the other yacht's running and wind.

"The America's Cup is an important showplace for us. It gives us the opportunity to show that we can develop our own technology."

PLAYBOY: In outlining the thrust behind your first challenge, you said: "Anyone who doesn't consider racing for the Cup a business proposition is a bloody fool; there can't be any justification for spending $6 million on the challenge unless the return is going to involve more than just an ornate pitcher." First, how much money has been spent on the three challenges in which you've been involved, and, second, considering that the pitcher remains in the New York Yacht Club, has the business spin-off justified the investment?

BOND: I think that remark I made six years ago is as pertinent today as it was then. In terms of money actually outlaid, I suppose the figure over the three challenges totals around $6 million. But if you take into account all the other voluntary contributions and the unpaid time and effort put in by all the people involved — not just the 30 members of the official crew and team — then the figure would probably be closer to three times that $6 million. But I think the investment is important and necessary from a national point of view. In spite of improved communications, Australia is as remote from the rest of the world as it has ever been. We are outside the mainstream of trade in that our traditional trading partners are now in the Common Market and shut off from us. We are also outside the mainstream of technological development and its adaptation to industry and society. We are a small population in a vast country. The America's Cup is an important showplace for us. It gives us the opportunity to show the rest of the world that we can develop our own technology; that we can design and develop sophisticated equipment; that we can get it all together logistically over vast distances and make it work. The problems of developing equipment in this country for an America's Cup campaign based in Perth and moving it 4800 kilometres from the east to the west coast are immense. And once we have got the whole project together in Perth we have to show the world that we can take hundreds of tonnes of highly technical equipment and transport it 19,000 kilometres to the other side of the world. To do so, we have to compete with the vast technological resources of the United States and of the other challenging nations.

PLAYBOY: Given the American sailors' local knowledge, which you have gone on record as saying is of supreme importance sailing off Newport, and their ability to keep one step ahead in sailcloth, is your continued confidence in being able to launch a successful challenge realistic?

BOND: I am confident that the America's Cup will be won from the United States. Whether it will be this year, only time will tell but, even though the Americans have withstood all challenges for 129 years, I am certain that they will lose the Cup one day. I want the successful yachtsmen to be Australian. I would like to be the man who has brought the successful challenge together, but, for those reasons which I have expressed, it is important that we keep trying. We Australians are a funny people. We are knockers. Whenever we challenge unsuccessfully for the America's Cup, and because so much money is seen to be involved, the knockers say we are squandering money. Huge sums of money are at stake in all international sporting competition. When our swimmers go overseas and are beaten, the knockers say: "Let's pull out of the next Olympics because we aren't good enough." It doesn't matter whether our sportsmen being beaten are swimmers, tennis players or equestrians — if they are beaten we say Australians

have to pour more money into the effort to give the sportsmen the international competition needed to bring them up to world standard. If you sat down and worked out how much money is poured into swimming through the building of new pools throughout Australia, all the coaching and competition, I'm sure you would find it would be at least three times the amount spent in mounting three America's Cup challenges. Ours is a country surrounded by water, and 90 percent of Australians have a direct association in some way or another with water sports. We are recognised by the rest of the world as a nation which produces world class yachtsmen. For this reason, it is vital that we remain competitive in top-flight yachting. The America's Cup is in the top flight of international yachting and, unless we are seen to be competitive, the rest of the world will think we are slipping — not only falling backward in yachting but as a nation in a technological and industrial sense.

PLAYBOY: Are you a martinet toward your sailing crew?

BOND: No. When it comes to the America's Cup, neither I nor anyone else who draws the entire project and the efforts of all the people involved together can afford to be. Putting together all the design work, all the development and testing and having all those people involved able to pull together in an America's Cup challenge is an enormous task. And when you get to the point of selecting a team from which the crew will be chosen, you have 30 men who will train, work and live together for months. You can't imagine the tensions which build up. If a man was to spend three months with no one else save his wife, to live with her, sleep with her, eat with her and talk with nobody but her, he would have some idea what it is to be part of an America's Cup team. And each member of that team has to live with 29 other individuals for three months. My task is to see that every man is as content and as efficient as he can be in pursuit of a common goal. In those circumstances you don't get peak efficiency and corporate co-operation by being a martinet.

PLAYBOY: Is there any parallel between choosing an executive team for the Bond Corporation and an America's Cup crew?

BOND: Yes. The analysis of the strengths and weaknesses of any individual is the same for any major field of endeavor in which a peak effort has to be sustained — and a sustained effort is certainly needed for the America's Cup. You need a great degree of compatibility among people who are going to work together for two years. You need to define their various talents and you choose them because they have the will to strive for individual excellence and the competitiveness to win. We won't win the Cup without that desire to succeed. There are similarities in choosing a team of executives to run and maintain and develop a successful business.

PLAYBOY: Your close advisers in business have shown sterling loyalty, even through those financially dark days in the mid-'70s. Do your crews show the same kind of loyalty?

BOND: Yes, I believe so. I like to have people around me with whom I feel comfortable. You really only get loyalty after giving it. Loyalty is like friendship — before you have a friend, you have to be a friend.

PLAYBOY: You demand peak fitness from your sailors. Do you lead by example?

BOND: Well, I'm conscious of it. I don't suggest that I'm as fit as some of our yachtsmen, but they know I'm concerned with fitness. All of the men have been to my home because I feel it is important that I get to know them all. We play tennis, we swim — they're aware of the need for fitness and I impress upon them the importance of being in top physical shape.

PLAYBOY: Traditionally, there is a lot of psychological grandstanding in the lead-up to the America's Cup. Will Australia have any below-deck tricks in the form of new scientific aids in this year's challenge?

BOND: No, we have nothing new, and I don't think America has either. I think we have reached an equal standard, and we have not been able to achieve that in previous challenges. I am quite confident that the equipment on *Australia* will be as good as anything on the defending yachts. If we can go in equal, that will be the time we win.

PLAYBOY: Are computers and scientific aids essential?

BOND: Yes. No human calculator can measure each sector of the race to the exactness we need. We are looking for a minute amount more speed from the shape of the sail. We want to know the precise amount of strain we can place on the mast, which must be as light as possible because of the critical importance of the overall weight of the boat. There are 16 items of strain on the mast at any one time and they have to be computerised to achieve maximum performance.

PLAYBOY: Has the development of 12-metres or, for that matter, any class of yacht gone as far as it can go?

BOND: Nothing has gone as far as it can go. If you have got five nations drawing on their technical brain tanks

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striving for a faster yacht that will perform that bit closer to perfection, of course you will achieve a higher standard, and something new will come up in each challenge series. We will continue to develop and produce more efficient yachts, just as we are continually improving motor cars and aircraft.

PLAYBOY: The advances, however, will be gradual, not revolutionary?

BOND: We don't know that, really. Some might have considered setting a man on the Moon the climax of our technical ingenuity, but it was only the beginning of the exploration of space. They say, and it's very true, that the advance of technology gathered throughout the span of man has now reached such a speed that it changes completely every 10 years. That is the kind of technological push occurring in the world, and it is no different in racing yachts. We will continue to get higher and more efficient performance from our boats.

PLAYBOY: How much faster now is *Australia* than three years ago?

BOND: We know it's faster — there's no question about that. We have achieved a greater margin of increase in the speed of the redesigned *Australia* than we have attained in previous challenges. But we won't be able to measure this increase in speed in a comparative sense until we race against the yachts of the other challengers and the Americans.

PLAYBOY: Will this year's crew be better equipped?

BOND: Yes. Because of the experience gained in previous challenges, we will be better prepared psychologically. Five members of the crew are survivors of previous challenges. They have seen it all and nobody can take that experience away from them. It is the same in yachting as it is in any other sport — we need that international experience on which we can build. I know what the knockers are saying: "You have tried twice before and failed; what makes you think you will do any better this time?" But we have been building up experience all the time and I know we will eventually win the America's Cup. I don't know whether we will win this year, but sooner or later Australians will say: "Heck, Australia has won the Cup." It will happen just like that and we will finally have got there.

PLAYBOY: What was it that first attracted you to ocean racing and what is it that keeps you in there?

BOND: It stretches you in different directions from business. It requires a tremendous amount of management, yet you can never be absolutely certain of remaining in control. Nature is always the master, incalculable and indefinable. The elements are a constant challenge. That's what is so wonderful about sailing — you can't change or predetermine nature. Never knowing what will happen keeps you on edge and the adrenalin charging. Sure, the weather forecasters today have satellites to help them with their predictions of what sailing conditions will be on Sydney Harbor or wherever, but nature has a way of changing it.

PLAYBOY: So ocean racing is not a relaxation. You really have to be a competitor?

BOND: Oh, you have to be a competitor all right. But, in a way, yacht racing is a relaxation for me because it is different from all my other pursuits. But when you get to the competitive level of the Admiral's Cup, the Olympics or the America's Cup in sailing, you can forget about relaxing.

PLAYBOY: Should the impossible happen and Turner, or whoever the New York Yacht Club pits against Australia, wins, will that be the end of Alan Bond's America's Cup dream?

BOND: It is no dream. It is a necessity for Australia to do well in the America's Cup. Too few Australians realise just how important it is for Australia to do well. While there is a challenge to be made and I have the resources and energy, I'll keep on challenging. If the results of the 1980 series indicate that we haven't improved since the 1977 challenge, then I shall probably feel that I ought to step aside for someone else. I'll never step down from lack of faith in the pursuit of the challenge, but simply because I'll know that somebody else has more to contribute.

PLAYBOY: You don't lie in bed at night worrying that you will go down in sporting history as another Thomas Lipton or Frank Packer, as a man who bust a gut and squandered a fortune chasing the Auld Mug?

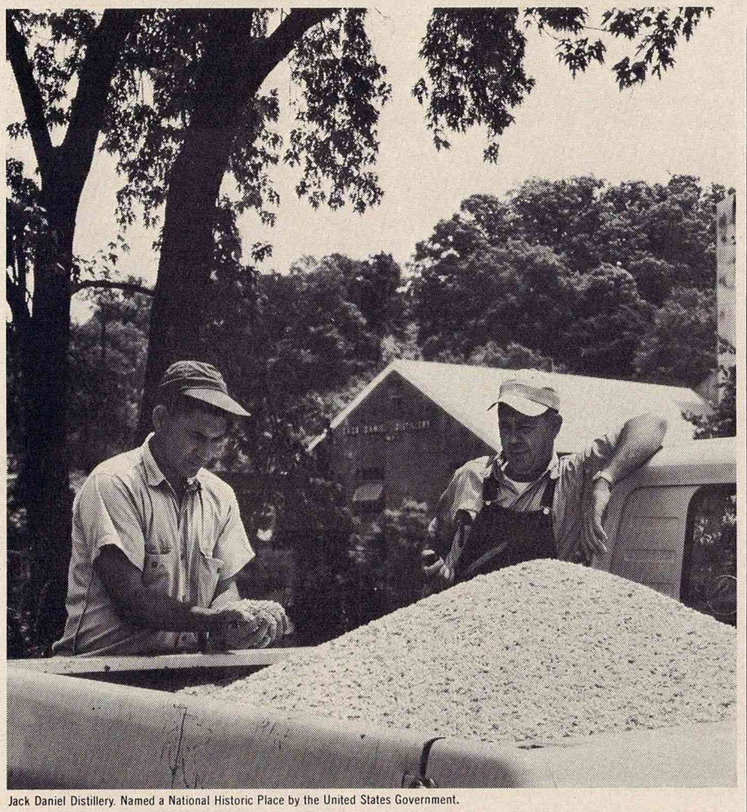
BOND: I don't see it that way. While I'm concerned with winning the America's Cup, I'm also concerned for Australia. I am concerned that we show the world that we have the capability and the excellence to mount a challenge against opposition from other countries and from within our own country. And the opposition from within is not insignificant. Most of our sportsmen are a bit like our politicians in that they tend to knock those who don't do well. We should be reassessing our attitudes. If we are to survive in this world, we'd do better to support those who strive to seek excellence in competition rather than to seek excellence by a competition of negativeness.

PLAYBOY: Jim Hardy has gone on record as saying that a succession of Australian crews have been lured to defeat by the belles of Newport. Is sex an America's Cup problem?

BOND: No, it's not. I'd be surprised if that statement has been correctly reported. In fact, I think the reverse applies when we get to Newport. The Newport training and sailing program gives the guys less time to relax than they would at home. It is a very rigorous program. But, of course, you cannot keep a team of men strung up without some relaxation, and some of them do let their hair down occasionally. It's no more than that. The members of previous teams who are going back this year are the ones who did well at Newport previously and I'm sure they won't have time for the belles.

PLAYBOY: You've built up a reputation as a womaniser and a hell-raiser. Is the reputation justified?

BOND: No more than with anyone else. In both my business and sporting activities, I work at a hectic pace and more notice seems to be taken of me when I relax — certainly more than is taken of other people. Whatever I do is taken to be something out of the ordinary. When people who are not



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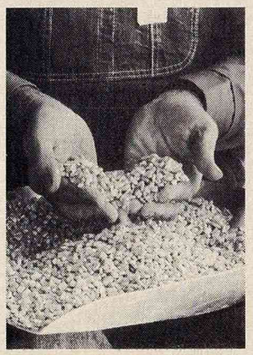

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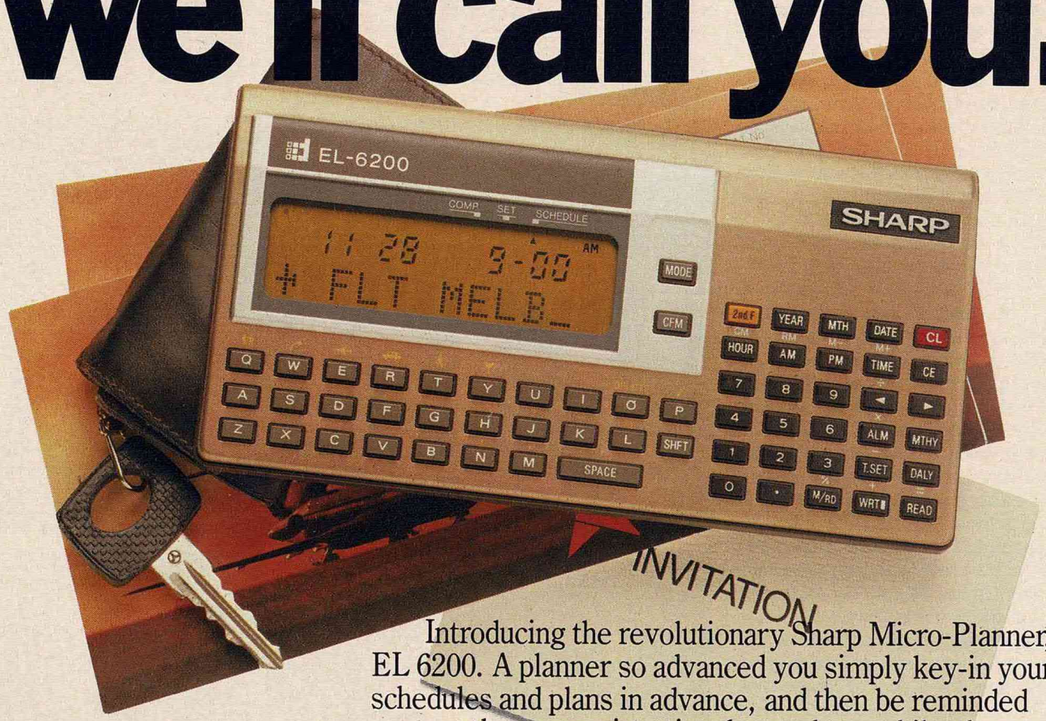

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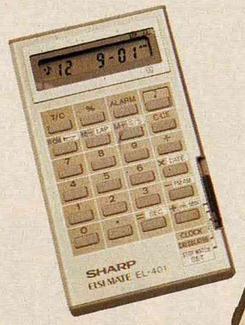

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well known relax, their behavior is seen as part of the ordinary course of events. I don't think I play any harder than anyone else.

PLAYBOY: One woman who is said to have had a profound affect on your approach to life is your mother. Is she as important as others say?

BOND: She is a very intelligent person and continues to be an example of the philosophy that you never stop learning. She is now 71, but at 68 she went to the University of Tokyo to learn to speak and write four Japanese dialects. Not many people would take on the awesome task of learning the many thousand Japanese characters at that age. I think too many people waste their time. She wastes none of her time. She travels constantly around the world. She spent two months in Russia learning about their culture and country and another two months in China last year. She is aware of the world around her — a lot more aware than most other Australians. My mother speaks of Australia as a paradise, but only because she has travelled the world and can make realistic comparisons with other countries. She is not only a mother in the maternal sense, but an interesting and intellectually stimulating person with whom to talk. She does set me an example. I think we are cast in a similar mould.

PLAYBOY: You were 13 when your family migrated to Australia from England for the sake of your father's health. Did you resent being uprooted from your English environment and friends?

BOND: Yes, I did when I first came here. I came from London, a thriving, exciting metropolis where I was keenly interested in my studies and doing well at school. After London, Fremantle was like a desert island. I belonged to a large city and was thrown into an environment to which I found it difficult to adjust. It took me a long time to settle.

PLAYBOY: Have either of your parents been an authoritarian figure to you?

BOND: My father was a great athlete and very oriented to sport. He was a PT instructor before and during the war in which he spent some time training commandos. He was very badly injured during the war and the doctors gave him one year to live when he left England for Australia. But even though he was a TPI, he got into swimming when he came to Western Australia and lived for another 20 years. He was a great advocate for Australia. He'd fought with Australian soldiers at Tobruk and he got to know and respect them as men. He loved this country. So, too, of course, does my mother. She is always asking why Australians don't appreciate what they have, where they are going and why they don't work harder to preserve and develop what they have.

PLAYBOY: Was there any reason for leaving school as young as you did?

BOND: I didn't settle down when I first came here. I had done all the work in languages and mathematics they set me when I first went to school in Fremantle and I was bored. There was no challenge. I was restless and wanted to get out and do something for myself. Very wisely, my father said: "Well, let's look at what you can do well at this point." The only thing I could do well at that age was draw, so my father said: "Maybe you should be a signwriter." His philosophy was that I should always have something to fall back on. He'd started work in the coal mines in Wales when he was 12 so he thought it was perfectly natural for me to want to leave school at 14 and start working. If there were

"Quite frankly, a lot of people who've had 10 years' experience in academia know little other than what they have read in books."

jobs available, he saw no reason why I should not start to earn some money. After working for a couple of years and realising how little I knew, I went back to night school.

PLAYBOY: But even after deciding to go back to school, I understand you never bothered to take exams. Why do you attach so little importance to educational qualifications?

BOND: That's not quite right. I took a five-year examination after three and a half years study and passed. But I believe the term "academic qualification" is an ever-changing thing. Quite frankly, a lot of people who've had 10 years' experience in academia know very little other than what they have read in books. They are not really taught to think about their place in the environment, about which they know very little. As far as my own family is concerned, I have made my four children aware of the need to have a background of achievement behind them, as I have a trade. Thus one of my sons has finished law and the other has finished commerce.

PLAYBOY: And you encouraged them to go to university?

BOND: Yes. Like the millions of people with whom they will work, they each have a basic discipline.

PLAYBOY: You and your wife were married at a very young age. Have you ever regretted tying yourself down to an early marriage?

BOND: Although I can speak only for myself, I think we have had some very good times because I married young and we had children at a young age. There was a challenge to do well because I had to support and provide for a family and, as is natural for any parent, to try and provide a better life for my children than perhaps I had — to provide them with a bigger house, schooling and the opportunity to do well. I have no regrets at all. I've only had the one marriage, and it has been good. We've had our ups and downs but I feel it has been one of the better marriages.

PLAYBOY: The early marriage and children have obviously not impeded your career and in a material sense you have provided generously for your wife and children. But have you always been able to give your family the full measure of emotional support?

BOND: I spent a tremendous amount of time with my children when they were young, particularly as a participant in their sporting endeavors. My most precious commodity is time. I allocate it. A lot of my friends waste their time, but because I ration it out I have probably spent more time with my children and family than most other fathers and husbands. Of course they have had their problems, but they have turned out all right because the publicity associated with the family name has increased their perception of who they are.

PLAYBOY: During those days when your business was located in a tin shed behind the waterside workers' office in Fremantle and you were always travelling throughout the west painting every railway station in the State, did you dream about having power and money?

BOND: I've always strived. From the time I was first in business at 18, I vowed I would be a millionaire by the time I was 21. But once I reached that goal I realised I was the same person and the money didn't really make that much difference. Living in Western Australia is different from living elsewhere in Australia. Once you have got a house, the quality of life is cheap. Whereas in other places it is an expensive exercise to go to the beach, the football or the swimming pool, it is not in the west. Living over there is so cheap, it doesn't really matter how much money you have got. I have always had an interest in power, the bases of political power and its various factions. In the early days I

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got to know a lot of the waterside workers as individual people and have always understood their point of view. Mind you, I was well grounded in the labor movement. Being one of 11 brothers, seven of whom worked in the mines, my father was a labor man who was conscious throughout his life of the need to work hard for his wages and of the balance of community involvement between those who have and those who don't. My mother came from a completely different background. Her father was a physician and, at one time, a mayor of Leeds. So I have always been aware of power and its nuances — the use of power for good or bad.

PLAYBOY: One could scarcely describe you as a Labor man today?

BOND: I think there is too much pigeon-holing of people into Labor, Liberal or whatever camp. It is my experience that all people are the same and that, basically, all Australians want to be equal. And there is no reason why they can't be. Only doctrines change. I find it sad when a good Labor man is wooed from one of the basic tenets of unionism — a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. One of the principles of unionism is that if a man works 40 hours a week, then he should be rewarded. But today a lot of the unions work on the principle of how they can get more money for doing less. This is the fundamental change that is now taking place in unionism. I know some companies will not pay properly for their employees' work and that attitude is shameful. It is in this area that unions should and do work. I believe in the unions. I am still a member of the painters' union and I still pay my dues. I like to get the union's magazines and read and feel part of the union. It is important to me.

PLAYBOY: Did land speculation produce the first $1 million?

BOND: I have never been a speculator who gets a windfall for doing nothing. He never sets out to do anything or put anything into a project. In all the things I've done, I've been intent on development. Laying bitumen roads in the Hills area of the Darling Ranges east of Perth was the first scheme from which I made money. I opened up land they said couldn't be opened for development.They told me it was an engineering impossibility to build a road around a mountain. But I knew it was possible. When I was 21 I spent three months travelling through 18 countries. I saw the sorts of things that were being done overseas and I visualised doing them in Australia. All the profits I've made on land have been based on my input. The same thing applied with the recent large profit that we made on our Santos investment. I never looked at the Cooper Basin as a gas producer but as a liquid oil producer. We are now building a pipeline and creating jobs and, as a result, the shares have gone up and we have made a lot of money. In all our investments, we have seen things that others haven't and that is where we have made money. People might think I am a speculator, but I'm not interested in speculating. I'm only interested in doing the things I consider are required.

PLAYBOY: Australians tend to attach more importance to land ownership than any other people. Does land have any intrinsic value to you or do you regard it purely as an investment or as equity?

BOND: I just love to have my own piece of land. As a person who has come to Australia from another country, my piece of land makes me feel more Australian. I think it is wonderful that Australians should strive for ownership of their own home and land. They see it as their heritage.

PLAYBOY: That sounds idealistic, particularly when we consider the inflated cost of land in cities such as Sydney and Melbourne. Can you suggest how the cost of land can be brought within the pocket of young people?

BOND: It is politically and morally wrong that a developer has to meet the costs of things such as roads, kerbing and guttering — costs he has to pass on to the buyer. Roads, footpaths and sewers are for everyone to use, not just the homeowner, and should be paid for as municipal costs. People are also discouraged by too many government controls. The days are gone when people could buy their piece of land, stick a garage or humpy up on the block and live there while they built the house as and when they could afford it. Today, unfortunately, the authorities say that the house must comply with pages of regulations and the house must be finished before people can move in. There should be some de-controlled areas where people can do their own thing.

PLAYBOY: As a young man who came from a working-class background, you grew rich very quickly. How did the sudden affluence change your life and attitudes?

BOND: Not very much. Money is not important to me in the sense that it enables me to do things others can't. Because I have money I am able to support things such as the America's Cup challenge and to plough money back into development projects which give me satisfaction. And I believe I have left a mark on the environment. As for changing my life, money has changed the things I'm able to do, but it hasn't changed the things I like to do. I still like to play tennis or go to the beach and you don't need money to do those things.

PLAYBOY: Being a millionaire at 21 didn't change your relationships with the people with whom you grew up?

BOND: My oldest friends are still my closest friends.

PLAYBOY: On the other side of the coin, are you suspicious of the motives of people who would be your friends?

BOND: No. Some people probably think that I am going to be suspicious. So the boot is on the other foot really. People seem to fear that their gesture in offering me their friendship will be taken out of context.

PLAYBOY: If it were possible to liquidate all your assets, what would be the Bond family fortune?

BOND: In excess of $50 million.

PLAYBOY: Does that frighten you?

BOND: I need a great deal of money to do the things I do. The projects in which I'm involved require vast sums of money if I am to achieve the goals I set. I am not like a lot of people who get money and hoard it. They think money is something you put in the bank and not use. Money enables me to get on and do something. Mine is an Australian company and I intend to participate in the development of this country's resources. That has always been my long-term plan. It is not something new. I started drilling for iron ore. I have drilled for copper. I'm eager to develop the huge reservoir of resources scattered through the Australian wilderness. I don't subscribe to the theory that it can only be done by someone from outside this country. I believe it can be done by Australians who need to believe in their ability to harvest the resources.

"In my opinion Chagall will be the next Picasso. I could have bought a Picasso, but I don't buy paintings because of the name of the artist."

PLAYBOY: Much has been written about the $2 million home you built on the banks of the Swan River. Is it as grand as it is painted to be by the popular press?

BOND: It is a large house. I believe in building things to last and that is why I chose to build it in limestone. It will last for me, my children and whoever might want to use it after them. As it turned out, it cost $1.5 million to build. I picked out a good piece of property and it has since gone up in value. And I included a tennis court, swimming pool and a gymnasium because they allow me to do things I want to do. It's a place to which my children and their children can come.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the trappings of wealth are not important to you?

BOND: No, I like them. I like to buy paintings which I admire. I collect all sorts of works of art. I've always been interested in art, and I began collecting paintings about 15 years ago. The trappings of wealth to one person might mean a nice car. To me a car is something to get you from point A to B. I choose to drive a Rolls because it is the best car, it lasts longer and it holds its value. If you buy quality, it lasts longer. Many people waste money by going out and buying junk — terrible pieces of furniture that fall apart. When I buy something, I want to keep it forever.

PLAYBOY: Are you willing to pay any price for a painting you really want?

BOND: No, because it is not an obsession. I'm a patient collector and I believe in collecting ahead of the fashion. For example, I have a particularly nice Chagall. I could have paid a lot more money for it than I did, but it also happens to be a painting I like. I won't buy a painting I don't like. I buy it as something which will complement a wall or a room. Nor do I buy as an investment — something which I will sell at a profit. When I buy a painting it is something I intend to keep. In my opinion, Chagall will be the next Picasso. I could have bought a Picasso, but I preferred a Chagall. I don't buy a painting because of the name of the artist.

PLAYBOY: Since you mentioned cars, how do you feel about going down in motoring history as the first owner of a Rolls to be booked for driving on bald tyres?

BOND: I think that shows what is important and unimportant to me. A car to me is a method of transport. The tyre might not have complied with the regulations, but it certainly wasn't bald. I think the inspector was very zealous. The headlines announcing that I had been booked for bald tyres gave the wrong connotation.

PLAYBOY: You have built up a reputation as a business magician, the man who pulls off amazing deals and can sweet-talk a queue of creditors. Are you a wizard wheeler-dealer?

BOND: I've had my ups and downs in business, just as I've had in life. It's not all easy in Australia — we are affected by world economics. We had a major downturn in the economy in

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1973-74 when we and a lot of other backers had money invested in major projects. The word magician is a misnomer. During that period, we could quite clearly show that we had the resources to liquidate those loans over a very short period — maybe not there and then, but we only needed time. There was a lot of publicity associated with our acquisition of the Robe River company — Bond had not paid on a certain date or Bond had paid the day before an instalment was due. Although it was never reported properly, we did, in fact, have a clause in our Robe River contract that permitted us to extend the repayments beyond the prescribed date if we so wished. The clause gave me the option to extend the repayment instalment for six months at an interest rate of two percent. It may well have been cheaper for me to use that extension period in the contract in preference to arranging alternative financing. The misreporting at that time did us tremendous harm. Because of the wide publicity given to the fact that we had large repayments to make on certain dates, people wouldn't lend us money in the normal course of business. Yet we were in a similar position to the individual whose collateral is his home and who borrows against that asset. Our collateral was $20 million worth of business assets. You can imagine the reaction to the publicity — loan sources were saying: "We had better wait and see if Bond makes the Robe River payment before we lend against his collateral." My ability to borrow against my collateral was taken away from me because of the publicity. As a matter of fact, we took action against two sections of the media and, had we continued, we would have won the action because the misleading publicity did us tremendous harm.

PLAYBOY: Is astute buying, selling and borrowing the secret of your success or are you today a man of genuine business substance?

BOND: We don't borrow to any great extent. We are a very substantial company. So substantial that we recently paid $50 million in cash for something without debt borrowing.

PLAYBOY: Subsequent events and accounts suggest that you were pretty close to going to the wall in the period you've been speaking about. At any time during that period were you afraid you were going under?

BOND: No. What you must remember here is that I personally have never borrowed any money. What was publicised was the corporate Bond borrowings and investments. But, because I as an individual never borrowed, my personal position was not threatened. What I did in 1974 was put a lot of my own money on the line. And the funny thing is that we didn't owe any money to creditors. We had some major bank loans. We have never been in the credit business and we have always paid everybody. All we were doing at the time was rescheduling some loans.

PLAYBOY: Much of this was happening when you and *Southern Cross* were doing so badly off Newport. Yet, in spite of the business and yachting publicity, you were able to maintain a stance of confidence. Was it a difficult time for you?

BOND: Yes, it was. I was putting in 16- to 18-hour days on the Cup challenge and I was also flying backwards and forwards from America. It was a time of decisions and I was prepared to work hard. I was prepared to talk to the people with whom the company was involved and to keep them informed on what we were doing. Because of the state of the economy, it wasn't simply a matter of selling off assets. It wasn't a matter of not having any money. We had a mass of wealth in assets, but we just couldn't move them. It was a matter of waiting for the market to settle down and rescheduling loans and that's what we did. It took a lot of talking to convince the board and bankers with whom we were involved that we had the capability. A lot of people tend to forget that we understand this country. They imagined that the Bond Corporation was a one-man company. We employ more than 1000 people, we've got a lot of talented people who understand what has to be done and are capable of doing the job.

"When you climb a 100-rung ladder, you'll inadvertently step on some hands. So you have these people striving to push you back down."

PLAYBOY: What is it about you that enables you to keep your cool and fight your way out of tight corners?

BOND: Communication. I think we have always been able to communicate with the people with whom we've been involved. And we have a good track record.

PLAYBOY: Have there been times when you've felt that members of the eastern business establishment were gunning for you?

BOND: When you climb a 100-rung ladder, you'll inadvertently step on some hands. So you do have these people striving to push you back down the ladder. A lot of people saw us make a lot of money and there were jealousies. As a West Australian company we were seen as audacious by coming to the east to make profits. They didn't realise that they were seeing only pieces of a corporate empire. They couldn't see the heart of the machine which was 4800 kilometres away in Perth.

PLAYBOY: As you've said, you have had some momentous ups and downs. What makes you the great survivor?

BOND: When we go into an investment, we go in genuinely. I don't believe in giving up on anything and people know that. When we become involved, people know we have done our homework. They might not know straight away because we are not about to broadcast our plans and purposes. International companies are only too willing to come in and mop up our resources because they study world-wide energy surveys. But I, too, have access to those surveys. It's quite acceptable for BP to come in and buy 100 percent of D. K. Ludwig's coal operations. There wasn't a murmur about that. BP would be seen as a big company making a carefully considered decision. But if I, as an Australian company, had bought out the Ludwig coal interests for $300 million, people would have said that was a mistake or else they'd have wondered why. But the expertise which is available to BP is also available to me. I can read the world-wide surveys, I can employ the technical experts, and I can put the funding together just as easily as BP. Yet the average Australian financial writer doesn't seem to understand that. And that is one of the reasons the Australian banking system is so bad. They are still lending on mortgages and properties when they should be taking the risks and developing the resources of this country. Consequently, the development of the resources of Australia will be largely in the hands of overseas companies financed by overseas banks. Technology has passed the Australian banks by.

PLAYBOY: After the troubles of the mid-'70s, the press seemed to take a kinder view toward you. Now the knockers are re-emerging. Following your apparent failure to gain control of Santos and TVW and White Industries, one financial journalist wrote that you have lost the knack of pulling rabbits out of hats. Are you losing the golden touch?

BOND: It was amazing that he could make a comment like that when our

De Beers

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Showcase JEWELLERS

Santos venture has been such a success. While we didn't gain control of the whole company, we do have a massive investment which is now returning a tremendous profit. For someone to say it is a failure when we have made $100 million out of the Santos investment is sheer naïvety. The second thing is that the South Australian Government showed itself to be clumsy and inept in introducing legislation which limited the size of our investments in Santos. It is obvious, too, that the South Australian people agreed with us because they threw out the Government.

PLAYBOY: Have you been disappointed that the newly-elected Liberal Government hasn't seen fit to review that legislation?

BOND: That Government is dependent on an independent in the House for a majority. They don't have the power to change the legislation because they don't have the seats. Because of the sensitivity of energy and oil and gas prices as political issues, I think there will be a tendency for governments to become less involved than they should be in things that could cause them to lose seats.

PLAYBOY: Compared to 1974 and 1977, you have kept a low profile on the 1980 America's Cup challenge. Can we expect some of the old trumpet blowing when the countdown begins off Newport?

BOND: There will be 600 journalists in Newport. It will depend on how their stories come through. Certainly I'll be talking about Australia and doing some trumpet blowing. I'll be telling people why they should come to Australia. I'll be telling them that we have the technology, the people, that we have a tremendous way of life in this country, that they should be part of it and that Australia should be part of the world scene. Hopefully we will win, and then all that will be justified.

PLAYBOY: When you win the Cup, will you be advocating that its defence be staged off Yanchep?

BOND: Not really. The Royal Perth Yacht Club, in whose name the 1980 challenge has been made, will dictate where the races in defence of the America's Cup will be held.

PLAYBOY: Where would you like to see the defence held?

BOND: I am sure the stretch of coast between Fremantle and Yanchep would be an ideal location. You need a lot of sea for 12-metre racing because of the long legs.

PLAYBOY: Would you suggest that we play the America's Cup according to the New York Yacht Club rules and frame the conditions to the advantage of the defenders?

BOND: It is terrible that they have gone to the extent they have. The America's Cup rules are interpreted by a committee whose members do not sail.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think we should follow their lead?

BOND: Quite frankly, no. Australians aren't like that. We only want to win an event through our sporting ability and not on a technical interpretation of the rules.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any unfulfilled dreams?

BOND: I don't dream, but I have many goals to achieve. I want to see greater participation by Australian companies in the development of our resources and I intend to play a part in that. I see the possibility of a transcontinental railway system, and highways that criss-cross the country just as they do in the United States. I want to see this country opened up. I want to see the population dispersed.

PLAYBOY: In working toward these goals, do you see your major role in business or politics?

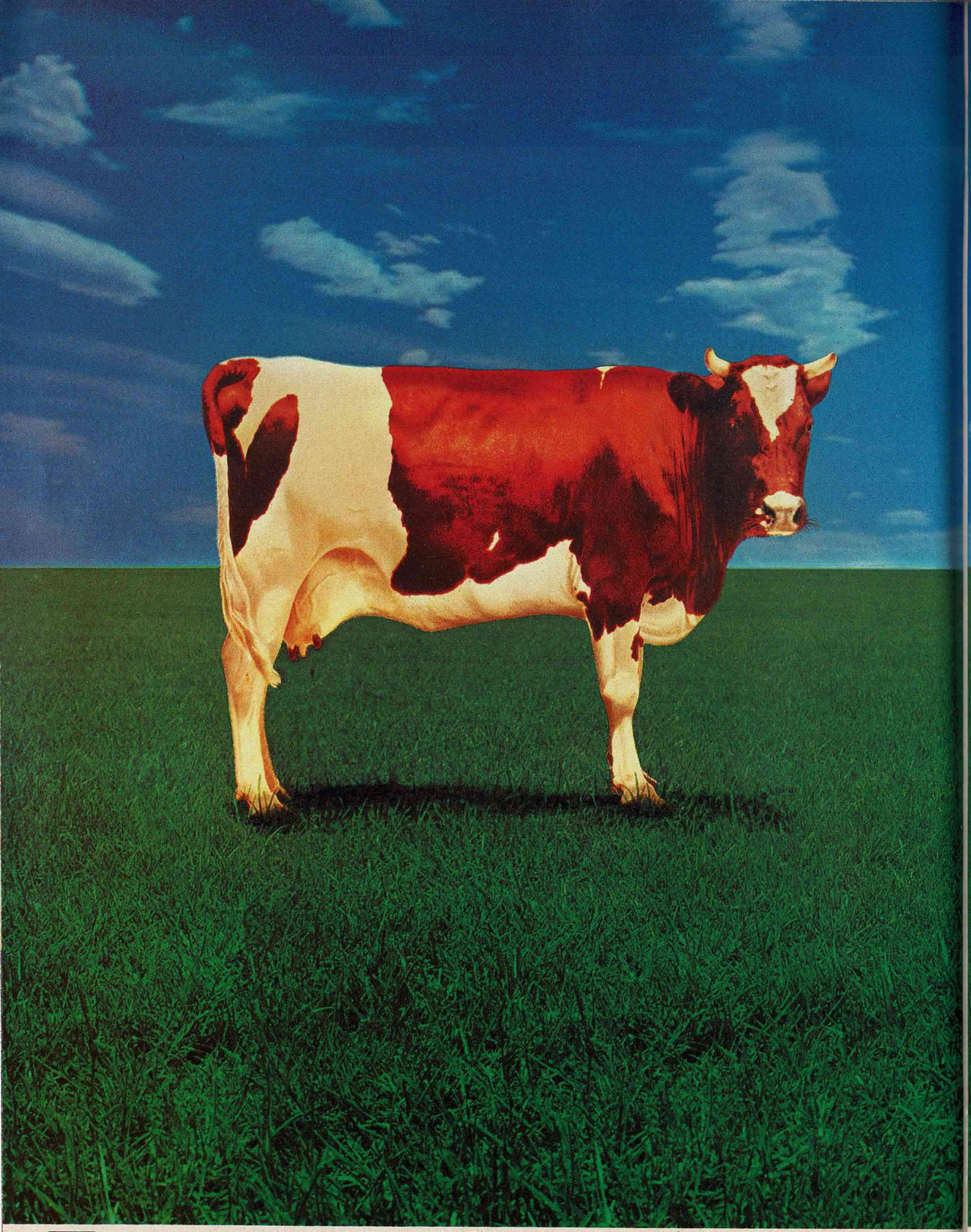
BOND: Politics have always been part of me. I believe substantial changes are needed in the Australian political system and that those changes will come. I believe it will change when people recognise that the country needs more people and more companies. You always seem to be regarded as better if you come from somewhere else, and that is a negative philosophy. As for my own future, I will certainly be involved in trying to bring about the recognition that Australians are as good as anyone else. I certainly intend to have a voice and to make sure that voice is heard.

PLAYBOY: But not from a political platform?

BOND: No. I think you can do that in many ways. You can write about it, you can sponsor people to do things.

PLAYBOY: What is the next and most immediate challenge in the life of Alan Bond?

BOND: I am a very single-minded person. First and foremost, I have a job to do in the America's Cup challenge. I see big challenges in harnessing and developing our resources. I want to see another five million American visitors coming each year to see our fantastic country. If we are going to have a 35-hour week in Australia, let's work continuously for 35 hours a week and get away from the strikes and industrial disruptions. And let's develop the leisure area to complement the shorter working week. We need more leisure hotels and a better transport system that will enable us to make better use of the great environment in which we live.



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THE BROWN COW ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL BROWN COW. A REAL BROWN COW IS MADE WITH ONE PART OF KAHLUA MIXED WITH TWO PARTS OF COLD MILK AND SERVED ON THE ROCKS. THE KAHLUA BROWN COW. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. KAHLÚA

GREY 1412

ON THE RUN

BY RAYMOND JOHN DENNING

Raymond John Denning set out to make things hard for himself when he broke out of Grafton Jail. He wanted to make his escape without committing further crimes against society. He disavowed violence. He would not take hostages. He would not steal cars. So he used his feet — he ran for miles. And when he hid, he crawled into a hole in the ground and smothered himself under leaves and branches. While this went on, the police walked around him and over him but never on him. They allegedly fired fusillades of shots into the bush in an effort to flush him out. Denning found his water in slimy bog-holes, and his food was the produce of nature — roots, berries, even lizards. Denning may be rejected as a hardened criminal who treads the path of righteousness in a bid to achieve public sympathy. But whatever the merits and demerits of his actions, his escape and his desperate flight is, in its own way, a tribute to man's eternal fighting spirit, and man's ability to reach into hidden depths and reserves of strength. Like many men who have broken the rules of society, Denning has some admirable qualities. And, like others before him, he poses the eternal question for society: what needs to be done to bring out and develop those finer qualities in men who have chosen lawlessness rather than legitimacy as a pattern of life?

Illustration by Renee Bolten

I WAS OUT and walking away from the most notorious jail in Australia's history. Yes, walking, *not running,* as I did not want to attract attention. I had already decided to go to Brisbane as it was 8.30am when I escaped, and by rights it would not be until the noon muster I'd be missed — that gave me three-and-a-half hours' start. So I walked up to a

school and asked a kid how I could get on to the highway — he had just been dropped off at the school by his mother and she was still in the car, so he told me to ask his mother, which I did, and she gave me the directions. I heeded without further question.

I was wearing shorts, runners and a T-shirt and jacket, and carried a small transistor and a quarter of a pound of pepper in a plastic bag. Off I went, not wanting to take hostages or steal cars as the police said I would — I just started hitch-hiking. However no one would give me a lift and so, because I was very fit and could run five miles in less than a half hour, I started running down the highway.

I had run about five or six miles when this bloke stopped just in front of me at a shop. As he was walking out and getting into his car I said to him, "Are you going up the coast, mate?" He said to me, "Don't I know you from somewhere?"

Well, I did not know what to say as I thought he might be an ex-prisoner I had met in jail, but I was not sure, so I said, "No, I don't think so."

He then said: "What is your name?"

I still was not sure what to say; he didn't look like a copper so I said "Ray." He then said: "What, Ray Denning?" As soon as he said it, I knew he was a copper so I acted really cool, cursing my bad luck at the same time, and I said: "No, not Ray Denning — Ray Massey" (which is the name of one of my relations).

The copper then said: "Oh, you just look like a bloke I know." (Well, he must have seen me in court the week before when I was charging five prison officers with assaulting me). So he got in his car and said: "No, I won't give you a lift as I only live around the corner," and he drove off.

I did not know what to do — the closest bush area I could see was still about three miles away. I started running and trying to hitch-hike again but still no one would give me a lift and still I did not want to steal a car. I ran on, and then I came upon a Mini Moke and a bloke delivering the mail in it. The main thing I remember about him was that he had a carton of flavored milk with him and I said to him: "Can you give me a lift, mate?" He said: "I am only going about one mile." I said: "That will do." He said: "Jump in."

I was sweating and dying of thirst but I was not game to ask him for a drink so we drove on. Little did I know that, thanks to him, I am free now — that one-mile ride got me closer to the bush where I knew I would have only my fitness to get me from one day to the next. He stopped at a turn-off and let me out. I could see the bush about half a mile off, and I started running again — from that moment on I felt the presence of someone else beside me, pushing me on.

I was about 200 yards from the bush when I saw a police car coming toward me at high speed, closing on me very fast. I moved into top gear but I still had not even made it to the wire fence on the side of the road before I heard gunshots behind me.

I jumped over the wire fence in one leap and the radio shot out of my hand and ended back over the other side of the fence. I put my arm through and grabbed it. I had to save it as it would be my only contact with what was going on. Luckily, the coppers in the car had wasted all their bullets on me before I got to the fence, so all they could do was run after me now.

The bush was only yards off by this time and, as I smashed into the undergrowth, I felt the pain of scratches across my face, arms, legs and body. "Already exhausted before I have even started," I said to myself; I just bulldozed through the bush like a wild bull blinded with panic.

I had a nightmare that something like this could happen — that's why I brought the pepper. I no longer heard the police behind me so I ripped off all my clothes except for my shorts and runners, took out the bag of pepper and threw it all over myself and on to the ground around me — just in case the dogs were hot on my trail, as I had heard that pepper gets into the dogs' noses and they lose your scent.

I then ran on, already exhausted, tired, hungry, thirsty and frightened — and the chase had only just begun. And to make things worse, the bush area I had run into was only about one mile square and surrounded by open farming areas. I found a patch of dry

DENNING: always on the outside

SINCE HIS escape, Raymond John Denning has become a thorn in the side of the NSW Government, and something of a folk hero. He was recently featured calling for prison reforms in a videotape sent to the Nine Network's current affairs program *60 Minutes*, through the same organisation which gave us his manuscript. Cassettes sent to Sydney's 2JJ radio station have had a similar theme.

With the account sent to us, Denning makes a list of demands, and details some of the many abuses he claims to have suffered. He wants to see an end to the "intractable" classification for prisoners, "where prisoners are held in caged institutions indefinitely". He calls for an investigation into his allegations of brutality by prison officers and fabrication of evidence by police.

"My charges against prison officers who bashed me were dismissed", he writes, "and after this the Royal Commission into Prisons would not allow me to give evidence on oath on police fabricating evidence. The police used an unsigned confession to convict me for the bashing of the prison officer. It was signed by the inspector heading the case, and when I had to represent myself in court I found out that it says in the police rule book that, if an unsigned confession is to be witnessed by a police officer, it should be witnessed by someone not related in any way to the case."

Denning claims he was bashed after each court appearance, being taken back to the hated Grafton Jail. "I was taken back to Grafton *five times* after appearing in a Sydney Court, and even though I complained of being physically and mentally tortured, the magistrates and judges did not believe me, so after each court hearing I was sent back to Grafton 500 kilometres away and *flogged* for *complaining*. Over that two-year period, I was bashed hundreds of times and travelled thousands of miles. When every legal way I had tried to bring *humanity, justice,* and most of all *equality* into the prison system had failed, I had no choice but to risk my life and escape."

Denning had a tragic childhood. He never knew his father, and was 10 years old when he saw his mother die after deliberately setting fire to herself in front of him. At 14, he was living on the streets of Kings Cross, sleeping in parks during the day, stealing cars and committing other petty crimes at night. At 15, he was sent to Mount Penang Boys' Home near Gosford for car theft, and immediately tried to escape. He's been in and out of institutions ever since. In 1973, he was given a 13-year sentence for armed robbery. He was sent to Parramatta Jail, where he was classified as intractable.

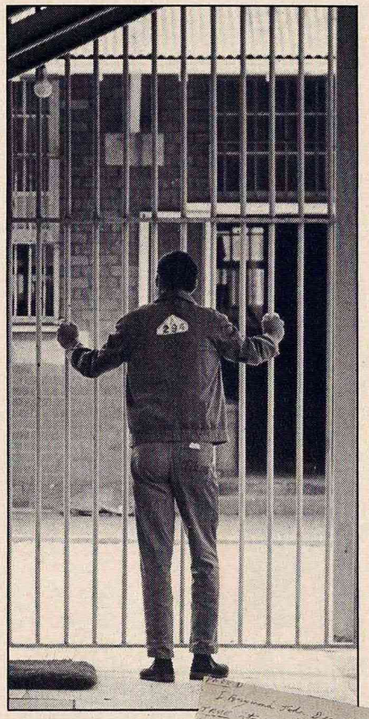
Then in January, 1974, a warder was bashed with a hammer during an escape attempt and Denning was convicted of maliciously injuring him. He claimed he was in another section of the jail at the time. The warder has since died, but Denning has not been charged with his manslaughter because of the time gap between the injury and his death. After this, Denning was shifted from prison to prison, doing time in Long Bay, Maitland and Grafton. In 1977, he and six fellow-prisoners broke out of Maitland. They had painstakingly chipped a tunnel through the concrete wall of the jail with forks and razor blades. However, Denning was recaptured nearby the same day.

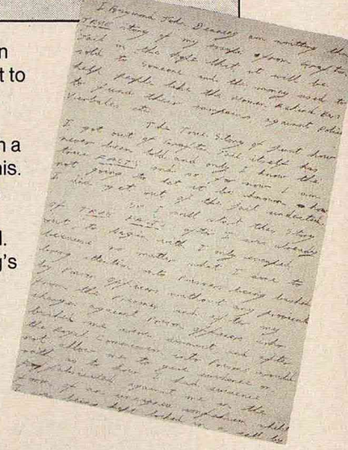
Returning to Maitland in 1978, he went on a rampage with other inmates. Wielding iron bars and timber, they smashed workrooms and toilets, then staged a hunger strike. Denning spent eight days in the open, demanding that he not be returned to an intractable part of Maitland. But on the ninth day, he was too weak to carry on, and returned to his cell.

The official line on the Grafton escape was that he concealed himself in a garbage truck. But Denning says that is incorrect, although he does not want to reveal the true circumstances of his break-out because he wants to protect his accomplices.

Denning's handwritten account is remarkable for many reasons, not the least of which is that he taught himself to read and write during his years in jail. In editing his story, we have tried to stick as closely as possible to his own words.

His account came to us through Women Behind Bars, which says it was dropped off anonymously. He has requested that payment for this story go to that organisation.





Above left and right: Grafton Jail — Denning was the first to escape from this maximum security prison. It is said that he concealed himself in a garbage truck; he denies this. Left: Denning was a prolific painter while "inside"; this one was painted at Katingal. Right: A section of Denning's handwritten account of his escape, his life on-the-run and his allegations. Denning taught himself to read and write while he served time in prison.

dirt near a bush and began to dig. I covered my whole body with dirt and put a broken bit of bush over my face so that I could breathe. I still had the radio and I buried that beside me. I had only just finished when I heard several voices nearby and someone saying, "He's in here somewhere, the bastard." They walked all around me, even standing within inches of where I was buried. I was too scared to move — even though I was actually being eaten alive by ants, mosquitoes and all sorts of other insects.

All that kept me still was not the thought of dying, but having to go back to a prison cell at night and a prison cage by day, and so I said to myself: "Ray, no matter what the odds are against you, it is now or never — a do-or-die effort. What do you want to do?" And the memories came flooding back — the bashings, the suicides, the maimings, the mental torture, the so-called Free Society against you, with people actually saying prisoners live in motel-like conditions etc, etc. I did not even have to think twice when I said to myself; "These ants and insects and hunger, thirst and exhaustion are a blessing compared to the so-called motel conditions I had only just escaped from, so stick it out, Ray, it's an all-or-nothing effort."

For three days I stayed in that one spot, with people walking inches from me, and those same people filling the bushes with bullets each night after the day's search, with no idea where I was. Even Polair 1 was above me trying to flush me out but with no result. At least I now know that the helicopter always goes over the same spot at least twice — the first time to scare you out into the open or to move you, then they come back quickly to try to catch you on the move.

Well, the third night I knew that if I did not move and find water, I would not see the sun rise. I was already delirious and suffering with wild hallucinations. I could not even raise the strength to walk so I crawled, and by a miracle I came to a water-hole — that's if it could be called water, as it stank and was full of slime. But it was like being born again — after a few mouthfuls, the cracks in my lips stopped hurting so much, my tongue and mouth stopped swelling which made all breathing easier, and I found I could now at least get up and walk. I looked about me and for the first time felt FREE. I was cold but the moon was full and the stars so bright and the trees were like music to my ears.

I still had the radio but in all that time I could not turn it on because the search party was so close. I plodded on in a direction I don't wish to disclose at the moment, but it was heading toward the west, as there was still a drought on. I had already been on a hunger strike in jail that lasted 15 days, so I knew I could go without food for that long, but water was a different thing altogether. And what I had not taken into consideration was that on my hunger strike with Warwick James, when we were protesting about prisoners being tortured at Grafton Jail (years before the Royal Commission ever found out that what we were protesting about was *true),* I was locked in a cage and cell and, as a result, had no exercise.

"I soon found out that I was not going to last even five days—let alone 15—without food, so I started living like an animal. I ate grass, lizards and nearly got bitten by at least three snakes in my search for food. It was nowhere near the end."

But with my walking over many mountains, swimming rivers, fighting my way through swamps, etc, etc, I soon found out that I was not going to last even five days — let alone 15 — without food, so I started living like an animal. I ate grass, lizards and nearly got bitten by at least three snakes in my search for food. It was nowhere near the end either, as I was still walking or dragging myself along 13 days after my escape.

It would take too long to explain even half of what that trip was like for me but I will tell you a couple of things. One is that, when I finally hitch-hiked back to Sydney, I weighed myself and in two weeks I had lost over three stone. I was 11 stone when I left Grafton and only 7 stone 12lb when I got to Sydney two weeks later.

And I was never in the Blue Mountains — that's why the police never caught me there, as I was still many hundreds of miles away from the Blue Mountains area when it was alleged I was there. It just goes to show you that the media only print sensationalism to dramatise a story and whether the story is correct or not does not matter, as long as it sells to the unsuspecting public. And there's one other thing that should not go unrecorded. I said right from the beginning, when the chase first started, that I felt the presence of someone else beside me pushing on. Well, it was really cold one night and I was lying near this log in damp grass, just in my shorts and runners, when this person said to me: "Ray, why don't you take your pants off and put them over your head and over your shoulders to keep you warmer?" I got up and said "Okay," and I put my head through one leg of the shorts and one arm through the other leg to cover the top half of my body.

The next night I slept under a bridge really worn out and I woke up at about three in the morning and got up and this bloke said to me: "Ray, don't go yet, I am still tired." So I said okay and laid down again. Yet in reality I was alone, but I know that, because of this mysterious person, I made it through to safety against overwhelming odds and I did not even get so much as a cold. I came close to death on many of those days, but when the water ran out I came upon honey that kept me going.

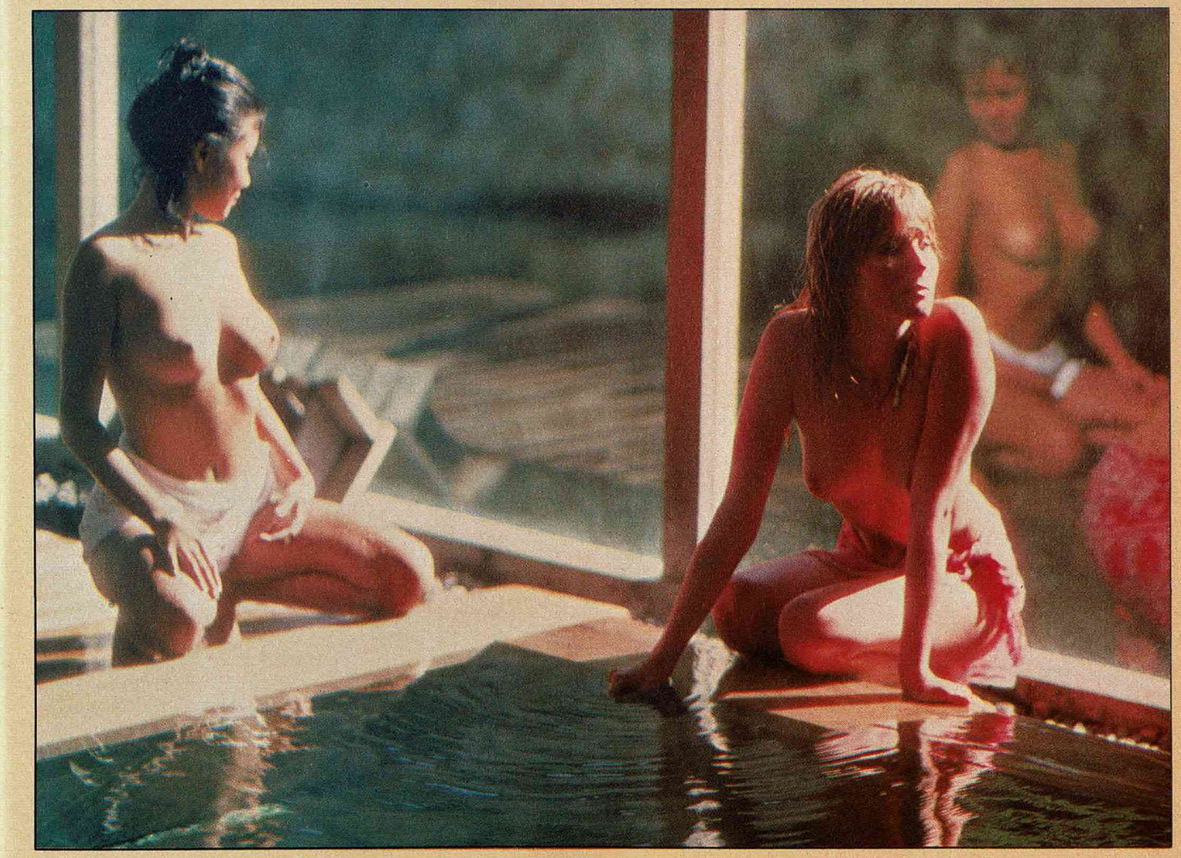
Now I am working in Sydney and I will keep the pressure on for an inquiry into the issues that have to be dealt with if ever there is going to be *humanity, justice,* and *equality* brought into this still barbaric and catch-and-kill-your-own society in our country. And please don't try to avoid the whole issue with the old story of *but what about their victims. In reality we are all victims.*

"Oh, my. That must be a bonsai."

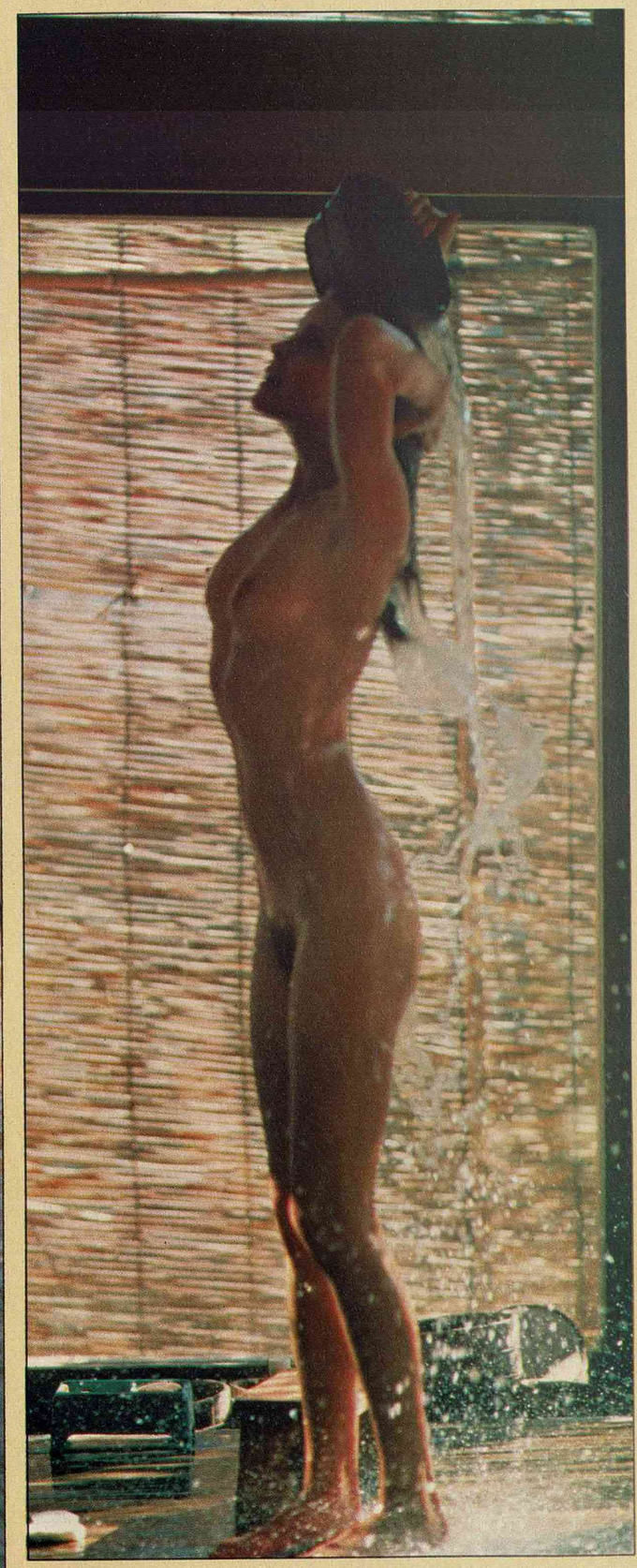
BO IS BACK

these superb photos of the ultimate 10, taken in japan by john derek, confirm that lots of life's pleasures all start with bo — bouquet, bold, bounteous, bosom, body, bonanza . . .

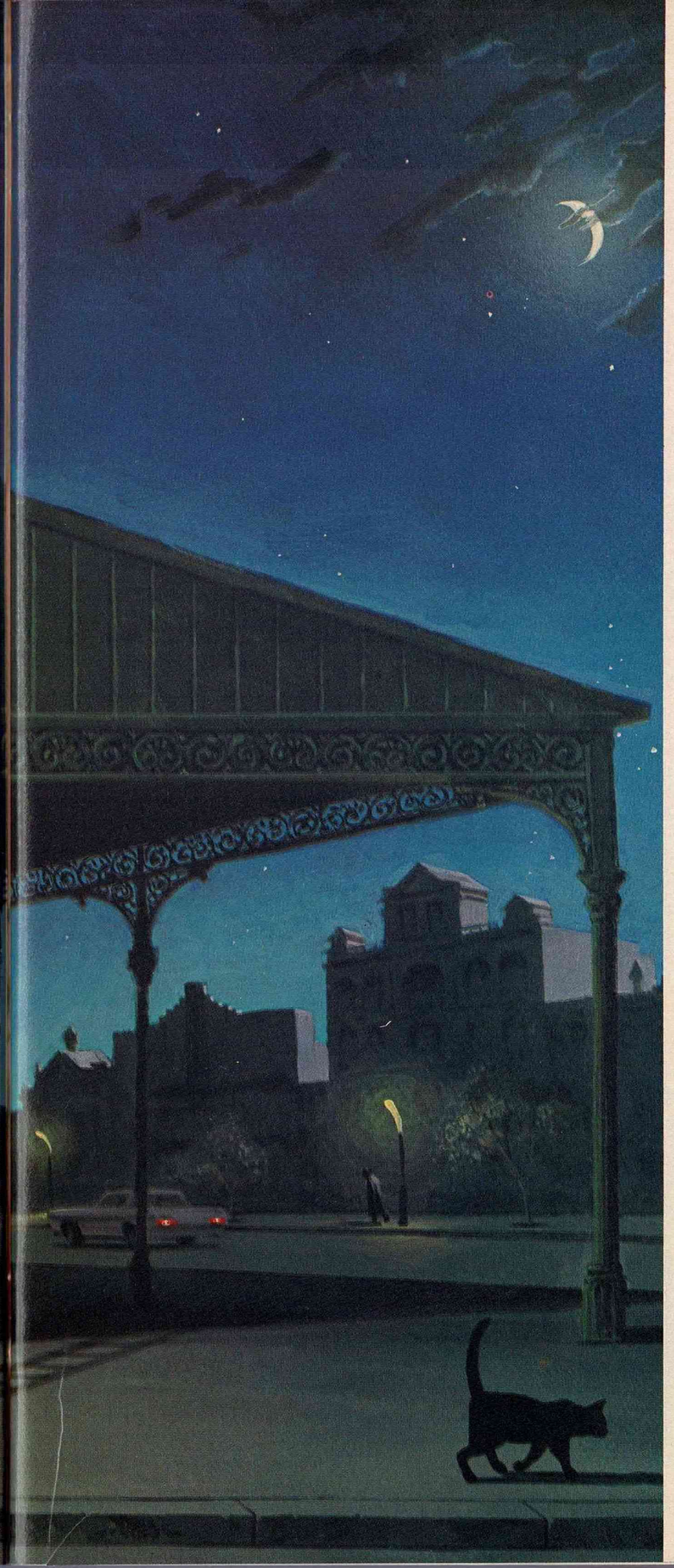
Judging from your response to our March cover story, we knew you'd enjoy this photographic record of one wet afternoon in the life of Bo Derek. When we last left Bo, she and husband John were headed for a holiday, first to Japan, and then to half a dozen other countries, one of which was Australia. As it turned out, the trip proved to be more than just a vacation — it was a time of decision-making for a young woman whose sudden fame had startled her as much as her beauty had startled the millions of people who saw her in the movie *10*. "I didn't know *10* would cause such a reaction to me," she says, "and I wasn't prepared to see myself described in print as a sex goddess." John suggested that they get away. "The reaction to Bo in *10* forced her to take stock of herself." By the time they returned to the US, Bo was sure she could handle the pressures of stardom, including "people in media asking me: 'Who are you?' "



Pictured bathing with Bo in a traditional Japanese bathhouse in the Izu Peninsula south of Tokyo is a young Japanese girl who just chanced to be there when the Dereks arrived. And John thought her lovely enough to include in these photos. "We just had a lot of fun in Japan, even though John and I don't especially like Japanese food. But we really loved the people." Bo and John have planned her immediate future well. Their main concern at the moment is the production of *Me, Jane,* which is, says John, "Sexy, exotic, everything."



After the completion of *Me, Jane* ("Tarzan the Ape Man from Jane's point of view," says John), the Dereks plan to make a film John tentatively titles *The Cowboy and the Crazy Lady,* which will star Bo as a teenage girl and co-star John's ex-wife Ursula Andress. "I love Ursula," Bo says, "and I'd love to work with her." After that, who knows? There's no rush: Bo wants success, but on her own terms. That's not an unreasonable expectation when you consider that she has been offered literally millions of dollars to perform in movies she doesn't want to do and to endorse products she doesn't use. And why should she? After all, with only one hit movie under her belt, she's already so well known that she receives letters addressed to "Bo Derek, Hollywood", and even just "Bo Derek". It's probably a reflection of her aristocratic image that "I've never had an obscene letter. Not one. They've all been very nice. A few have been erotic, but more poetic than vulgar." And what about the future? There may be another trip to Japan, the country in which Bo is called "Ju", which means 10.



THE BILL BOARD

dimple's dilemma caused a mid-week headache, but winning the hoarding spelt ruin in capital letters

fiction by Robert English

JOHN Dimple belied his name. Other than his navel, John didn't have a dimple in the whole of his flabby body, the flesh of which seemed to be constantly struggling to push itself outward, rather than inward, so that at his waist it tended to drop out over his belt and, at his chin, to fall in two or three folds until it was imprisoned by his immaculate and ridiculously starched collar.

His body was flabby because, for 20 years, John Dimple had pursued the flaccid, if not respectable, profession of account advertising. Starting as a junior copywriter at the age of 18 (John Dimple was now 38), he had quickly trodden on and/or squashed his contemporaries in his slithering slide up the executive ladder until, finally, he had deemed it politic to abandon his partners and start his own agency. The foundations of his new business had been a dozen or so of the bigger accounts stolen from his angry and bewildered former associates.

As befitted his new image, he had leased a suite of offices 40 floors above the harbor on the north side of the city. These rendered him sufficient distinction and accolade to successfully compete in the prestigious industry of account advertising, and he had been quick, on signing the lease, in contracting for them to be decorated by the equally pretentious and prestigious firm of Wardle and Others, of Double Bay, at the special quote of $35,000. Now this may seem

Illustration by Bob Haberfield

to most people a sizeable sum, but when you consider that the chair, which was to hold John Dimple's flabby body and swivel it around in a client-to-harbor semi-circle, took up $3000, then the quote at second glance wasn't too bad at all, things being what they are in the decorating business.

And John Dimple had a prestigious, but not pretentious, secretary (or girl Friday, as they are called in the account advertising industry). And this secretary, called Mimi by her mother but simply Friday by John Dimple, loved her boss, as most secretaries do. Not for his flabby body, naturally, but for the extra $100 he paid her on top of the $200 which was recorded for tax purposes, so that sometimes she would come around his side of the half-acre desk, unzip his fly and play with his penis whenever he was suffering from those damnable headaches which often attacked him mid-week.

The extra $100 included those necessary repairs with Kleenex to John Dimple's organ after it had responded to Mimi's devoted ministrations, and disposing of them down the incinerator shute in the hall, without any fuss and without detection. John Dimple's "headaches" generally occurred mid-week, usually on a Wednesday or Thursday, because John Dimple's scrotum had by then compulsorily swelled to its maximum size following the deflation caused by his regular Saturday or Sunday night congress with his wife, called by her mother Cynthia, but called by John Dimple Cindy for short.

The Saturday or Sunday night congress which John Dimple had with his wife Cindy would never have stirred D. H. Lawrence into putting pen to paper however, because Cindy was 20th-century frigid, and because John Dimple didn't want Cindy to know about his mid-week "headaches", their performance together was adequate and functional. Cindy looked forward to it because it "hotted" her up for a midnight use of her vibrator in the second bathroom while John Dimple slept, and John Dimple looked forward to it because it took only about 90 seconds of his time to shed himself of conjugal responsibility. Cindy could never accuse him of wife-neglect.

Now John Dimple had, as one of his bigger accounts, the prestigious and pretentious company of Doe Engineering, which, among other things, manufactured aircraft engine parts. The fact that Doe Engineering had a monopoly on the manufacture and sale of such parts (in this country at any rate) did not preclude the managing director, one Dorian (as named by his mother) P. Cuneo (called "Nipper" by John Dimple for a reason unknown to either) from insisting that the Doe Engineering name be displayed before, and implanted within, the minds of the public at all times, so that such a monopoly would endure forever.

For this purpose, Dorian P. Cuneo, each financial year, allocated from shareholders' funds and shareholders' profits, the amount of two million dollars to the eager, grasping hands of John Dimple in order that the Doe Engineering name never be forgotten. John Dimple, for his part, spent the money wisely, if not mechanically, in an exorbitant campaign (budgeted at 15 years from the instigation of the program) which would eventually have a Doe Engineering billboard of at least 100 square metres in face area, placed every kilometre from the entrance to Sydney Airport and circumnavigating the entire coastline of the country per medium of Highway One.

Such an ambitious undertaking would have daunted most advertising account executives, but not John Dimple. He was the best there was – or is. For in just three years, and on the expenditure of the sixth million dollar, John Dimple had succeeded in having erected a total of 16,500 billboards at one kilometre intervals along Highway One. And in this magnificent coastline bracelet, there remained, in the fourth year of service, only 42 monuments to be erected. All of which, for some reason or other, had given a little more trouble to John Dimple than the other 16,500-odd.

Usually, it had been only a matter of reluctant landowners, or sometimes government red-tape, or the tardy filing of probate, which had hindered his progress. On two occasions, it was simply a case of unknown ownership.

But John Dimple's account team (three junior executives, each with a girl Friday), had accomplished the near-impossible to the extent that they were able to report at the last account executive board meeting that, by the end of the then current financial year, all but one of the missing kilometre sites would be secured for the erection of the Doe billboard. The one they couldn't claim to have secured was a special problem. More special because, unfortunately, it was the first in the chain – the one that would start the bracelet, just one kilometre from the airport itself, heading north.

So this was the problem which confronted John Dimple on this particular Thursday, laid before him by his triumvirate of junior account executives and their girls Friday, a problem which fortunately was not pressing (he was nearly nine years ahead of the planned schedule), but nevertheless nagging to an extent that, on being left alone to look at the name of the reticent owner, he felt one of his mid-week headaches coming on. The thought of "the cure" made him hard, and he reached for the intercom to command Mimi's presence.

She entered, smiling and knowing, and as he swivelled his chair toward the view, she discreetly snapped the lock on his door, the sound of which relayed to the other 40 employees of Dimple Advertising that the boss and his girl Friday were not to be disturbed. As she stood behind him, gently rubbing his tortured forehead (he was never certain whether Mimi really thought he had a headache), she cooed into his ear certain very intimate assurances that soon, very soon, his headache would be gone, and, as she leaned down to his zip and slowly slid it apart, she casually asked about the name on the paper on his desk.

John Dimple half turned toward the reminder as her hand competently found his length, erect and waiting. And, as she gently started "the cure", he was able to gasp out that a certain Mrs Avis Blundell, a 32-year-old widow with three infant children, was the owner of the corner grocery store, the east wall of which was the only available site for the first hoarding. And further, that Mrs Blundell had so far intimated to his junior executives that she really didn't want to talk about erasing the giant portrait of a parrot painted on the wall to advertise a popular brand of tomato sauce, because it had been part and parcel of "her" store, as she called it, for more than 40 years. It was worth more than money could buy, not only for the business, but in nostalgic memory of her long since deceased father, who had commissioned its painting.

All this was not spoken the way it is written because, while he was speaking, the competent girl Friday was really earning her pay on a Thursday. It was hurled backward over his shoulder in shudders of ecstasy and impending relief, so that such words as "insignia" became "in-ah-signi-ah", and "nostalgic" became "nos-oo-stal-ah-gic" until finally Mimi put him out of his misery by increasing the pressure and the rate of her pumping and the Kleenex were produced to receive the cause of John Dimple's "headache".

"And this stupid bloody bitch," John Dimple shouted after her as she left to attend the incinerator shute, "is going to hold up completion of the whole operation, unless I can think of something pretty damn quick."

"Why don't you go and see her yourself?" Mimi asked.

"Ugh," grunted John Dimple, "I suppose I'll have to. Never send boys on a man's errand, eh Friday?"

"Exactly," confirmed Friday by smiling her two-hundred-dollar smile.

So, on the following Saturday (John Dimple didn't mind working overtime) Avis Blundell left off shoving tinned pears and custard down her baby's throat in the back room of the shop to answer the tinkling bell above the front entrance. John Dimple didn't acknowledge her flustered presence as she wiped her hands down the front of her apron, but merely walked slowly around, glancing at the laden shelves of mystical corner shop produce. He had never been in this type of place before, but that was not the real reason he delayed his introduction. He had always felt that to keep somebody waiting was impressive. Avis Blundell glanced nervously behind her at the screams of her youngest demanding further attention with the pears and custard, and shuddered involuntarily at an even louder noise out back in the yard. Her two eldest were fighting again. "Can I help you?" she said at last, hoping to spur her well-dressed customer to action.

John Dimple turned slowly towards her and smiled a gratuitous smile, as if he perfectly understood her harassment, at the same time taking in his adversary on the other side of the counter. Avis Blundell was a small woman, with a light, almost scrawny body, wire for arms and legs, and a neck so insignificant he marvelled that it supported her head, which seemed to be of normal size. Her face was lined, and her close-cropped wavy hair was already streaked with grey. On her clothes were the marks and remains of a morning with children. What John Dimple saw he didn't particularly like.

In a somewhat grandiose gesture, he extracted his calf-skin wallet and handed her his card which read:

JOHN DIMPLE ESQ
Managing Director
John Dimple Advertising

Avis Blundell was not really impressed with the card; she noticed it contained neither an address nor a phone number. John Dimple liked it that way because it was different. As far as he knew, it was the only business card in the world which contained neither address nor phone number.

"Do you know who I am?" he oozed.

"Yes, Mr Dimple. Your men have been here several times before about the sign, but I told them it's no use, and I presume they have told you that."

John Dimple changed his friendly smile into a friendly frown. "Ah, yes, but perhaps my junior associates may not have fully advised you of the complete picture."

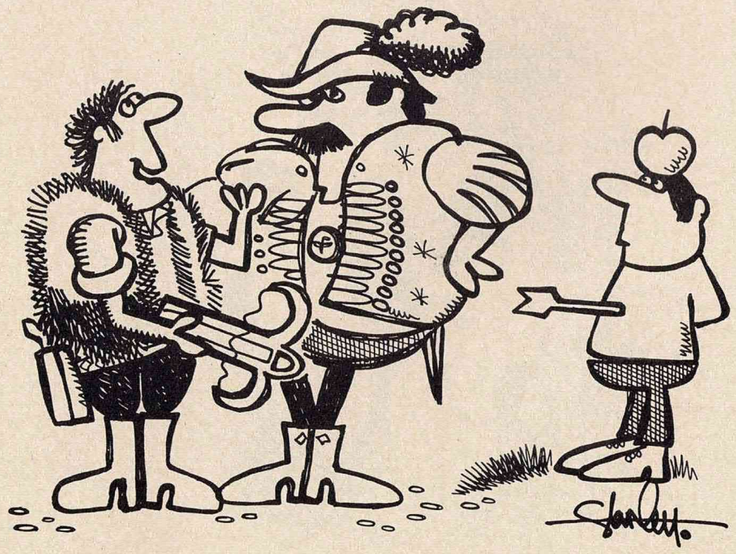
Avis Blundell winced suddenly at a crash somewhere from the rear. "Well, I can't imagine what else there is to talk about, I'm sure. What they said to me was perfectly clear, and what I said to them was clearer still. And in those circumstances, I . . ."

John Dimple cut her short with a friendly wave of his tailored arm. "Not necessarily, Mrs Blundell. You see, in these matters, to be quite honest (and he was being honest), in preliminary negotiations, which are usually carried out by my junior assistants, I allow them to say or to offer just so much. A feeler as it were. Do you know what I mean?" He didn't give her the opportunity to indicate whether she knew what he meant or not, because he continued after only the slightest pause. "Now, in this case, I have been made perfectly aware of all your sympathies in the matter, which I fully respect and understand. I hope you can believe that, Mrs Blundell." Once more she had no chance of answering. "And therefore," he continued, "I would very much like to discuss the matter further and acquaint you fully with the importance of my commission as it pertains to your wall. But of course, not here, where you're obviously busy, but perhaps over dinner . . ."

"Dinner?" Mrs Avis Blundell was genuinely surprised.

"Yes, dinner, Mrs Blundell." The smile was back. "I thought perhaps if

"And this is our Miss Heinz . . . 57 different varieties . . ."



"Best out of three?"

you could arrange a babysitter for tonight, it would make an otherwise tedious duty an enjoyable pastime, even a pleasure, if you would be kind enough to accept."

"Dinner?" repeated Avis Blundell.

"If you already have an engagement, I fully understand. Perhaps a night early next week?"

"Well, er . . ."

"Say Monday night?"

"Well, I . . . I don't know."

"About eight, Mrs Blundell? Do I come to the shop or to the residence at the back?"

"Oh, er . . . to the back, I suppose. It's number 49 in the lane, but I really don't know . . ."

"Well that's a date, Mrs Blundell. I'll look forward to seeing you on Monday night. And really, don't dress up. Something casual. I know an excellent spaghetti house in Elizabeth Street. Do you like the real Italian spaghetti, Mrs Blundell?"

"Er, yes, I think so. I mean, I used to. When Bill was alive I did."

"Excellent. On Monday then, Mrs Blundell, about eight."

"About eight," Avis Blundell repeated vaguely.

John Dimple was so pleased with his morning's work that he accepted the invitation of a friend to attend his private box at the races that afternoon, and also to accept his gratuitous advice in the fourth event by backing his horse, which romped in by four lengths at a price which netted John Dimple $7000 for the two he had outlayed.

Avis Blundell, on the other hand, was alarmed and dismayed when adding up the week's takings that afternoon to discover that the previous week had been the worst in the history of the shop (and that included the records kept by her father during the great Depression). She had taken, in five-and-one-half days' trading, a mere $32.15, all of which she had already spent, or designated for spending, on her children. And that did not include the groceries and other items taken from the shop without reimbursing the cash register.

But to Avis Blundell it was not surprising that her weekly takings were dwindling to such proportions. Just 200 metres up the road was one of the giant chain of supermarkets, and just a kilometre to the south was a massive Woolworths' complex. In fact, the only customers Avis Blundell could now rely on were her neighbors who were either senile and stubbornly anti-progress, or the few of her fellow widows who suffered the neurosis of crowded places, and could not bring themselves to take on the rowdy and bustling atmosphere of a modern supermarket. She wept briefly as she shut the front door of the shop and retreated to her domicile at the back. It was almost time to feed the baby, but first she wanted a few minutes peace.

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John Dimple's casual clothes for his dinner date included a tailored pair of imported weave trousers, a black flounce-fronted voile shirt, a pair of Bronhill soft-calf beige shoes and a powder-blue canvas jacket – all of which made him look quite expensive, but which would have had him arrested had he walked down Savile Row or Fifth Avenue.

Avis Blundell didn't have any casual clothes. For that matter, Avis Blundell didn't have any formal clothes. So for her there was no time of anxiety or decision making. She simply unhooked from the semi-bare cupboard her old reliable puff-sleeved, straight-falling floral print, matched it with a pair of stilt-heeled black pumps and black patent leather bag to match, and sat carefully in the lounge room waiting for John Dimple to arrive.

The fact that he was aghast on first seeing her was hidden by a practised smile, so that Avis Blundell felt her compulsory choice had passed its initial test. Some small talk later, she was whisked toward the city in the bucket seat of John Dimple's Mercedes 280 SL, not knowing quite why she felt a little excited. It all seemed too quick, too sudden, and she had never left the children in somebody else's care since her husband had died. She tried to remember how long it had been since she had eaten out.

At the restaurant, John Dimple displayed all of the command and experience of a brigadier, not only in the way he ordered the parking of his car, but in decisions covering the first drinks at the bar, the wine and, finally the food. Everything was taken out of her hands with the cool expertise of a military operation. Slowly, she fell under his spell. He delayed the business side of the night until an appropriate moment between the dessert and the port, by which time she felt that not only could he have her wall but, if necessary, she would deliver it to his office, one brick at a time.

But he asked nothing like that. All that he wanted, apparently, was a comfortable agreement, profitable to both, and of such a compromising nature that the whole transaction would not interfere with any social communion they had achieved (or might possibly achieve) together after the whole damned business was safely out of the way, and more nights like this could be anticipated and enjoyed.

It was all like a dream to Avis Blundell, especially as an unbelievable figure of $5000 had been dropped between the second and third sip of her fourth port. There had been casual but unimportant reservations, of course, in such language as – "I'm sure my client will agree to this figure," or – "I can't see how $5000 would stop him, now that he is so close to completing the chain." But the smile and the warm hand enclosing hers across the table dispelled any doubts she might otherwise have had. And in any event, who needed the money? John Dimple was being flirtatious with her. Her, Avis Blundell. And life was suddenly bearable again.

Back at the shop, he refused to come in, gently reminding her, with a kiss on the cheek, that tomorrow was a working day, and that perhaps Friday they could do it all again. As he removed his wonderful hand from hers, she felt the piece of paper deposited there. ("For the babysitter, and don't argue.") She looked down at the crisp $10 note as he hushed her objection with a slight brushing of his mouth against hers. Then he was gone. She made coffee in the small room and thought about the night.

On his way home, John Dimple belched happily and, on a sudden impulse, swung his car left off the highway, instead of right, with the pleasing thought that Mimi wouldn't need very much convincing that he had a sudden "headache" brought on by the evening with Mrs Blundell.

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The papers for the lease of Avis Blundell's wall were taken care of expertly and without fuss by "Jumbo" (which is how she now referred to her incredible man) and it mattered not that his vicious and unrelenting client would part with no more than $500 for the privilege. Apparently, it had taken "Jumbo" six weeks of hard negotiation to even maintain his client's interest in the sign. Six wonderful, crazy weeks. But why, oh why, had she not thought of using contraception? It had not occurred to her. Her marriage to Bill had been free of such things, but the news, when she broke it, would be the final seal to their love. She planned to tell him on the night the lease was finalised, so that all business would be a thing of the past, and they could finally enjoy just themselves without "Jumbo" being worried by the way his client had treated him.

The appointment with the lawyer was at five. The completion of the documents would take no more than 30 minutes so, at Avis' suggestion, he had agreed to adjourn to her home for a candlelight dinner. The children would be "taken care of" and they would be alone. She was disappointed. "Jumbo" had somehow fouled up his arrangements and would have to "fly" about nine to some important business conference which his secretary had laid on without consultation. But it didn't matter. Her "news" would probably cause him to stay, content that all business could wait at a time such as this. The sign was already completed. She hadn't felt it necessary to await the formalities when "Jumbo" was being persecuted by such an impatient client. Accordingly, the faithful old parrot had been replaced with the resplendent white lettering on black background, simply:

DOE ENGINEERING

smack-bang in the centre of 150 square metres of open wall-space, past which 2000 motor vehicles and pedestrians travelled each minute.

It took Avis Blundell a fortnight to recuperate from the horror of that evening. Not to recover fully – that would take the rest of her life – but, after the sedative program had been eased to one needle a day, and after the doctor had advised that, with complete rest and freedom from responsibility for the three children it would be permissible for her to resume light duties in the shop, a fortnight had passed since her soul had been devastated by his behavior that night. It wasn't the anger, the vehemence, the language, or even the final backhanded swipe across her face. More, it was the disgust, the loathing, the ridicule, the comical laughter that cut her to pieces. The shock of it killed the child in her belly. Mercifully, she was spared that final degradation.

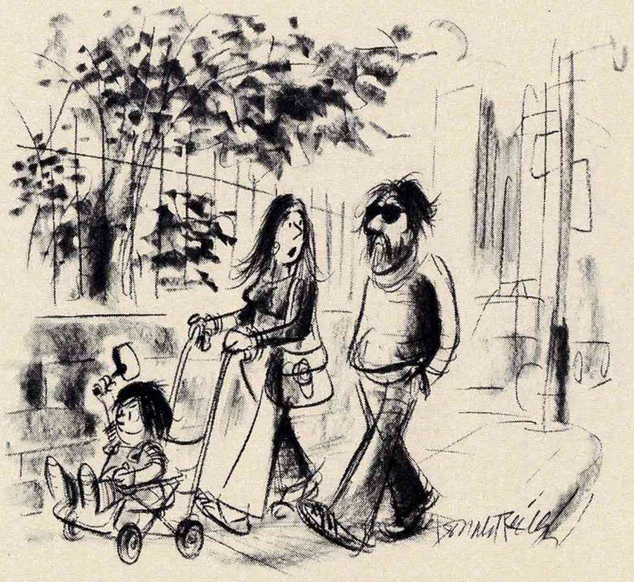
It wasn't until two months later that she was able to plan her revenge. Not that she was vindictive by nature. To her, it was more of a crusade to eradicate the John Dimples from the so-called business world, to free other people, nice ordinary people, from possible suffering, in the way that she had suffered. And the fact that her brother-in-law was a signwriter, and also a man of questionable morals who indulged himself in the pornographic delights of the cheap weeklies, finally persuaded her to go through with it. On a Friday night, very late, and guided only by the street lights (which were apparently all he needed), Oscar Dunleavy, her brother-in-law, spent three hours up an extension ladder making the necessary additions to the billboard, in the same bold white lettering, so that it looked like an original commercial production.

But the effect on the public the next day was devastating. The press and the TV cars arrived about nine. The police came a little later. But there was nothing they could do because, being a Saturday, the courts were closed until Monday, and all efforts by the police to have it eradicated were resisted by a very young but very tenacious lawyer, who reminded them of the civil rights of property ownership. It wasn't until some time on Sunday afternoon that a Supreme Court judge could be found to issue the necessary ex-parte interim injunction to have the sign covered by hessian drapes, but by then the sign was nationwide news.

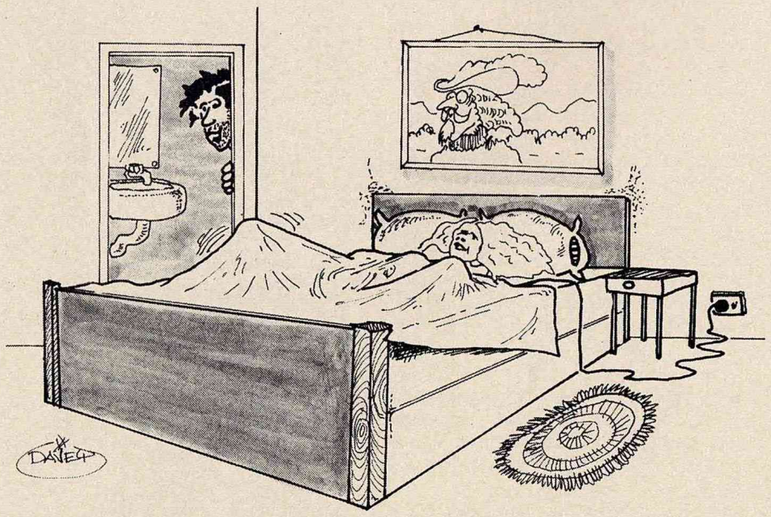
And the fact that each billboard along Highway One was a constant reminder to all who viewed them of the incredible first billboard made Doe Engineering a by-word of ridicule and profanity, to the extent that, after losing the airline business, it swiftly descended into liquidation because of lack of contracts, and was wound up before the end of the year.

John Dimple Advertising had an even more rapid demise, and the whereabouts of the proprietor is still a mystery, even to his wife. But few people will forget Mrs Avis Blundell or her magnificent hoarding which, with the expert hand of Oscar Dunleavy, pronounced to the world at large that:

JOHN DIMPLE REGULARLY
SCREWS
THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF
DOE ENGINEERING
UP THE ARSE



"You never say 'Far Out' any more."



"Darling, have you seen the electric toothbrush?"

MY 1000TH DEATH

every student pilot is afraid of his first solo flight, but i was the only one who was living proof that a coward dies a thousand deaths

story **BY XAVIER HERBERT**

MY old man was a great horseman. I don't mean merely a rider, but a breeder and a breaker of horses, and a cavalry man to boot — 10th Australian Light Horse.

Horses were the most important things in our early family life, as to most people of the place and period of my growing up — the backblocks of Western Australia before World War One, before the automobile came into common use. There and then, one's manhood was largely measured by his horsemanship. By that standard, my own measurement was as low as you can get — flat in the dirt beneath the horse. That was what any horse worthy of the name could reduce me to in the long and futile battle I waged for supremacy over the species.

It was not for lack of trying that I failed as a horseman. With nothing behind me to show for a boyhood spent biting the dust (except a sneaking idea that I'd suffered so much cranial concussion I couldn't be quite sane), I went on at it into manhood.

So frantic was I for just one victory of man over beast that I would ride

Illustration by Frants Kantor

anything with a mane and tail. What I was offered were rogues doomed to be shot as too pesky to be around. I was attracted to such beasts, I think, as one poor crazy mixed-up creature to another. I believed they were what they were through never having been shown any proper understanding and that, by showing them some, they might accept me as a friend and give me that little victory.

I was about 30 when I tried my last bronco. They were going to shoot him because he was putting too many people in hospital, and because he was a rig, making himself a nuisance generally. Hearing of this, I said: "Give him to me." As usual, the answer was: "Ride him. You can have him."

So sure was that animal of his own victory that he nuzzled me as I saddled him, causing me to confide in him in a whisper. Not only did he pelt me so hard that I was on my back for a fortnight, but while under his feet, he tried to finish me off with his teeth.

It wasn't the rig's perfidy which made me give the game away, but what the Aboriginal woman attending me in my stricken state said: "What's matter you? You no-good horseman, you try ride him number-one cheeky-feller horse."

No one had been so frank before.

Still, acknowledgement of defeat is very different from acceptance, without which there can be no peace. I suffered from a sense of inadequacy for 20 years and more. Then suddenly I resolved it with mastery of that mount of all mounts for modern man — the winged horse, the aeroplane.

Although the connection between my desperate taking to flying in my 50s and my miserable history with horses should have been obvious, I didn't see it until the desperation was past. To lots of people, it seemed sheer madness. I myself had a secret suspicion that the impulse behind it was self-destructive, confronted as I was with aging and the manifold difficulties a successful writer must expect in later life.

I did my aeronautical training in a North Queensland centre, with a small flying school associated with a light aircraft chartering concern. I doubt whether any ordinarily constituted aero club would have put up with as odd a pupil as I. My initial efforts were woeful. The couple of young pilots who instructed me were of the opinion that my difficulties were due to my age. However, I didn't feel old physically, and the fact that I passed the medical test proved that my reflexes were what they should be to do the job. My own opinion was that the problems resulted from my sheer inadequacy to meet the stresses of the situation — training was done in rough old Tiger Moths!

In the midst of this early misery, I met a flying grazier, a grizzled old fellow renowned for his skill as a pilot. When I mentioned my difficulties to him, he drawled: "Aw, handlin' an aircraft's just like handlin' a rough horse. You got to start off showin' it who's boss." I didn't believe it. I daren't believe it, since it would have put me back with the horses. Mockingly, I mentioned the old fellow's nonsense to the chief pilot of the company, who was also the chief flying instructor for the school.

The CFI had been a wartime instructor in the RAAF, and was as hard-bitten as any of those eliminators of flying misfits. I lived in terror of the periodic checks he made on my flying progress — as, indeed, did everybody. One time, after suffering a frightful hour of flight-checking by him, I was sitting disconsolately in the hangar when someone came up and asked what was the matter. I replied: "I've been flying with the CFI. That man's my *bête noire.*" When he asked me the meaning of the term, I gave him the literal translation, "Black Beast".

In no time, everyone was calling him that. When he heard of it, he grinned and nodded, like one who learns that at long last his talent has been truly recognised. He was a big man, with very black eyes and heavy brows, and he had a way of cocking an eye when you said something silly about flying as if taking aim to shoot you down with the dry comment he always had at the ready. When I scoffed about the flying squatter's notion that an aeroplane was just like a rough horse, the black eye took aim and shot back with: "In World War Two, our first choice for pilots were men with experience with horses. In World War One they took them out of the Light Horse. *You* haven't had anything to do with horses, eh?"

I crept away — so far away that it was pretty near a year before I went back to tackle the winged horses.

Now I knew I *had* to win, and I strove so hard that I eventually astonished myself, and everybody else (except perhaps the Black Beast), by going solo. It was the Beast who sent me solo, that being his responsibility as CFI. However, he had to change the hard and fast rules of his long flying career to do so.

It is a matter of rote that the check for solo is three successful take-offs and landings with one's instructor aboard. The Beast had checked me through many a threesome and given his verdict in loud groans as we taxied back to the hangar. But one day, after I had done a single take-off, circuit and landing with perfect precision, instead of ordering me up again, he was silent as we stood, with engine idling, on the runway for about a minute. To my astonishment, he then unbuckled himself, stowed the gear in his front cockpit, stepped out, and unceremoniously waved me on. That, of course, is the greatest moment in the career of almost every flyer. I say *almost* every because it wasn't mine. I don't mean that it was not a tremendous moment; but, as will be seen, there was another much greater.

Flying instruction is designed so that, in the early stages, the trainee takes very few chances with his flying. The first risky manoeuvre permitted, and that not until training is almost complete, is solo spinning. At least, that's how it is with those aircraft that tend to spin when stalled, as did the older types.

A spin is the result of a stall where a wing drops from the horizontal; because of the stalled condition, there is insufficient airflow over the wings to maintain the condition of flight, and the aircraft can not be brought back to an even keel by the usual manipulation of aileron. Thus the kite remains in an attitude in which the nose chases the fallen wing downward in a series of spiral jerks that get progressively more rapid and vicious, beginning with a loss of height of about 250 feet per turn (in the case of a Tiger Moth).

Unless the correct things are done when in a spin, disaster is inevitable. Disorientation of the pilot by this distressing motion is the primary danger. Unlike aerobatics, in which the aircraft is flying through a series of co-ordinated movements, the spin is just the wild flapping around of an aeroplane out of control. Even experts believe that the sensation of the spin is the most unpleasant experience in flying. To the novice, contemplating the ordeal of going through this horrible business alone is something to make the flesh creep and the bowels knot. If you aren't exact in stopping a spin, you can throw yourself into another in the opposite direction, or, worse, go into the dread flat spin, out of which nothing but great skill or the Grace of God will get you. What is mandatory in training is perfect operation in recovery from spins.

I did many spins with a junior instructor. A couple of times I came back physically ill from it. Because I am not prone to air-sickness, I guess my physical misery on those occasions was largely due to my miserable accomplishment. Although I recovered nicely, I just couldn't do it every time. It was this very inconsistency that

L O V E R S

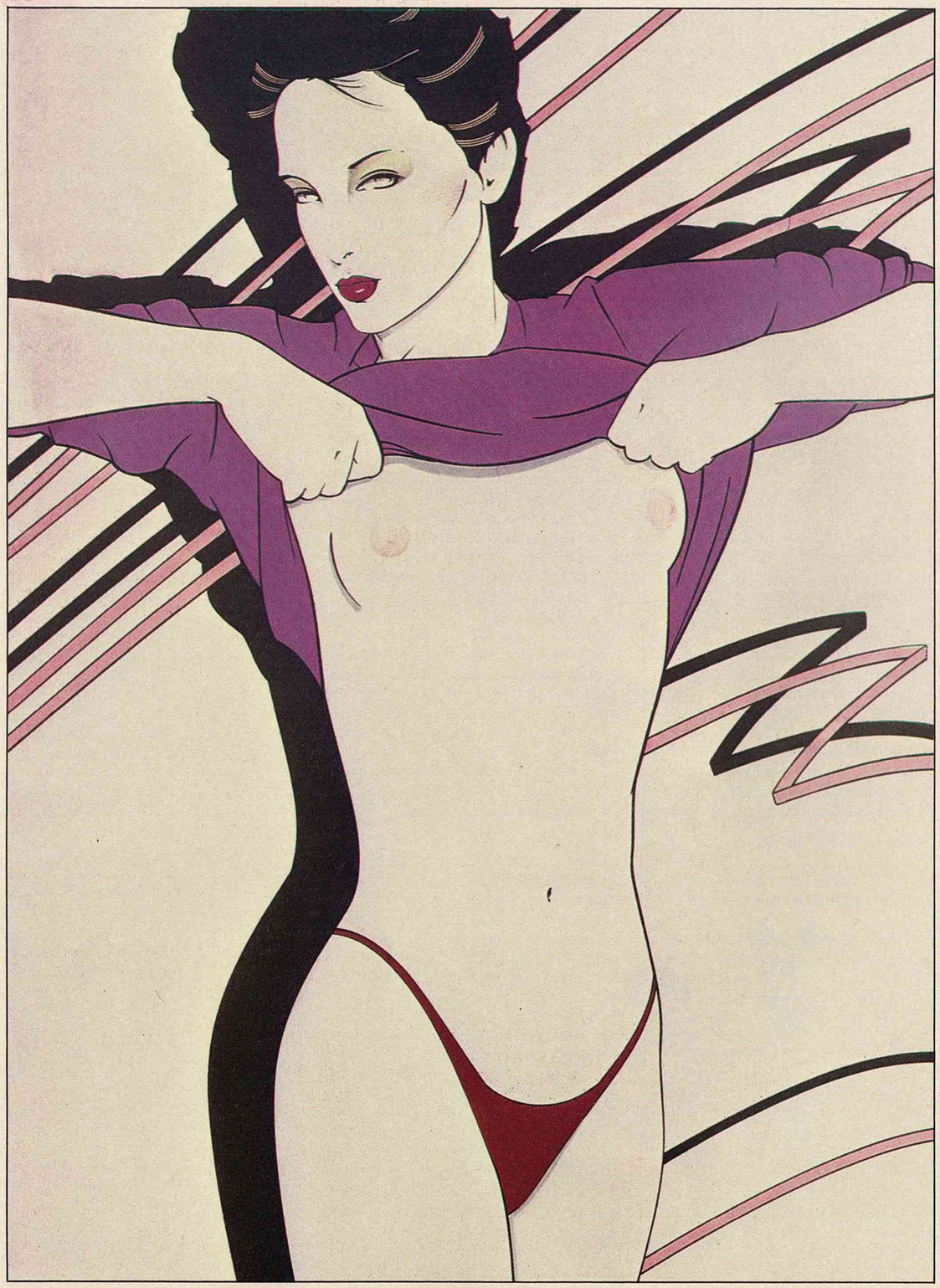


Illustration by Pat Nagel

"Look at me in my maiden form."

caused my instructor to refuse to clear me for solo. I tried to argue that my skill deteriorated under the stress of repetition. His answer was: "You've got to be on the ball every time."

Lord knows, I didn't *want* to do it solo. Every student pilot is apprehensive of his first solo spin, although none ever admit it until they've grown old in the game. I was the only one I ever heard of who went around proving the adage that a coward dies a thousand deaths.

The usual approach to the ordeal, after you've been passed for it, is a gradual one. The first time you stall the plane, you stop the spin before it begins — which, in practice, is all you are required to do. Next time, you try half a spin, then a full one, till at length you gain full confidence. It depends on your nerve how long the process takes. Also, it isn't really necessary for you to do it alone. Even if you can spin solo, when being tested for your licence you will have with you a safety-pilot in the person of the very expert examiner from the Department of Civil Aviation.

To me, of course, the solo spin came to constitute my long overdue testing as a man, which meant that it was useless to continue flying if I could not spin alone. Unhappily, it was just as obvious that further instruction in the matter would be futile.

In my extremity I went to, of all people, the Black Beast. I manoeuvred him into a bar, thinking he might be more human with a drink or two in him. But he was just the same, only more so. But I just had to tell him, and poured it all out — from the days when my old man used to pick me up, heave me up on to the back of any sort of horse, smack the beast's rump and I would hit the dirt before 100 yards were run. I moaned: "If only my old man had taught me properly. All he did was to make me scared of horses. Now it's the same with aeroplanes."

He said in that dry tone: "Leave your old man alone."

I was surprised. "What?"

"If your old man was as good a horseman as you say, he knew the right way to teach you."

While I stared at him, he continued: "It's yourself. Your trouble with everything, even talking to me, is your imagination. You frighten yourself by building things up bigger than they are."

I responded miserably: "What am I going to do then?"

"Stop thinking about things you want to do and just do 'em."

"How's that apply to spinning?"

"Just go up and spin."

That gave me a jolt. I gasped: "What! Go straight up on my own?"

He eyed me for a moment, then said: "I'll take you and check you."

That turned the alarm back to the old misery. I groaned: "That's no good — you won't pass me."

"There you go again — imagining. You don't know what I'll do."

I faltered: "When'll we do it?"

He considered a moment, one eye cocked. "Thursday."

I fairly howled, "But that's three days off!"

He took aim with the black eye. "I said Thursday."

Well, there was a test for control of my cursed imagination — three days of waiting for the greatest test of my existence. Did I pass it? No. Never did I imagine so wildly. I spent every waking hour of that dreadful waiting spinning, spinning . . . seeing myself either paralysed into helplessness through fear, or striving frantically in wild confusion, doing all the wrong things . . . spinning, spinning, spinning into destruction. I would snap out of my waking reverie gasping with horror. Strangely, I was not troubled by it in my sleep.

Before that ordeal, had anyone asked me if I was superstitious, I'd have laughed. I'd been spilling salt, walking under ladders, running into cross-eyed cats, without the slightest thought of ill-luck all my life. Yet, when on Wednesday evening I saw the new moon over my left shoulder, I felt doomed. I thought I wouldn't sleep a wink and would go to my rendezvous with utter defeat (or the alternative, death) too tense to be permitted to face it. In fact, I slept like a top. Still, when I awoke in the morning, it was with a start — as at the sound of the first stroke of my death knell.

My first thought on that fateful morning was that my failure was inevitable and that, consequently, my heart would die within me. The rest of my days would be spent waiting only for the rest of me to die. I deeply regretted my folly in having arranged to throw a party for my aeronautical friends to "celebrate", as I'd said with pretended nonchalance. "Victory or defeat. If I lose, it'll be a farewell party." To have to say goodbye to those sweet friends, my comrades of the air, would have broken my heart, because I loved them as none before. To aeronauts, there are only two kinds of men — those who fly and those who don't — and I would not truly have my wings until I had spun solo.

That fateful morning I rode to the airport on my motorbike. I hadn't had it very long. When I pulled up at the hangar, to my horror, I saw that the odometer read 1313. Double-barrelled bad luck!

I went in, dragging my steps, dangling my flying helmet slackly rather than swinging it with the nonchalance of the aeronaut, praying in my heart that something had prevented the Black Beast from keeping the appointment. But there he was, tinkering with the kite that would be the mount on which my fate would be decided — VH-BEX. Will I ever forget her official name?

The Beast was always menacingly uncommunicative when getting ready to check you. I thought it might be different in my case this terrible morning, and tried a cheery hail. He glanced, grunted, turned away.

In silence, I got into the aircraft, let him swing the prop to start and get into the front cockpit. Then I taxied out on the runway. Usually he would fault even your taxying. But not a word came over the intercom. Not a word as I put her into her stride in take-off, lifted her off. I had reached a thousand feet before he spoke, saying laconically, "Three thousand will do fine." The legal minimum for practice spinning was 5000. You reach the right altitude with climbing turns alternating at 500 feet — not an easy manoeuvre with a Tiger Moth, and never performed worse than by me, my mind at 3000, spinning, spinning. Still he remained silent.

The continuing silence was broken by myself when I'd reached the prescribed level. "This is it." I meant more than mere altitude.

He answered simply: "Let her go."

I stalled her, kicked her into the spin, let her spin a couple of times, kicked her out of it, dived to get her flying again, too steeply, and came out of it with my port wing slightly down — and my heart shrinking within me with the misery of defeat.

I waited for the comment as we levelled off. It seemed ages before he spoke: "Is your harness tight?"

It was a wonder he heard my affirmative reply, so weak was my voice. I thought he asked the question because he judged my performance so terrible that I must have been flopping about in my seat. Then he continued: "I'm going to do a barrel-roll." What on earth for, I wondered?

He did several, and I presumed this was his way of telling me I'd failed: demonstrating true airmanship. I could not appreciate his skill, sitting there benumbed in mind and body. After a while he said: "Take her in."

We dropped back to the airfield in silence. Oddly enough, my gliding turns were good, and my three-point landing perfect.

But he didn't say a word. He only began to go through the movements of alighting and putting the cockpit to rights. I remember every bit of this as vividly as if it had happened an hour ago, and so it will be as long as my memory functions. I had no feeling at all — not surprise, excitement, fear, joy — only impatience. He seemed to be taking too long about letting me get going about my business. What business? I never thought of it. At last I was thinking of things only as they happened.

He irritated me by coming up to me and shouting something. I couldn't hear, and didn't want to. But he persisted, so that I had to pull out my intercom tube and shove it near his mouth. I heard him say: "You don't have to do it if you don't want to."

He said more than that, I learned later. But I wasn't interested then. I merely nodded, and opened up the throttle a little, which is the way a pilot lets someone on the ground know that they are holding him up. Battling the increased airflow, he glared at me and retired.

The moment he was out of side-vision of my goggles, I opened up the tap and put BEX into her stride, rode her into the air, to 500 feet then round to the left in a climbing turn to 1000, then round to the right, according to the rules, up and up steadily, at 60 knots on 1900 revs, a glance around at every 500 feet for other traffic — all nice and precise because my mind was right on the job.

The only betrayal of my singularity of purpose was that I kept hearing a song in my mind, the only words of which I know are "Be honest, be true, and be kind . . . promise me, little darling, you'll be nobody's sweetheart but mine." I stopped dead when I realised what I was doing — pleading, just as I had with the rogue horses! Otherwise, so intent was I — the thousand-death coward of an hour ago — on the ball-to-ball requirements of the moment that I didn't notice there was cloud at 5000, and barged right into it, felt its claminess embrace me and the menace of its turbulence rock my frail kite. I smartly dived out of it.

"There we were, flying again, BEX and I — I, her captain, the bronco-buster who at last had ridden out his fractious mount!"

I levelled out at 4500. It was only when I had trimmed for level flight that it occurred to me that I wasn't there to fly at all. Then, with absolute nonchalance, I closed the throttle, pulled her nose up hard to prevent her using the Force of Gravity to beat me in the game, and held her up — till I felt her shudder in the stall. I jammed on full left rudder, saw the port wing go down — and we were spinning!

Rather, I should say that the world was spinning beneath us — the multi-colored tropical world of mountains, sugar plantations, sapphire sea and coral reefs, whirling in a blur.

I counted the spins from some instinctive reference point — one, two, three. Then, without thought, I did all that was required: slammed on opposite rudder, whipped it off when the spinning stopped, checked against the swing back, and stuck the joystick forward (even with thumb cocked according to the drill so that it would strike the bottom of the compass, thus preventing too much forward stick and the consequent steep dive which might prove hazardous).

And there we were, BEX and I, flying again, and straight as a die. BEX — and I, her captain, who had expected to destroy us both through the ineptitude I had spent the best part of my lifetime believing was ineradicable. BEX — and I, the bronco-buster, who at last had ridden out his fractious mount!

Suddenly, it all seemed madly funny — and I laughed. As I came zooming down the invisible pathway of my track back home, I laughed as I never had before, and it sounded as if there were laughter in BEX's voice.

I did a victory turn over the field, where quite a sizable crowd was gathered, then went on over the town, at boldly, unlawfully low level, to let my Sadie know that she was not yet a widow. There she was, out in the street in the middle of the town, waving. I opened BEX up all the way, and roared around in a steep turn that, had it been reported to the proper authorities, would have put me out of the flying game the moment I was back on terra firma. But it's a game in which they seem to know just when to waive the rules.

Then back to the airfield and down like a bird. How I bounced out of the cockpit to receive the congratulations of the crowd! My glowing face must have declared the import, even if it wasn't fully realised by the others.

The Black Beast was there. But he didn't come to me. I saw him tinkering with another Tiger. I went to him, shot out my hand. He just looked at me with those terrible black eyes. I asked him: "Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

In that tone of his, he asked: "What for?"

"You wouldn't know, eh?"

"You've been spinning, haven't you? Lots of people do."

But never more could he shoot me down. I rejoindered: "Then let me congratulate you."

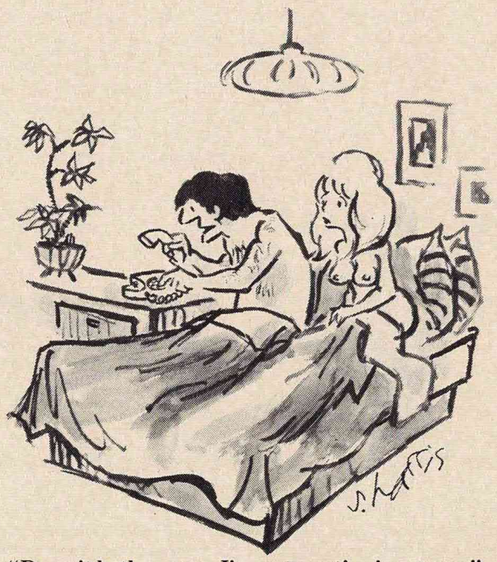
He cocked the eye. "What for? I haven't done anything — I only checked you out."

I made a grab at him. "Then let me kiss you!"

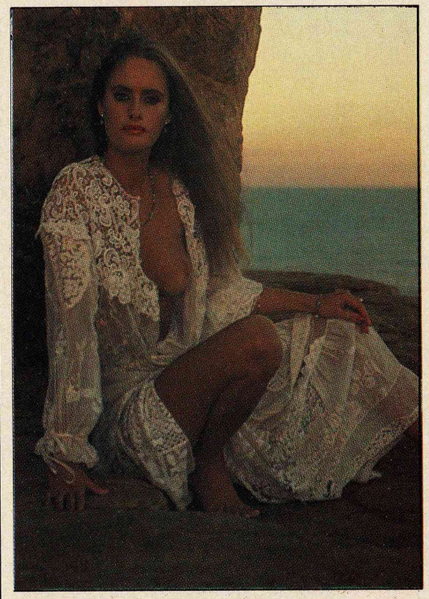
That fixed him. Flaming crimson, he shook hastily, and bolted.

The victory party lasted three days and will never be forgotten.

There was never another like it in those parts, and I doubt anywhere. It finished when, failing to take a turn while riding my motorbike down the waterfront, I rode it into the sea.



"Doesn't bother me — I've got erection insurance."



BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

MAREE Jonsson is a dreamer — 24 hours a day. At night, she drifts away to a land of sensuous fantasy. And during the day she dreams of the exotic locations she will visit when she travels overseas in the near future.

The honey-haired former convent girl dreams every night. "Last night I dreamed I was a spirit floating

Photography by Paul Fullbrook and Colin Stead

above an old house. I wasn't wearing much — just a light costume of gold thread. The outfit had been specially hand-made and, for some reason, this was very important. I suppose it's because I like beautiful, well-made things."

In her search for the unusual and beautiful, 20-year-old Maree uses her considerable creative talents to weave her own tapestries and make pottery. "I take a lot of time and trouble with these projects because I'm a perfectionist," she says.

Does that apply to men too? "My ideal man must be someone who knows exactly what he wants out of life and who's not afraid to reach out and take it. And he must be fit, not necessarily muscle-bound — although I

"I love to be loved — to be pampered by a man who knows exactly how to please me and who isn't shy about telling me what turns him on."

"After making love, I like to go to sleep — I don't feel like talking. I have my most exciting and vivid dreams after making love."

must admit I do like muscles — but healthy and vibrant.

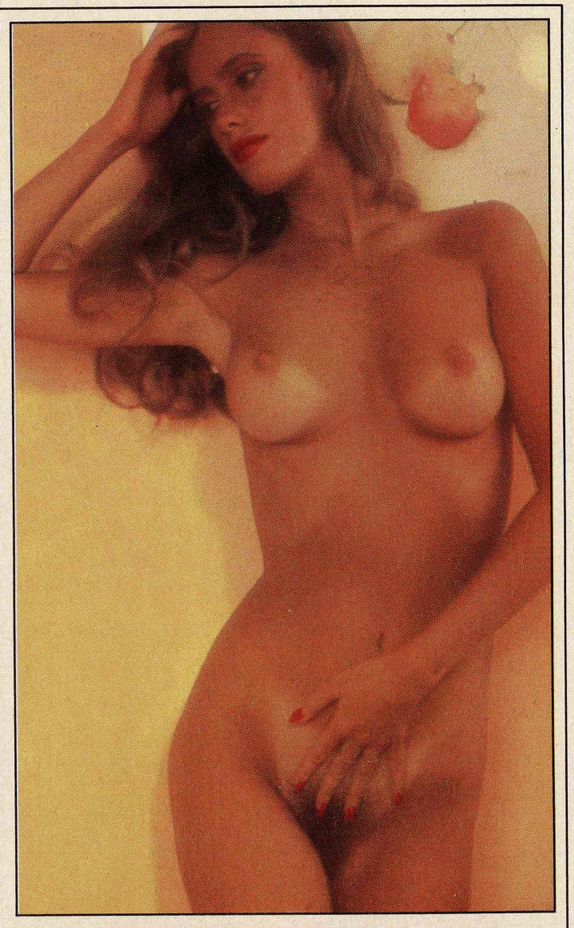
"In bed, men should be unselfish, making sure they satisfy me before they think about themselves."

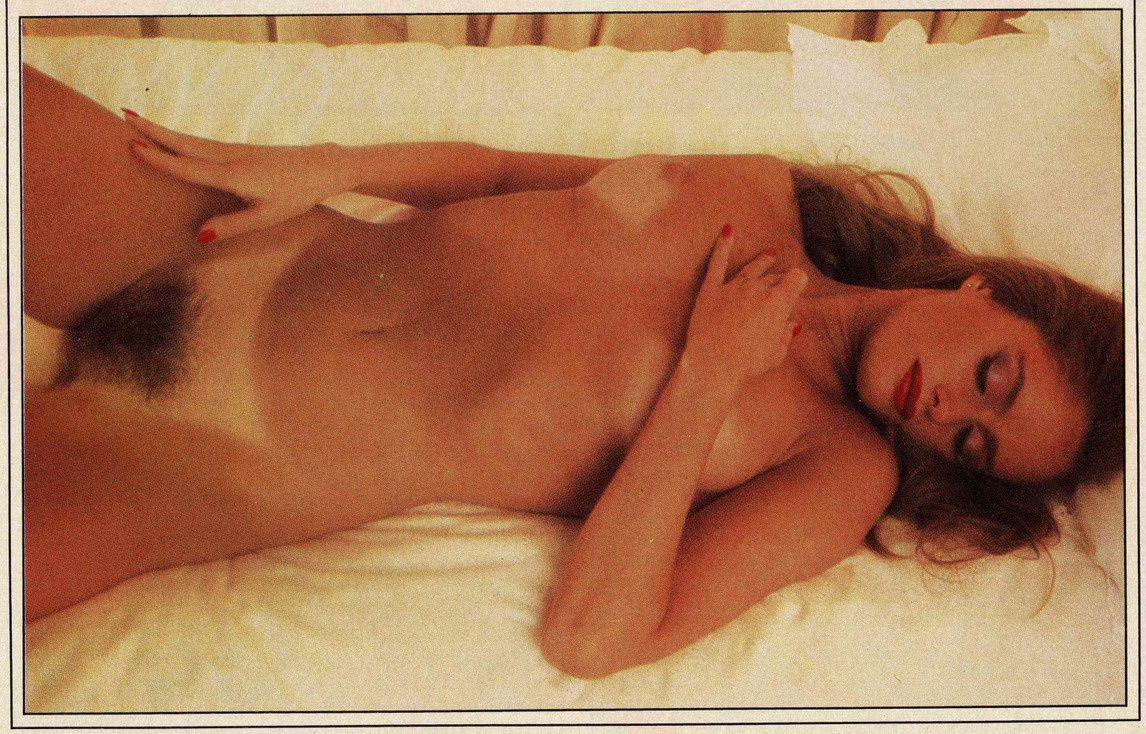
Never having been outside Australia, Maree is keen to travel abroad. "I plan to start my travels in South-east Asia. I'll find some exotic spot where I can laze on the beach and eat mangoes, papaw and other tropical fruits; then I'll follow the sun to the Greek Islands.

Maree spent her childhood in Queensland before her family moved to Sydney, settling in the eastern suburbs. She now lives at Bondi, two minutes walk from the beach. "In the summer, I always get up at about 7 o'clock and go for a swim."

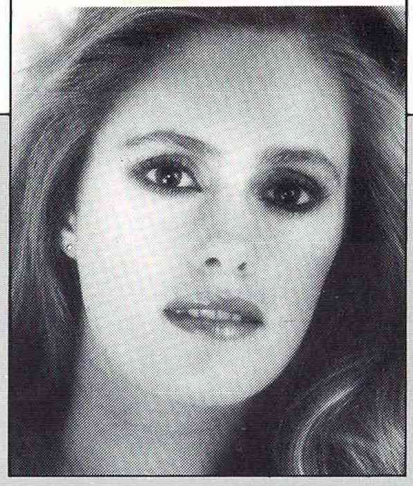
Despite Maree's delectable figure, she is shy about topless or nude sunbathing, as you can see from the pictures on these pages. Perhaps it's that convent upbringing.

"I get a great kick out of just living. People seem to sense my happiness, and I find strangers smile at me all the time."





MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: MAREE JONSSON

BUST: 34" WAIST: 22" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 7st SIGN: LIBRA

BIRTH DATE: 5.10.59 BIRTHPLACE: Queensland

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Hobbit and the Lord of The Rings by J.R.R. Tolkyen

FAVORITE FOOD: Christmas fruit cake & Tofu

FAVORITE MOVIES: Being There, 1941, Star Wars

GOALS: To Travel and buy some land in the country

TURN-ONS: Singing, dancing, laughing friends

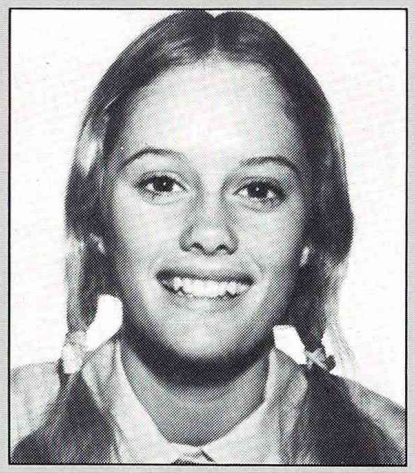
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Danny o'keefe, David Bromberg, Little feat, James Taylor, George Harrison, carlos Santana etc etc etc.

RELAXING: Reading, walking, listening to good music

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swinning, Horse Racing

3½ - cuddling a Dachshund

7 - loved that dress!



14 - Proud form captain

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Walking through a train station one afternoon, the small boy turned to his mother and asked: "If big horses have little horses, and big cows have little cows, why don't big trains have little trains?"

His mother told him to ask the man at the information booth the same question, and when he did, the railway attendant asked the boy who had sent him over.

Pointing in her direction, the child said, "My Mummy," whereupon the attendant replied, "Well, you go tell your Mummy that it's because big trains pull out on time."

Getting away from it all in a quiet area close to the Murray River, the high-powered, big city businessman decided to take advantage of the still waters. He wired his secretary to send him two punts and a canoe and, the following day, received the telegraphed reply: "The girls are on their way, but what the hell is a 'panoe'?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fat* as the past tense of fit.

A young man took a fancy to a stunning blonde at the party. Later in the evening, he managed to coax her into a bedroom whereupon they made love. Afterwards, he turned over and asked her: "Do your toes always curl up when you make love?"

"No, not usually," replied the blonde sarcastically. "Only when I don't have time to take my pantyhose off first."

Our resident gourmet made the definitive comment on a nearby restaurant: "It would be a great place to eat if the soup was as hot as the wine; the wine was as old as the chicken; and the chicken had breasts like the waitress."

There was a young man from St Clair
Who was doing his girl on the stair,
On the twentieth stroke,
The banister broke,
So he finished her off in mid-air.

Three Sydney lads holidaying on the Gold Coast wanted to return home with all-over tans but, as they were afraid they might sunburn their members, covered them while spread-eagled on the beach. Back in their hotel room, they were dismayed to discover how strange they looked with dark brown bodies and white penises. So, back to the beach, where they buried themselves in the sand, leaving only three white tools exposed.

Strolling along the beach arm-in-arm, a newlywed couple came upon this spectacle. The bride turned to her husband in horror and shrieked: "I married you for one, and here they are growing wild!"

An 87-year-old man informed his doctor he was marrying a 20-year-old girl and was very eager to start a family. "In that case," the doctor responded, "you'd better take in a boarder."

Several months later, the old man returned to the doctor's office, this time accompanied by his young wife who was very much pregnant. "I see you took my advice about the boarder," smiled the doctor.

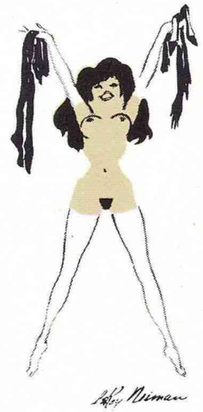
"Yes," said the old man, "and I think you better have a look at her. She's pregnant too."

Did you hear the one about the vet who specialised in removing the hard calluses from dogs' feet? He became famous as the first hard-paw cornographer.

A golfer was driving his pretty but feather-brained girlfriend home one night when, affectionately, she slipped her hand into his trouser pocket. She pulled out two tees and looked at them with a great deal of curiosity. "And what are these things, dear?" she asked, not being a sporting enthusiast.

"Oh, they're little things I rest my balls on when I'm driving," he explained.

"I see," she giggled. "Ask a silly question, get a silly answer."



Boarding the train that was to take him back to the city, Richard turned to his friend and said: "Thanks for a great weekend, Chris. The food was superb, the booze wonderful, and I really enjoyed making love to your wife."

When Richard sat down in the coach, the woman next to him sat forward and gasped: "I hope you weren't serious about enjoying lovemaking with your friend's wife?"

"No," he confessed, "I can't say I enjoyed it, but I didn't want to hurt Chris' feelings."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"Natasha, you bitch! This was supposed to be my debut."

OZ SPORT?
NOT IN THE RACE

neil jameson tells why our sports stars go on getting whipped by just about everyone

"Y'SEE THAT guy over in the corner?"

"The one drinking alone?"

"He used to be the world champ."

"Of what?"

"Just take your pick — swimming, tennis, cricket, boxing, athletics . . ."

"Rubbish. Look at him; he'd be lucky to go two rounds with a revolving door."

"It's true."

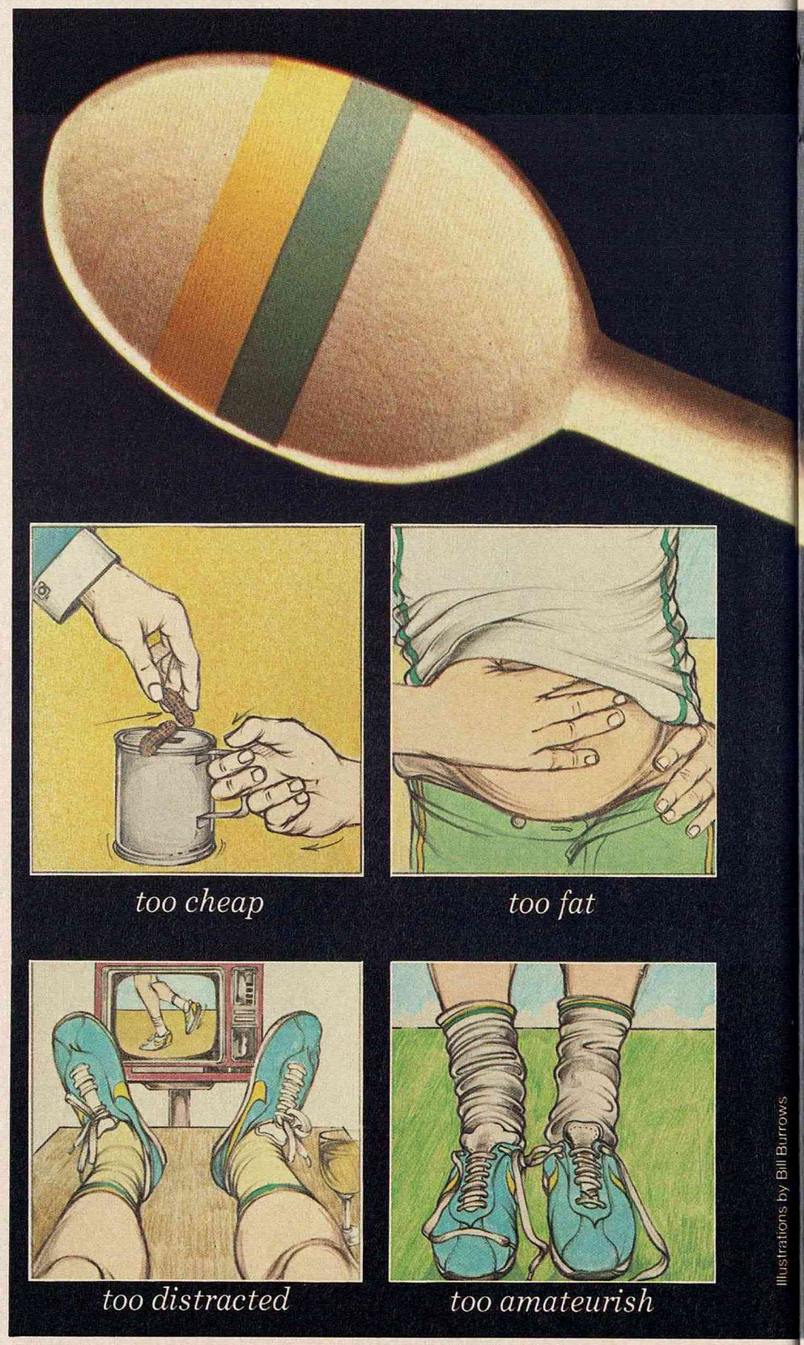
"What's his name, then."

"Australia."

We were the champions of the world. It was just a case of

Illustration by Denis Magdich

SIX REASONS WHY WE FAIL



naming the sport — swimming, tennis, boxing, cricket, athletics — and chances were Australians filled some of the top rankings. But not any more. Our swimmers flounder in the wake of East Germany and the United States, most of the top tennis trophies have been plundered from our mantelpiece, our boxers have been flattened, cricketers skittled and athletes left in the starting blocks. What happened?

1956 was a big year. Russia in Hungary. Menzies in the Lodge. Cold War in full swing. But in the splendid isolation of the Australian mind there were far more important issues to consider: Hoad and Rosewall ruling at Wimbledon, Peter Thomson collecting his third British Open trophy, and the Aussies mounting a gold rush on the Melbourne Olympics medal count.

1980. Russia in Afghanistan. Fraser in the Lodge. Cold War back in vogue. Some things never change. Others do. The kangaroo has been kicked off the podium of world sport.

Somewhere in the space of 24 years Australia's hammerlock on world sport was prised loose as title after title slipped from her grasp. Now, nothing remains save a sideboard full of rusting trophies and the fading memories. For a generation weaned on success, the sight of the kangaroo hide being tanned time and again is a bit hard to swallow. The sporting public, gagging on the taste of failure, lashed out in all directions to apportion the blame. Why can't we win any more?

Of course, they were asking the wrong question. They should have said: "Why did we win in the first place?" There are few things Aussies hold so sacred as their national sporting pride so to suggest that the reputation was founded on a myth is tantamount to heresy of the burning-at-the-stake variety. But it's true; or at least partly true.

If we take the Melbourne Games as the watershed of achievement, there is one supreme explanation: the Aussies won by default. At the 1936 Berlin Olympics, Australia's medal count was a solitary bronze. No gold, no silver. Just one bronze. In the postwar period, though, our stocks climbed dramatically from two gold, six silver and five bronze in 1948 to six gold, two silver and three bronze in 1952. But '56 was the bank-breaker. Count 'em: 13 gold, eight silver and 14 bronze. The Aussies finished third to the USA and USSR in the medal count but first by the length of the straight on a per capita population rating. Had the sunburnt country produced a master race? Not likely. At the time, the sound of nationalistic chest-beating drowned out the real reasons for Australia's winning ways. It was among the clouds that lingered from World War Two that Australia found its silver, gold and bronze lining. The flower of European youth had fallen amid the fighting while Australia's losses were far less dramatic. As the Antipodes basked in splendid isolation, elsewhere the best stadia were levelled, training programs ruined and institutions destroyed. Russia's grope for satellites torpedoed the national intent of half of Europe. Even if those countries could have afforded to start immediate reconstruction, they would have had little chance of being back to their best in time for the 1956 Olympics. Instead, the youth which represented the European countries in the post-war Olympics was the product of hardship, deprivation, poor nutrition and makeshift training facilities.

Dr Bert Willee of the Department of Human Movement Studies at the Melbourne University's Physical Education Department says that most Australians were unaware of the war's devastating effect on the European sporting effort.

"It was total decimation," he says. "The Europeans lost the best of everything.

"If that wasn't bad enough, we caught them in the peak of our season and on our own soil."

However, neither Willee nor any other researcher would tab the war or the hometown advantage as the sole reasons. From the late '50s through to the '70s Australia was blessed with some remarkable coaches and excellent competitors. Professor Frank Cotton and swim Svengali Forbes Carlisle were Australia's first true sports scientists, Franz Stampfl moulded raw potential into track and field champions, Harry Hopman was the world's greatest tennis coach, and that grand eccentric Percy Cerutty was the loudest voice in middle-distance running. All the world recognised Dawn Fraser's three-Olympiad reign as the stuff of which true champions are made and nobody doubted that the spartan excellence of Herb Elliott would have won middle distance track championships in any era — not just the '50s.

International swimming coach Ursula Carlisle, wife and professional partner of Forbes, believes that the challenges Australia posed to migrants as a raw undeveloped country had much to do with the sporting mania of a generation past.

"In those days we had a vigorous population with a lot of get up and go. We had a good climate and a high level of community fitness. As far as the swimming coaches were concerned, our job was made much easier because almost every Australian kid knew how to swim."

The Carlisle observation offers a simple illustration of Australia's decline, particularly when compared with the emergence of East Germany. While Australians took their ideal climate and local swimming hole for granted, the Germans used simulation and substitution to make up for the climatic differences. Indoor pools and training facilities appeared like mushrooms and, if every Aussie kid could swim, the Germans went one better: they dunked their toddlers so that everyone knew how before he or she started school. By applying similar techniques to all sports, the East Germans are not only outrageously successful at international level, but the general fitness and health of the community has improved. Other countries used exactly the same process to usurp Australia's world tennis rule. The proliferation of synthetic courts and indoor facilities has given Europeans an advantage once enjoyed by those in kinder climates: the ability to play tennis all year round.

Howard Toyne, a former Australian Olympic team doctor and observer at every Games since 1956 has plotted the East German progress and expresses no surprise at their recent achievements.

"East Germany has a similar population to ours and in 1956 they set out to become world champions. They started at the bottom with their kids and the basic concept that a child has to enjoy a sport in order to perform at his best."

It took the Germans 20 years to turn kindergarten activity into gold medals, but they did it, leaving Australia wondering how. As Dr Willee says: "They work at both ends of the scale. You can't have international success without having done the work at the other end."

The rest of Europe, Canada and, by different measures, the US are all involved in a full-on sprint to head off East Germany, in the process leaving Australia behind stranded by its own inactivity.

Says Toyne: "It's years ago now that the Russians ran a check on the best sprinters to produce a computer graph of the perfect specimen. They then knew what they were looking for and found their man in a young sprinter called Valeri Borzov, who later became one of the greatest Olympic sprint champions."

Computers, audio-visual equipment, advanced medical science and high technology support the best coaching systems Europe has to offer. When a Russian wrestler is preparing for an international he can refer to an audio-visual library to check out the style of a particular opponent. The best combination for a successful rowing eight can be determined by computer, and a swimming team might spend as much time under medical supervision as it does in the water. In such sports-aware countries the back-up for the individual is complete. Doctors, technicians, academics and administrators are all hooked into a system supported by ultra-modern facilities and a hot pipe into the government cash kitty. It is the framework of a total sport environment and it produces results. Even the best Australia has to offer is archaic by comparison. When Shane Gould climbed on to a Munich starting block in 1972, she knew she had to crack that high-performance handicap. Her three-gold-medal waltz was the swansong of Australia's Olympic fling. At Montreal in 1976, nobody heard our national anthem. They play it only for the winners.

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Money. And lots of it. That's what's needed: enough to buy the best coaches and support machinery to give the Australian athlete a chance. Nearly all sport researchers are prepared to give the Federal Government a bucketing for the sort of logic that budgets $3.5 million of its total sport commitment while a country like Canada is prepared to spend six

times that amount on its swimming program alone. While Australia opts for Band-Aid measures such as the Life, Be In It campaign, the other countries are many years into sport-for-all projects which cater for the whole community including toddlers and international champions.

"We've always talked about the three Rs," laments Howard Toyne. "In other countries they've got a fourth: running."

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By international standards, Australians play a weird variety of sports. Our two major football codes are Australian Rules and Rugby League. Cricket consumes the summer madness. All three have limited competitive scope at international level, yet the cash and glamor come-ons are big enough to scoop the cream off the top of the national athletic pool. The biggest sponsorships, the best sporting brains and technical input are tied up in the three sports so it is natural to assume that potential high jump, sprint, middle distance or even decathlon champions could be locked away in our football clubs. It leaves precious little talent to pursue the truly international sports.

Willee says that the options are better now than they were 20 years ago, but Dr Peter Fuller, a former champion middle distance runner and Olympic trialist, believes there are other dangers for what the media loosely labels "the minority sports".

"The huge sponsorships involved in cricket and football put tremendous pressure upon the commercial TV networks to devote most of their time to those sports, which means that something like an athletic program is not likely to get a run," he says.

The conclusion is that there is no value in being best in the world at those sports nobody else plays. It is a legacy of our isolation which, while invaluable in time of war, has restricted the interchange of ideas and competition and made travel costs prohibitive. Nobody wants to come here, and we can't afford to go there.

When an Australian sporting association can tempt an overseas party to tour, the visitors' comments are revealing. Said one member of a British soccer squad which toured this year: "I can't ever see Australia becoming a world force (in soccer). Among other things, the lifestyle is too soft and there are too many other things to do. You don't get the world's best players from the middle classes. You've got to be hungry to have that sort of motivation; that's why the real stars come from poor, working class backgrounds."

That observation tends to support Perce Russo's conclusion that our standard of living has much to do with our sporting fortunes. Russo, MSc and executive officer of the NSW Sports Science and Research Centre, is alarmed by the abnormally high incidence of smoking among children as young as eight and nine, and the eating habits of young Australians.

"It's not just a problem of bad diet. A combination of junk foods and inactivity is causing the obesity and fitness problems.

"What we've got here is malnutrition. I'm not talking about a food shortage, but too much of the wrong food. Once upon a time, Australian kids would come home from school and kick or throw a ball around for an hour or two. Now they sit in front of the TV and eat."

Russo approves of the promotion of sport for enjoyment and recreation. He's in favor of moderation rather than fanaticism which, he says, turns kids and parents off. In his opinion, the whole concept of physical education should be built on enjoyment. That's the basis of success.

If Russo is right, the West's notions of Eastern bloc kids being turned into sport slaves or robots is quite wrong. The strength of their achievement is that they are involved in an activity which they enjoy. The international sport-for-all concept and enjoyment ethic has turned people on to games and activities which once were confined to an exclusive clique.

Now, Czech, Swede, Argentine, Italian and Romanian tennis players are shouldering the Aussies off centre court; Canadian, German, Dutch and even the Britons are beating our swimmers; and Kenyans, Cubans and more Britons are crowding out the Aussie middle-distance track stars. The super-powers — the US and USSR — have worked hard to hold their ground. It is Australia who has been shoved off the podium. A 20-year, well-financed leg-up would just about rescue Aussie sport. Unfortunately, its current rating is No Visible Means of Support, and looks like remaining that way.

WE CANT EVEN CHEAT PROPERLY

IT COMES as no consolation to the Australian athletes that some countries are developing and using illegal drugs. According to Howard Toyne of the Australian Sports Medicine Federation, bodies such as the International Olympic Committee have little chance of solving the drug-use problem while researchers are working to beat the dope tests.

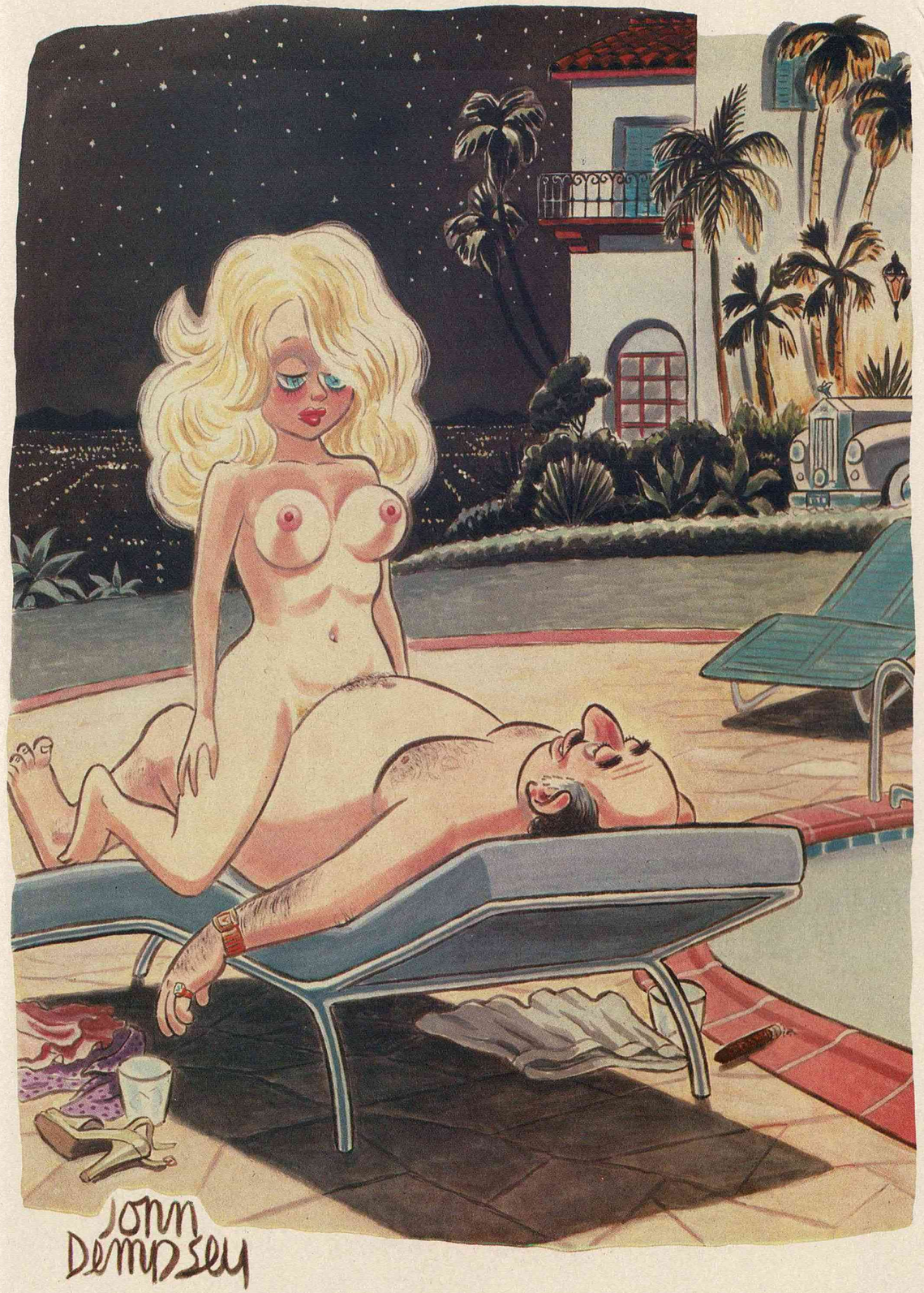
Says Toyne: "Research in this field is very expensive, so it must have government support. There's no doubt in my mind that some countries are developing illegal drugs and encouraging their athletes to use them."

Drug use in sport has been popular since the ancient Olympics, but it is only in the past 10 years that sophisticated testing has enabled sporting bodies to restrict the wide use of stimulants. However, the popularity of anabolic steroids as muscle developing agents has complicated the job. By ceasing to take the drug three weeks before competing, an athlete can pass a steroids detection test. The drug groups of greatest concern are the anabolic steroids, narcotic analgesics (heroin, morphine, codeine, etc), psychomotor stimulants (amphetamines, cocaine), nervous system stimulants and amines. (It was ephedrine, an amine widely used by asthma sufferers, which cost Californian swimmer Rick DeMont, who was an asthmatic, a 400-metre freestyle gold at the 1972 Munich Games.) The proliferation of illegal drug use is of great concern to some team doctors. Organ damage, sterility and even death have been nominated as some of the risks, but even that isn't enough to dissuade athletes.

"There are new drugs appearing all the time," says Toyne. "We're just becoming familiar with Beta Blockers which are supposed to be a big help in winter sports endurance events because they lower the blood pressure.

"Ironically, not one drug has been proven to improve performance. However, it is likely that the real benefit stems from the positive boost the athlete gets from thinking he might have an added advantage."

For the Aussie, the final ironic twist comes with knowing that he can't even cheat as well as his opponents.



"Okay, you've got the TV part. Now do you want to try for a role in a major film?"

A boozy orgy at the Birdsville races

as a preview to the annual september blowout, we review the sad happenings at last year's event

lifestyles by John Algate

BY LATE FRIDAY, the pattern is set. Early arrivals for Birdsville's once-a-year day have already drunk 500 cases of publican Taffy Nicholls' stocks. But there's little danger of the pub running dry. Nicholls has lived and prospered through the annual picnic races and Birdsville Cup before. He has brought in 3000 cases for the weekend because he knows that the Birdsville crowd like a drink.

The pub is the hub of the town and, by late Friday on this first weekend in September, the 3000 who have made the pilgrimage to this dusty outpost 480 kilometres from anywhere are drinking at Nicholls' shrine. While the crowd spills on to the street, aircraft continue to fly in overhead. The overlanders keep coming along the track, their vehicles laden with camping gear and Eskies of beer. The passengers fit where they can, hanging on to roof-racks and roll-bars. They are people who have never heard cow bells or picked straw out of their hair. They're city slickers hell-bent on an alcoholic blowout.

However you choose to make the trip, you cover a lot of territory. The more adventurous decide to take a

camping holiday, slotting the races into their itinerary. That's the way the Prime Minister's family went, although Malcolm Fraser couldn't afford the luxury of a full holiday and had to fly in to meet them.

The dirt trails that double as roads in this part of the world are no place for the family sedan. They are more suited to four-wheel drives and rally cars, so it's little wonder Birdsville comes to resemble an off-road convention. Then there are the bus companies. Quick to realise the drawing power of Birdsville, they've put together a package tour from Brisbane. You travel just as far, but you don't have to worry about driving, accommodation or meals.

But aircraft remain the easiest and most popular way of making the trip, and even the critical shortage of Avgas didn't stop the air armada from flying in. Though many were scared off by the shortage, 170 planes still made it. Some took the precaution of freighting fuel overland, but they needn't have bothered — the fuel bases along the way were loaded.

Around dusk on Cup eve, the pranks start. Clapped-out Holdens and Land Rovers compete, burning rubber on the one strip of bitumen outside the hotel. And the drinkers try to stop them. As their numbers swell, they move into the street, blocking off the road. Then it becomes a battle of wits — man versus machine. The machine usually starts slowly, attempting to bluff its way through, but all the driver succeeds in doing is attracting more human flies clinging to his bull bar and blocking his vision.

He revs. Loud. Louder, his tyres screech. he's fair dinkum and the crowd parts, or at least the less-daring do. The others get bounced along, thrown clear as the vehicle rushes forward.

But there's an even bigger challenge: a tug of war with a four-wheel drive. Like the ancient bullock teams which helped tame this ancient land, they fall in line beside the rope. Fifty men, maybe more, against the machine. They strain, the engine roars. The driver slips his clutch and loses a metre, then another. Then the rope snaps and 50 men, maybe more, sprawl on to the roadway, one over another. Then it's on again, until the bullocks (or the bullocky) tire of the game and retire to the bar.

The pace begins to take its toll. There are many drunks now, walking drunks, rolling drunks, paralytic drunks. They sleep where they fall, in the gutter crammed deep with discarded cans, on the road, or propped against the hotel. And there they stay, until some friend stoops to lend a hand, or sleep itself revives them.

In case you didn't know, this is a man's town, just like it was a century ago, when tough men with thick boots and thicker hides first settled here. Then the men wore sidearms to protect themselves from the hostile blacks and from each other. Now they wear broad-brimmed hats with broad-brimmed smiles — the permanently fixed smiles of contented drunks.

There are women around, perhaps one out of five, though they're not conspicuous at the hotel. While some venture out, most stay hidden at their camp. It could be a sheet of plastic thrown across the wing of a plane, or the tent city of the tourist buses, or perhaps a lonely site beside the Diamantina River. But when the sun goes down and the music starts up, the women begin to appear.

Only then does the contradiction of Birdsville begin to sink in. The corrugated iron walls of the old hall begin to reverberate to the sound of rock and roll, as out of place as a dinner suit in this land that God forgot. Yet strangely it fits, but perhaps that's the secret of Birdsville. Everything seems to fit. City doctors and lawyers, trendies from Toorak and station hands with tanned arms and khaki shorts mingle side by side. The outsiders are like chameleons, their suits replaced with jeans and their "I made it to Birdsville" T-shirts authentically touched up with dust. Their speech broadens into something bordering on a genuine drawl, and their vocabulary shrinks to a few expletives, and "ow you goin?" or "bewdy mate". And, but for the pilots who know one subject of conversation only, talk is restricted to beer and women, and occasionally the races.

As for the women, they are visible now. While few venture to Birdsville alone, there are many temporary widows, their male companions lured away by the beer. So you don't have to be uncannily lucky to score a smile, or a dance.

Wherever there are men and beer, talk invariably turns to women. That simple, if obvious, fact has not escaped the notice of certain ladies. Even small towns have them, and a handful from the surrounding centres make it to Birdsville. This year, though, they have competition — big city hookers at Birdsville! Three of them make the trip from Brisbane, and one is kept so busy she won't even make it to the races. She is tentbound, building up a bank roll, at $40 a time. You would think that type of competition would upset the local girls, but no. There are plenty of customers to go around.

While the dancers kick up their heels and the hookers count their money, the drinkers keep drinking but, at 10.40, the beer stops flowing. This can't be happening, I tell myself, just warming to the occasion.

"You can't do this," I tell the barmaid.

"They're my orders," she says.

"Who says?" I counter. "This can't be allowed to happen."

"It's not Birdsville," says my new friend, Dick, a regular at the races.

"Last year you didn't close the place," he says.

"Yesh they did," says the chap one down. "They closhed at seven in tha morning. They opened again at eight."

"Thash right," says his cobber.

We seem to have a consensus of opinion that it definitely isn't the done thing to close the Birdsville pub at 10.40.

"False advertising," cries another chap, pointing to a meaningless sign that reads "Open till 11pm."

"It's not 11 yet."

Publican Taffy stands in the doorway, a short distance off, pensive and agitated, with two gentlemen throwing their arms around, laying down the law.

"Who's doing thish?" asks one of my drunken comrades.

That prompts one of the two gentlemen previously laying down the law to Taffy to step up to the bar. "We're police," he says, "and this bar is closed."

"What about the late closing?" I ask in desperation.

"There's no late licence," says the cop.

"You'll have trouble," I warn him knowingly, reading the mood of the crowd.

"Bloody right there'll be trouble," says one of my supporters.

The cop leaps on the bar.

"Outside and we'll settle this," he says. My God. An old-style cop suffering from watching too many John Wayne movies.

Dick reads my thoughts. "Trouble is, he's still in nappies," he says quietly.

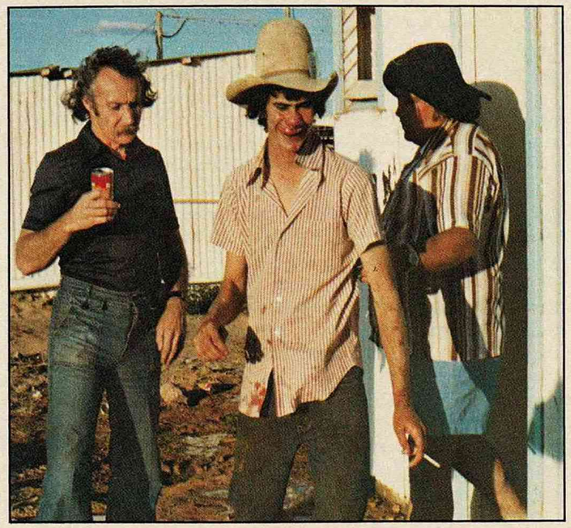
"I'll have you, too," says the member of the Queensland constabulary. "Outside."

"No one meant any harm," I say, trying to be conciliatory.

But the battle lines have been drawn. I thought no one fought in Birdsville. But then, no one had ever attempted to close the bar before. I follow them into the street. As it turns out, they couldn't have picked a worse spot. They are spotted by yet another policeman and, as you know, in Queensland there are strict laws about doing anything in the street without the appropriate permit.

"Move to the footpath or I'll arrest you," says this by-the-book cop, "for failing to obey a lawful direction."

We obey. Nary a punch is thrown, and, fortunately, we have taken the precaution of storing away a carton of cans. The precise emergency we have prepared for has arrived and we face up to two dozen of the best Brisbane Bitter. (No, it isn't Fourex, the beer Queenslanders prefer, and as much a tradition of Birdsville as the races themselves. Carlton United has made yet another foray into Castlemaine Perkins sales, and we drinkers are left with selecting from only two choices: Brisbane Bitter or Southwark, from South Australia. And considering the alternative, we decide that Brisbane Bitter will do nicely.)



Sometime between midnight and dawn, I ease into slumber to the distant murmurings of rock and roll. But, like Goldilocks, I am due for a surprise. Who's been sleeping in my bed? I feel the legs. Damn. Definitely male, and a large male at that. Consoling myself with the knowledge that this is Birdsville, I decide to sleep outside, but an hour of the chill desert wind, and valor seems the better alternative. I wrestle the somnambulant from my tent.

By dawn on Cup day he is gone, and a procession of a different kind appears. At odd intervals, solitary figures kick up a trail of dust as they make a lonely trip into the desert. They're seeking some privacy because there are few public conveniences. Toilet paper in hand, I join the queue.

For all that Birdsville is, it's not paradise. To give you some idea, Birdsville is 1632 kilometres due west of Brisbane, some 1200 kilometres north of Adelaide, tucked a few kilometres across the Queensland border. It sits on the west bank of the Diamantina River, one of the great rivers flowing out of the channel country, that cattle territory where, in the wet, thousands of small channels overflow into one mass of water, heading south into the Diamantina, the Georgina and Cooper's Creek. They pass south of Birdsville before turning west to Lake Eyre. But that's only when it rains. Birdsville's average annual rainfall is only 115mm, and on occasions it receives five years' quota in a matter of days.

When it rains, the desert blooms. Wildflowers mat the burnt landscape with color, though it doesn't last long. Not in a country where the shade temperature can soar past 50C for five days on end. It's as harsh and inhospitable a spot as you'll find on the Australian continent. And the price of opening up this vast and desolate frontier was high. The cost is written on the lonely graves, scattered at intervals along the Birdsville track.

So what lunacy brought men to this outpost of oblivion?

Cattle! There may have been other reasons, but this was the main one

because the channel country north of Birdsville is ideal for raising beef. But cattle are worthless if they don't go to market, and until a few years ago the easiest route was south, through Birdsville to the railhead at Marree, 480 kilometres further down the track. It was those massive cattle drives that assured Birdsville a place in our history. Starting in 1880, drovers from the channel country would converge on Birdsville, then trek south, following the Diamantina. In the 20th century, bores sunk at 45 kilometre intervals along the route allowed for a more direct drive to Marree, but even with that ready source of water, there was often no food along the way for the cattle.

At the turn of the century, Birdsville was a thriving town with more than 200 residents and four pubs. Now it has just 70 inhabitants and survives only as a government outpost. It has a one-man police station, mission hospital, an airstrip, one hotel and little else.

It also has one major hand-me-down from those heady days — the Birdsville races. No one knows for certain when the Birdsville Cup was first run, though it first found its way into the record books in 1886. No doubt it goes back further, probably growing out of the idle boasts of stockmen about who had the fastest horse. The easiest proof was a horse race, particularly as a race added some excitement to an otherwise joyless existence in the desert. It still does, and, in spite of the downturn in Birdsville's fortunes, the annual race survives. Wars and depressions and even droughts have interrupted its continuity, but the Cup has been run every year since 1945. Any talk of ending it now would be considered an outrage against our heritage.

So it turns out that the festivities of Friday are little more than window dressing for the main event. On Saturday morning the pub, open again, becomes a marshalling yard. The piles of cans have been cleared away during the night. Now a new pile is quickly started. There's also a surprise for Taffy Nicholls when the Green Lizard, symbol of Birdsville, is returned. The painting went missing the previous year, souvenired by some villain who nicked it from its home over the bar at the Birdsville Hotel. An adventurous team of pilots, calling themselves Pissair, tracked it down. Today, their spokesman, Dick Philps, can tell Taffy how his club, through courage and perseverance, and at great expense, hunted down the Green Lizard and returned it to its rightful place. No one, least of all Taffy, is impressed with Dick's explanation, but at least the Green Lizard is back where it belongs, sipping creme de menthe with the Birdsville regulars.

Birdsville has seen its share of eccentrics over the years. Perhaps the most memorable was Jack Reed, "the white blackfellow", who had no white playmates as a child and grew up with Aboriginal friends. He spoke their language, learned to track animals and throw boomerangs and spears, even painted his body to join in corroborees. He also lived by their laws. A brown, stocky man with a straggly beard, he once tracked down a man who had stolen his belongings. When he found him, he shot him.

Well, there aren't many characters like that left but, on Birdsville weekend, two characters from Brisbane set about making a name for themselves in these parts. While Birdsville's seen most everything, the locals admit they've never seen anything quite like Doc and Brenda.

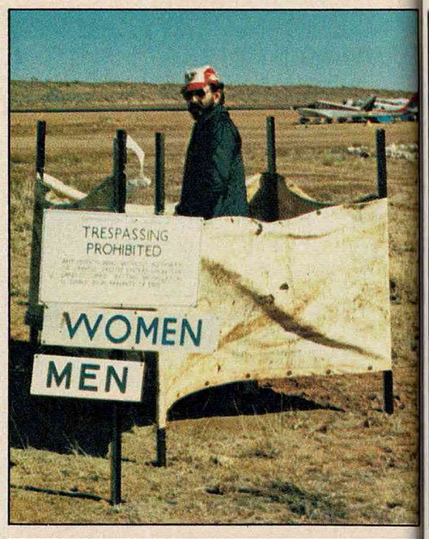
Doc and Brenda believe that the Birdsville Cup, being the Melbourne Cup of the far west, requires a degree of sombre formality: Doc in his hired tuxedo, Brenda in a startlingly low-cut red evening gown. It takes the locals some time to work out whether Brenda is a he or a she. Actually, many won't realise the truth until Brenda has helped Doc guzzle his way through three or four bottles of Gilbey's finest. Plenty of class, our Brenda, flirting as she drags her full-length gown across the Birdsville dust. "It cost me $60, and I'm getting my money's worth," says Brenda, even before the races have started, let alone the ball. Meanwhile Doc resigns himself to the fact that he'll never see the $40 bond he paid for the tuxedo.

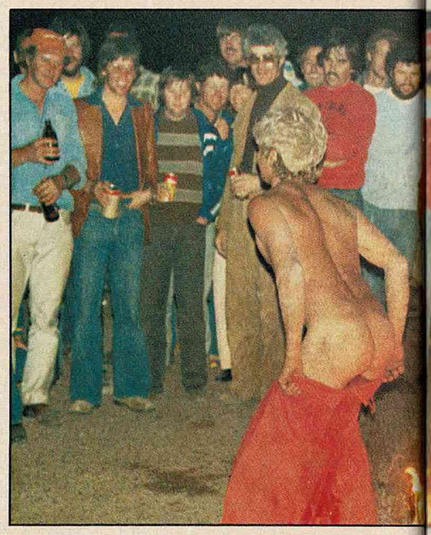
Brenda and Doc like a drink, and the truth of the matter is that Brenda is in no fit state to make the trip out of town to the races. But by raising her skirt to a cheeky length and flashing just enough leg, she flags down a passing, and unsuspecting, four-wheel drive wagon.

They are the first in a long line of hitch-hikers. If you've come by plane, you have to find a friendly local, because there are no taxis or hire cars in Birdsville. As it turns out, no one has much trouble, and the booze-up (Birdsville is billed as the biggest booze-up in the west) is transferred to the race course, five kilometres outside town.

Birdsville is a two-day meeting. The bookies lost heavily on Friday. Today it's a five-event card, with bookies also fielding on races in the eastern States. And in a reverse compliment, capital city bookies, and even the TAB, are holding on the Cup. Today bookies have a better run of luck, turning over about $50,000. By the end of the day most have broken even and paid for their trip to Birdsville — not much else. At 3 pm the horses are ready for the main event, the Cup. Metrics have caught up with Birdsville. It used to be a mile; now its 1600 metres.

The pre-post favorite is Horaney. Almost everyone has tipped Horaney, but not me. I get to talking to the owner of Jet Fuel, the 7-1 rank outsider. He tells me Jet Fuel, a nifty performer in Adelaide, has had a

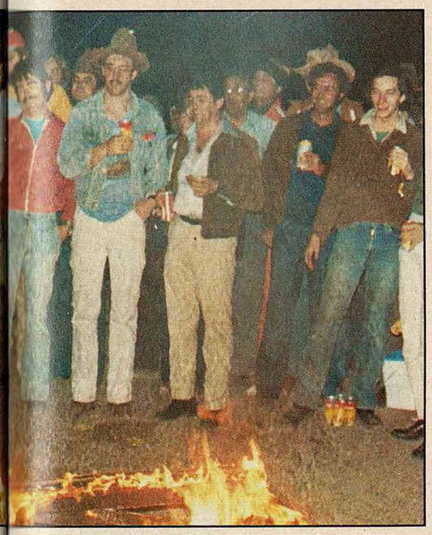




rough trip up the track, and is too sore to race well. Now, delving into my memory and thinking of the number of owners' sure things that have run dead last, I use reverse psychology.

And they're away. The caller picks up the horses, but his description is lost in the cheers of the crowd. And, as they head for the post, the outback's top jockey, Jimmy Cornwall, takes Horaney up to challenge defending champion Val John and Lucky Fella. With 50 metres to go, they're neck and neck, but Val John dies on its run, Horaney kicks clear to take the Cup . . . and Claude Griffiths, Horaney's owner from Beatrice Downs, 200 kilometres south-west of Longreach, has realised a dream. The Cup is his. To read the smiles on Horaney's connections you'd swear he's won the Melbourne Cup — not a $2000 race on a bush track.

So much for the winner, but what about Jet Fuel? Unfortunately Jet



Fuel suffers jet lag, and as far as I know he's still running.

But with the race over, much of the interest is gone, and we set about hooking a lift back to town. Slowly the crowd disperses, and I manage to hitch a ride atop a roof-rack. Fortunately the driver makes a slow trip back to town along the winding dirt road, past a hundred campsites, past the tent city of tourist buses, back to the heart of Diamantina shire, back to Birdsville and the Birdsville Hotel.

Doc and Brenda are a step ahead of us. When we return, they're lying in the gutter, discussing the state of their drink supply. Doc is determined there will be no more gin for Brenda. But she won't listen. "Give us that," she says. Doc gets up and sways away, taking the bottle. Brenda rises and tries to follow, but sways in the wrong direction. Chasing firm footing she slips on a can, lands in a pile of tinnies, and lies there a while.

But her recuperatory powers are manifold. Soon she's back on her feet and Doc relents, giving her a snort. But Brenda's finding it hard to keep her bearing. She falls again, crashing her elbow on the bitumen and her head on the gutter. "Ouchhhh," she cries. "It hurt." Some slick first aid soon has Brenda back at her old tricks, smiling seductively and winking at some station hands. They eye her carefully, none too sure about where they stand. A tourist bus pulls up, ferrying people from the races. Brenda wrestles with her skirt, raises it waist high. Down go her drawers, up goes her backside.

"Arseholes," says Brenda before the world starts spinning and she crashes on to the road. "Shit," says the driver, looking for a way around her. But there's no way, and he has to wait until she gains her feet. He starts off as Brenda staggers in front of him, is knocked aside as the bus passes and lands in a crumpled heap on top of Doc, recuperating on a gutter seat.

All this, and it's barely four o'clock . . . still four hours until the ball.

The cameras are out now, snapping shots for the family album. Brenda likes the publicity and the attention. She smiles, rises to pose, loses her footing, and slips again. The cameras keep clicking.

Now the presence of the police in Birdsville is low key. Sure they closed down the pub last night and that was a crazy thing to do, but for most of the time the local copper, and the eight reinforcements who flew in for the weekend, just sit around, twiddling their thumbs, and doing what the other 3000 visitors are doing.

They do have a few hairy moments, however — like the two-car smash on the Diamantina crossing, about two kilometres out of town. Eight people are hurt in that one. Then there is the gun nut from Goondiwindi who gets his kicks waving a sawn-off .22 rifle around. It isn't loaded, but it scares the shit out of the locals.

But the main reason the police are here is to cut out the gambling. So you ask: "What's an outback race meeting without gambling?" I expect unders and overs outside the pub, a two-up game in the main street, and other illicit means of transferring money from one pocket to another. That's how it used to be at Birdsville, but the influx of city visitors has a major drawback. According to police, big gamblers come to Birdsville to make money. If they're playing for big stakes, they're sure as apples going to cheat and, though the police aren't pushy about it, word gets around. If there are games, they're under ground. That leaves drinking as the major preoccupation in the town.

The police know if they arrest every drunk, the small watchouse will be overflowing like the local bore. So police take a temperate stance, though Brenda is a bit too much to ignore. She throws one too many brown-eyes and ends up a guest for the night — the queen in a ball gown without any ball. But no one really misses Brenda and the band plays on. There isn't an inch to move. It is as if the whole population of Birdsville is cramming into the tin shed in an attempt to set a world record, like in the crazy '50s when 20-odd people would jam into a Volkswagen.

But the ball breaks into a stunned silence at 10 o'clock. The generator gives up the ghost and the lights go out. The crowd waits, still jammed together. I never know if the lights come on again. I am too weary to care, and stagger back to my tent and my bed of gibber stones at the airfield.

Sunday morning, and a calm settles over Birdsville. There are still a few cans strewn outside the pub, but the local council will clean up sometime. Birdsville itself is suffering a hangover and, as the first planes begin to fly out, you sense that the tiny town, stunned out of its lethargy, is about to go back into hibernation.

A few all-night swingers are still wandering around aimlessly. The pub's closed, the beer has stopped flowing, the band's given it away, and there's no one left to dance with.

Brenda wanders back toward the aircraft. Someone whistles. Up goes the skirt again, and down come the drawers. "Arseholes," says Brenda in a last defiant gesture.

"That's Birdsville," says Doc.

Then they change out of the tuxedo and evening gown. Off goes Brenda's make-up and wig.

On Monday, the two are back in Brisbane, both professional men walking to work down Queen Street. Like Birdsville, they've kicked up their heels for one weekend of the year. Like Birdsville, they're still recovering from their hangovers.

YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

VIRGO

PROVIDING you resist the temptations of Bacchus and instead concentrate on loosing Cupid's leaden arrows of sensual love, it promises to be a good year between the satin sheets for Virgo, the artful deceiver of the milky way. For years Virgo has been spreading the word that he has been saving his tassle for the light of his life, but the only innocence in which he is genuinely interested is the knickered variety. Still, the virginal ploy has its own rewards. A girl who can't make up her mind finds it very convenient to play along with a sighing celibate pledging his pearl and eternal gratitude.

It is a technique that can also lead to many happy returns. Show an old friend a night on the town and spin her a yarn about how you've spent six months seeking spiritual guidance in a Calvinian retreat. She'll soon be aching to reawaken in you the pleasures of the flesh. With some astute planning and a little imagination, there is no reason why you can't screw your way through your little black book of playmates who put out for the first-time-in-paradise routine.

If you are to heed the body language of the stars for the next couple of months you'll be well advised to stick to familiar rutting territory. Stray off your own patch and you run the risk of discovering that the best thing in life is not free. No matter how attractive the package, don't bed any wedded wenches on the prowl. The indications are that heaven and hell as well as the earth will move.

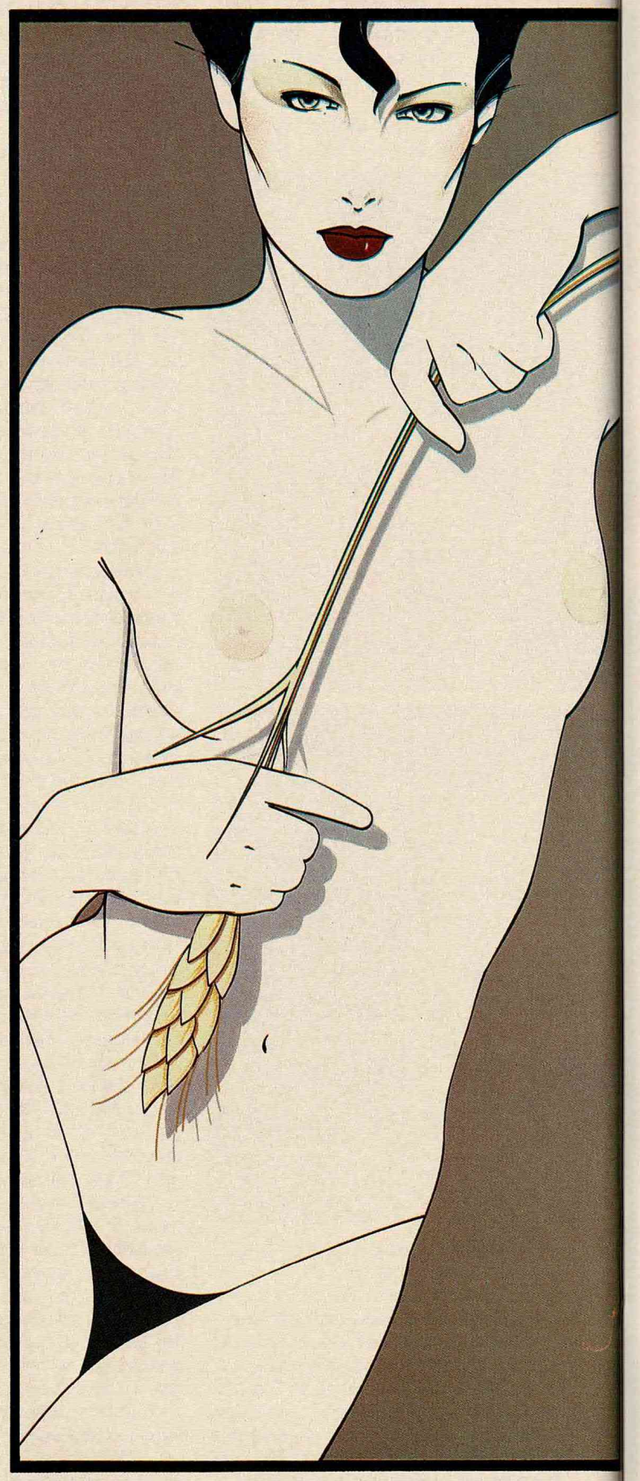
By November, however, it will be clearer sailing for ships that pass in the night. In fact, towards the end of November, matchmaker Mars will be in your corner and Virgos will finally catch up with the joyous rites of spring. No matter where you turn, the honey pot will be running over and you'll be almost grateful for those frustrating, lonely nights you had to endure before Mars took over the orchestration of your love life.

The only complication in an unfettered festival of sex is likely to be John Barleycorn, and Virgos will need to get their priorities right during the festive season. Nudge the booze too heavily during the round of office parties and that pert little blonde Pisces you've been softening up all year will take a rain check. Birds and booze don't mix, especially not for a Virgo who has spent several delightful weeks mounting a reputation as a super stud.

Come New Year and you can be as intemperate as you like because obliging young ladies will lose interest in the talents and charms of Virgos. There will be the odd liaison, but as the year rolls by the romps will get fewer and fewer.

But don't despair, stout-hearted Virgo. As long as you take note of what is now written in the stars, you'll have sexy memories galore to while away the nights before the next harvest. Besides, it does no harm at all to a rake's reputation to take a breather. All those girls who belong to those names in that little black book don't know that you are missing out.

So why not hire a sun lamp to prepare yourself for the new season. After all, not even a Virgo can stay a virgin, and it only needs a change in technique to convince the girls you've been neglecting for so long that you quit the international jet set with more than a suntan.



THIS MONTH

there won't be many virgins left after an amorous month filled with delightful dalliance

by arthur bowman

Illustration by Pat Nagel

SAGITTARIUS

Venus, planet of love, is focusing her golden beam on your passport, so you could do yourself and the birds a favor by taking a leisurely Pacific cruise. Prim little misses who wouldn't give you the time of day in the main street branch of the Commonwealth become regular ravers on balmy ocean nights. Set your sights on a Taurean and you'll land yourself a prime playmate. She'll teach you that many an erotic tune can be played on a well-strung bow.

PISCES

If you feel like a little fish sadly adrift in a big pool of pleasure, try to get out of the main current and into the eddies. There you'll find some sweetlips willing to nibble on your line, but play her with care. The tides will be perfect for a love-in on the weekend of September 20-21 and if you cast your net in the right direction you'll be rewarded as a previously slippery fellow Pisces swims in for a prolonged session of the sweetest water music you've heard all year.

GEMINI

A *mènage à trois* might be right up the twins' kilt, but the September stars advise caution. The love lights shining in your paramor's eyes over cocktails in the piano bar will dim when you introduce her to the third member of your sex troupe. So play it cool and leave the chamber music until the stars make a different pattern in your firmament. The signs for the first weekend of the month are especially ominous so don't go making rash promises.

LIBRA

It is bedroom mazurka time for Librans this month. It doesn't matter whether you try your luck in a singles bar, the disco or the executive flight from Melbourne to Sydney, the dolls will be clamoring to get their shoes under your bed. After three weeks of premiere performances you'll be wondering how Don Juan kept up the chase as long as he did. But don't be faint of heart or flesh. Toward the end of the month old sobersides Saturn will move into your ken.

CAPRICORN

If last month was a bit of a let-down for Billy the Goat, September is shaping up as a blackout for the randy Capricornian. Those homely young nannies who spend cold August nights thumbing through your *House and Garden* will grace your coffee table, but they are more interested in nurseries than the master bedroom. Toward the end of the month, however, the planets plan a reward for your enforced celibacy. It will be a late but bountiful spring.

ARIES

The September stars aren't very sympathetic toward the Ram's love life early this month, but the tupping will become more exciting as the sun rises. In fact, if you can pull your horns in and back off from chasing every bit of tail in sight, you'll find your discernment will pay off. A Spring lamb will let you know she's ripe for the wham-bam. Whatever you do, don't wander out of your own paddock. Some of your Zodiac brothers can be downright un-neighborly.

CANCER

Mars is still in there pitching, but make sure his urging doesn't push your head into the sand. You are at your most vulnerable with your bare arse in the air. Mars is a bit of an Indian giver. As an old war god, he loves a sensual scrap and you don't want to end up as the plaything of the other Zodiac signs in which Mars has an astral interest. Make your own decisions. Leos figure prominently, but remember that cats can scratch as well as purr.

SCORPIO

With lusty Mars calling the shots, the rakish Scorpion will make sharp progress among the pudenda this month. Leo ladies will be particularly susceptible for Scorpio's charms, but it won't be the lioness alone who'll succumb to your sting. The weekend of September 20-21 promises sensational action, but be wary of threesomes bound with a ring of gold. Your sword will be no match for a cuckold brandishing a fowling piece or even a can of Mortein.

AQUARIUS

You are going to need all your imagination and cunning to keep the thermostat at the right temperature this month to play bare-body poker. Whatever you do, don't let your natural flair for sexual creativity freeze up — kinkiness has its own reward. The faint-hearted might be reluctant to push their luck on Saturday the 13th, but for the bold Aquarian it could be the start of a deliciously dirty weekend. Leo ladies, however, are definitely a no-no.

TAURUS

Puritanical Saturn casts a shadow over the bullpen in the first few days of September, but relax and enjoy the breather because the eclipse will be only partial. You'll need all your stamina as days pass and the tempo picks up. It is not a good season for stud fees, however, and the bull will be wise to watch the finances. There is no need to play the miser, but smoked salmon and Dom Perignon will be too high a price to pay for a little splendor in the grass.

LEO

Maybe it is just that time of the year, but Leos are in great demand. Just how successful you'll be depends on your skilful juggling of pride and prejudice. Lovable as you are, don't be conned by the girl next door. Spread your charms to new veldts. The stars suggest that lions who stray over the weekend of September 13-14 will find the pickings more delectable than those who hitch their loins to the ladies they know, who have become pleasurable but boring.

CAMILLA

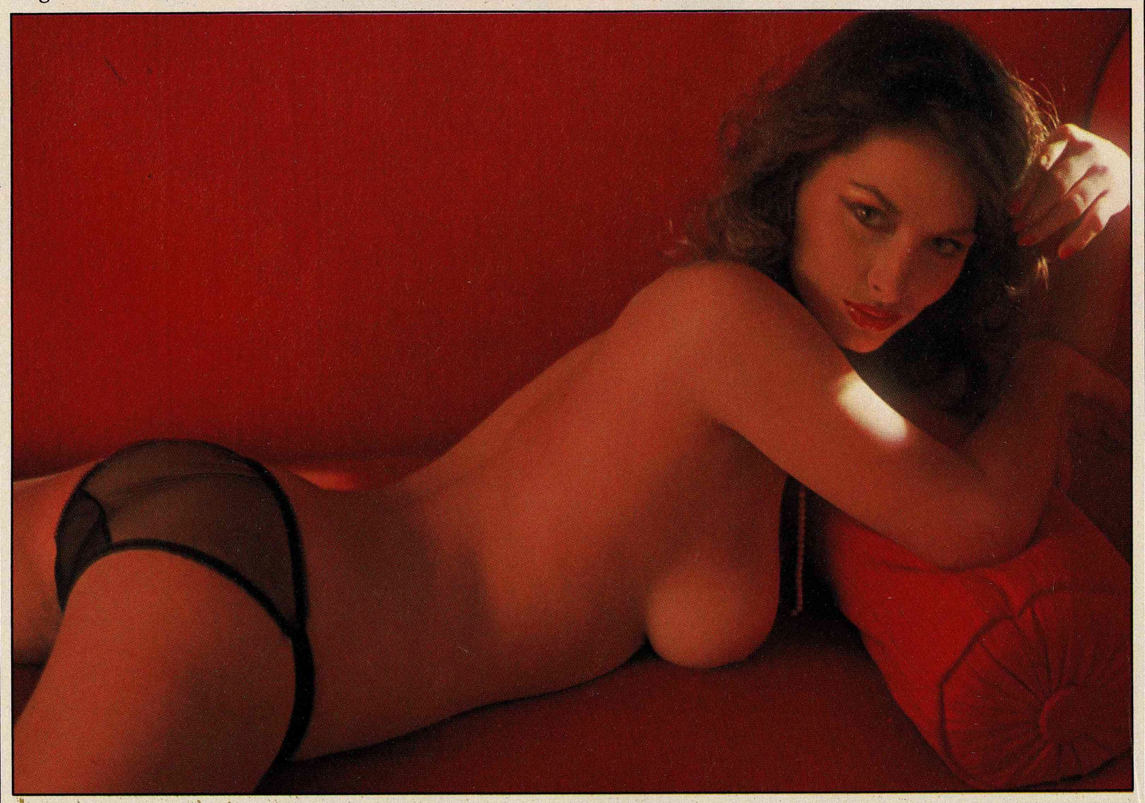
the lucky country's gain was france's loss when a sultry siren left the shores of the mediterranean to bask on our sun-soaked beaches

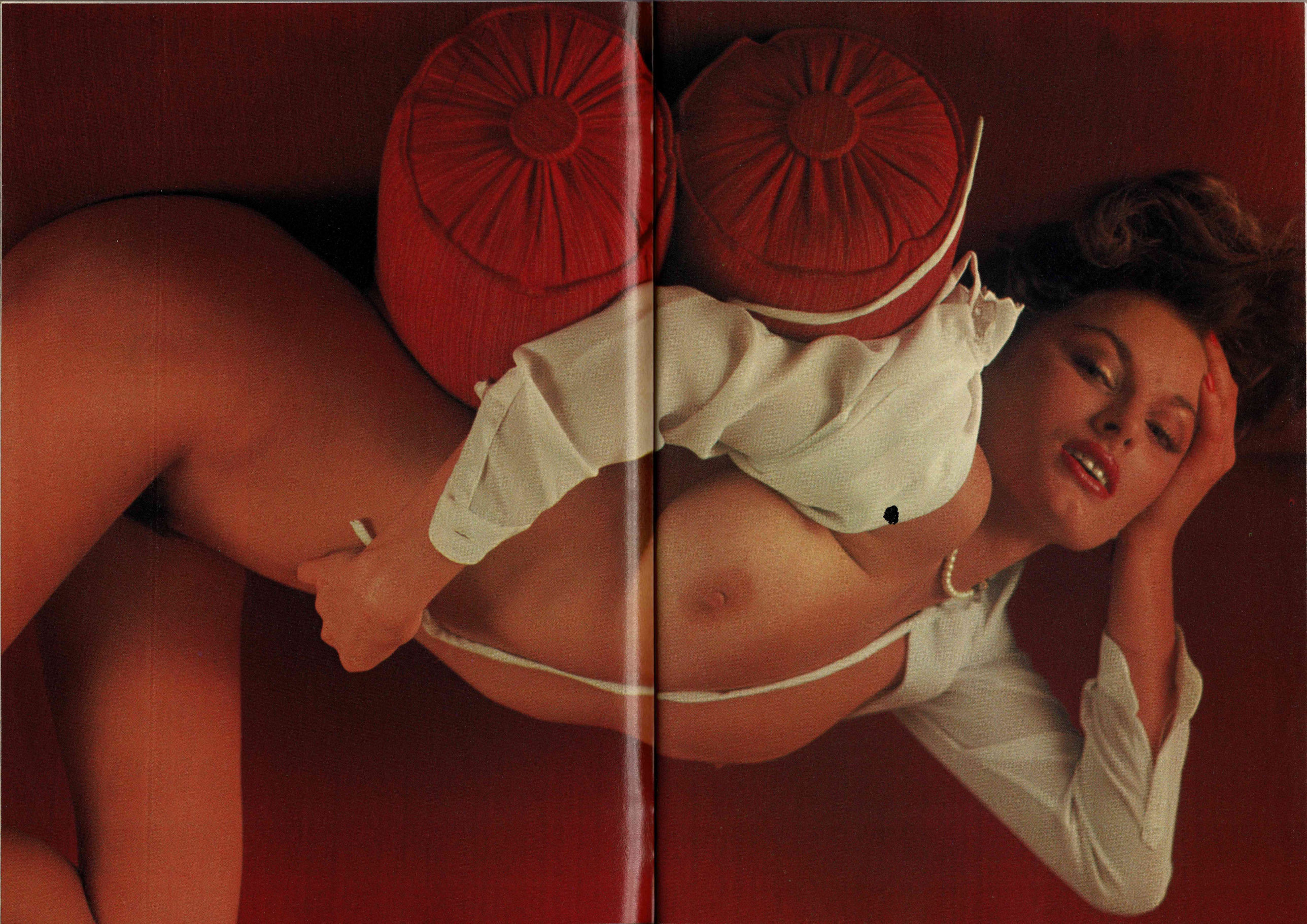
Photography by Rico Mettbach

"Of course Europe has a lot of appeal and I'm anxious to return. But I couldn't stay — I'd miss the warm weather."

"I'm an active person and I like a man who has the energy to keep pace with all the things that I want to do in my life."

Fabrique en France. That's what the label says, and on beautiful Camilla Hayes the style shows. The French let a fine one get away when Camilla's family decided to slip anchor in the Mediterranean port of Marseille and head for Sydney. Camilla, now 24, was just a kid then but Australian food and sunshine have been good to her. Since her dark looks and golden tan appeared on the promenade, Sydney's fine beaches have never looked so good. She off-loaded her French tongue-twister for the more easily-pronounced Hayes and, if the name might belie her origins, her dark features are still classically French. Warm days and open beaches tripped off Camilla's love affair with Australia which will last despite a travel attraction for Hawaiian days and Californian nights. She has definite plans about turning up in France — to renew the cultural ties and give the locals a glimpse of export quality. Vive la France!





Virginal tales of surrender and triumph

loss of virginity is a once-in-a-lifetime experience for us all, so do we give it the send-off it deserves?

confessions By Tony Maguire

It's difficult enough getting Rowena's bra undone; Jesus, how am I going to do it? *For the first time. And the first for Rowena too.*

After an initial skirmish with what appears to be an unbreachable barrier of pelvic bone, Rowena gives a sudden gasp as I plunge home, and we frantically thrust away . . . for about 10 seconds, at the end of which Rowena, whether by design or accident, I've never been quite sure, dislodges herself with a massive reverse thrust a millisecond before I come all over the fur felt trim of my father's new Valiant.

So now *what happens? I mean, don't get me wrong. It was an earth-shattering experience, albeit a very quick one. But I'm meant to have* lost *something. My cherry, to be precise. Now this cherry is a very mysterious thing. For Rowena, it's straightforward enough. But for me — what?*

Will there be some regenerative transformation of my penis, its head suddenly shrivelling and dropping off, only to be later mistaken for a raisin or a piece of dried cabanossi by my dad as he vacuums the car? Or what?

Photography by Colin Steed

THIS ACCOUNT would be fairly familiar to most Australian males. At least the setting is bound to spark off a flash of *deja vu*, while the loss of virginity and its associated traumas are well known to us all.

Sadly, we have got to face the fact that the automobile initiation is now a well-entrenched part of our culture, and young couples will continue to fornicate in Fords instead of fields or forests. Brisbane-born *60 Minutes* reporter GEORGE NEGUS has some interesting comments on the subject:

For Queenslanders born in the '40s, there was only one way to lose your virginity, and that was on the back seat of a Holden at the local drive-in. Your parents expected it of you, and I think it was against the law to do it any other way. Fortunately, the girl who stole my virginity was a year older and had some previous experience. She took up what seemed to be a familiar back-seat position and it all went fairly smoothly. The steamed-up windows gave us all the privacy we needed.

Many a sexual experiment has been marred by ignorance, and rock singer MARC HUNTER believes he would have had a much better time if he'd had a better grasp of the principles of coitus. As a 15-year-old in the New Zealand town of Taumaranui, his sex education had been largely limited to observing the mating of the district's sheep population. Says Hunter:

I didn't go so far as to mount Cheryl from behind, but I was convinced I should do it vertically, like a ram. We propped ourselves up on this steep bank, and I wedged my feet firmly in the sand. Getting in was easy enough, but having accomplished this, my feet started to slip and I slipped out of Cheryl, getting a thick crust of sand on my penis. We finally got into the swing of things after I pressed my feet against a tree trunk, although we were feeling a little itchy from the sand at that stage. Then the headmistress's son appeared at the top of the hill. As we'd skipped school for our screw, this worried us a bit, but after watching for a while he wandered away. As far as I know, he never told on us.

Contrast Negus and Hunter's experiences with this account by Channel Nine band leader GEOFF HARVEY, who lost his virginity to a *really* experienced woman — in fact, she had a track record spanning some 40 years. He says:

She was called Maria, was aged 60 or thereabouts, and was the owner of the most magnificent breasts which made my testicles revolve whenever I glanced their way — which was often. We met in a bar in Las Palmas when I was a 16-year-old piano player on the P&O liner Arcadia. *When we docked, my fellow musicians said: "Let's go ashore for a drink (nudge, nudge, wink, wink)." As an innocent who'd never been outside London before, the nudges and winks were lost on me. So I found myself in this bar where I was introduced to the lovely Maria, big of rear and enormous of breast, with black Hispanic eyes which hinted at an encyclopaedic knowledge of sex. I spoke no Spanish and she couldn't speak a word of English, but I think Maria could tell from the feverish look on my face that I would make a willing pupil. In a trance-like state, I was led away to a room adjacent to the bar; we undressed in 10 seconds flat, and the act itself was over in a much shorter space of time. It was a mind-blowing experience, Maria's sturdy and rather hairy legs locked around me and her incredible orbs pressed against my chest . . . I shall never forget it. Another reason why I shall never forget it is that ever since then I've had a stoop and one of my testicles has never been quite the same.*

> *"The virgin orgasm is an uneventful one which may pale in comparison with those you experienced in the privacy of your bedroom."*

Even the church is losing faith in virginity, having in recent years disowned St Ursula, who was reputed to have led 11,000 virgins on a pilgrimage from England to Rome in the fifth century. Ursula and her girls were slaughtered defending their chastity in Cologne, inspiring generations of Ursuline nuns. Meanwhile, the Virgin Mary is still popular, although under increasing attack.

This erosion of virginity as a venerable institution has been going on for years. A cynical Ovid wrote: "Chaste is she whom no one has asked," and Shakespeare said in *As You Like It:* "It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity." However, it wasn't until this century that the market value of virgins really started to decline and, by the outbreak of World War Two, hardly anyone wanted to be one. Radio and TV personality DITA COBB tells how she *almost* lost her virginity as a 17-year-old in London in 1939:

In the circles I moved in, it was considered terribly unchic to be a virgin. Being convinced that I'd fallen madly in love with a handsome Czech refugee, I eagerly accepted an invitation to his flat in Bloomsbury. After listening to some romantic music and drinking some wine, we migrated into the bedroom. Everything was going according to plan as far as I was concerned when he suddenly withdrew, rose up and cried: "You wicked, wicked girl! You didn't tell me you were a virgin!" He dragged me out of bed and into the bathroom, threw me into the bathtub, hung my legs over the side and douched me. I'm not sure why he did it, because he'd got nowhere near ejaculating. Anyway, it was humiliating and horrifying. He said: "Don't ever do that again! It's not done for a gentleman to take a lady's virginity unless they're married." After I'd hurriedly dressed, he bundled me into a taxi. The experience put me off having another try until I was 21.

Five years later, a young ROGER VADIM was losing his virginity in a barn in Normandy. As his tide of passions started to escalate, the Normandy invasion got under way, the earth shuddering from the bombardment of the artillery. Even as the husband of Brigitte Bardot, Vadim was never to experience such an explosive orgasm again.

Usually, the virgin orgasm is an uneventful one which may pale in comparison with those you experienced in the privacy of your bedroom with the door locked, the radio turned on so no-one heard, one hand round your dong and the other clutching a worn copy of Mary MacArthy's *The Group* which always fell open at the page where the erotic account of a girl's defloration began.

Now I'm sorry if all this has been a little negative and unromantic. But the loss of virginity does have these aspects, and hopefully I will have helped any virgin readers to guard against the pitfalls which threaten their sexual baptisms.

Here's how it *can* be:

Susan's golden tresses are spread out like an azure halo on the flattened grass and ferns. Her breath is rapid against my ear as we move together in orgiastic lust.

"Oh Kevin!" she murmurs, raking her fingernails across my back.

We seem to float, then fall, and when I have recovered my senses sufficiently to reflect on the happening, I know that making love is surely a marvellous thing and I shall treasure my afternoon with Susan for ever.

Then we hear a train approaching, and we are almost dressed by the time it shrieks past, no more than three metres away. We start to walk toward the looming, smoke-spewing factory on the other side of the embankment, kicking aside the broken glass and empty cans littering our path.

Dispatches from KABUL

while australians tremble with hollow indignation about russia's invasion of afghanistan, the remote mountain nation prepares for a period of bloodshed and brutality that could rival vietnam

article by joseph murphy

Afghanistan. Earlier this year Joe Murphy, 31, an Australian photographer and former relief worker in Indo-China, visited the war-afflicted Islamic state. Murphy took little with him besides his cameras, visitor's visa and a few scrambled concepts he had gleaned from press reports. He intended to make his own observations against a background of six years in Vietnam and Kampuchea.

Murphy's photographic and word images depict facets of Afghanistan today: a country embroiled in not just a fight for self-determination but in one whose struggle represents part of the Islamic faith's rejection of the 20th century. It is the classic confrontation between a people who choose to preserve their lifestyle and an invader intent on force-feeding a crash diet of militarism, industrialism and unwelcome politics.

THE MINE should have blown the armored personnel carrier off the road. It didn't, probably because it was incorrectly set. The mujahiddin still have a lot to learn about fighting this war. The explosive didn't disable the APC but it did at least succeed in throwing the bus convoy and escorts into a flat panic. The convoy had been formed just outside Jalalabad where the buses and transports had rendezvoused with the APCs for the hazardous mountain drive to Kabul. My wide-eyed fascination for the spectacular Kiplingesque terrain had given way to that half-asleep state which travellers reserve for long bus rides. It didn't last long.

Bam!

The gut-socking thump of the exploding mine jolted my nervous system to instant high voltage. I should have been ready for this. The burnt-out hulks of vehicles which littered this road for miles warned that this was ambush country. The immediate sound to follow the blast was the death-rattle shower of dirt and dislodged pebbles raining down on the bus roof. A pause. Then all hell broke loose. Small arms fire chattered from the ridge line high above us to be met by the panicked response from the APC crews who blasted wildly at the unseen rebels. I was in the first bus, directly behind the leading APCs. It was the one immediately in front of my bus which had detonated the mine.

I could see government soldiers tumbling from hatches as bullets buzzed and zipped off rocks and steel. Still no sign of the assailants. Then a trickle of small stones poured down the hillside and our excited bus driver pointed out what he thought was a rebel position. The soldiers fired quick bursts from their Kalashnikovs and flattened themselves against the hillside before the mujahiddin could select targets.

I'd come to accept that people adopt strange postures in combat situations. But the scene inside the bus was laughable. While most of the passengers took cover on the floor, some individuals calmly drew the curtains across the windows as if in belief that the flimsy cover would stop a .303 bullet. The din from the APCs' weaponry was intense but I was sure I could hear firing coming from back down the road. I half stood to take a look, but an urgent tug on my sleeve hauled me to the floor. However, my quick glance confirmed that the other vehicles, including the remaining

Photography by Joseph Murphy

APCs, had now withdrawn several hundred metres to take advantage of the better shelter offered by the hillside. A lull in the fighting tempted a middle-aged man to walk his toddler daughter back down the road, possibly so that she could have a pee. We watched with apprehension as they moved across the open space.

Shoosh!

My heart leapt into my throat. I knew that sound. Rocket-propelled grenade. A small fireball scorched the air before slamming into the road about 20 metres from the pair. Scooping up the girl, the man vaulted over the embankment only seconds before the next RPG-7 smashed into the road — again missing its intended target of the nearest APC.

Now things were really warming up. I wondered if they had mortars up there. I'd seen what a few mortars in the hands of skilled Vietcong could do to a convoy of transports. Like belting cane toads with a sledge. Thump. The APC commander was thinking along the same lines. He sent the front armored vehicle roaring off in the direction of Kabul and ordered our bus back down the road to join the rest of the convoy under the relative safety of the steep incline. The driver pulled off a piece of stunt driving to swing that bus around in that narrow-gutted road. How he did it without putting us over the crevice I'll never know but, with a crashing of gears, he roared that bus out of the danger zone. The APC followed in support, offering covering fire from its big gun. With each mighty blast, the baby being nursed next to me let out a panicked scream which served to add to the horror of the moment.

The prospect of being trapped on the road all night or till the mujahiddin's heavier weaponry could pick us off clearly worried the soldiers and obviously prompted their decision to launch a foray up the hillside. Just then, a Soviet Mi-24 gunship drifted into view on its flight path from Kabul. "Now we'll get out of this mess," I thought. But we all watched with failing hope as the helicopter stuck to its course, ignoring our plight. It then occurred to me that ambush was the Afghani stock in trade in this mountainous land and the best way of waging war against the better-equipped Russian and government forces.

Some of the passengers obviously had little faith in the army's ability to extract us from this one for they were smearing mud on one of the transport's red and gold government emblems. It showed where their loyalties were and was probably our best chance of avoiding being spread up and down that mountain road. The firing had again stopped. Perhaps the gunship had scared them off. I'd been told how much the rebels fear the giant helicopters which provide the only effective means for routing the mujahiddin from the hills. With its armor-plated underside, a gunship can resist small arms fire while hovering close to an emplacement to utilise its awesome firepower.

I'll never know whether the mujahiddin withdrew or whether the mud-smearing did the trick, but the battle finally ended on a most unexpected note. We hadn't heard a gunshot for almost an hour when the sound of voices from back down the road attracted our attention. It was a Kochi wedding party and it was dawdling in our direction. I almost couldn't believe my eyes. Was this some surrealistic twist from an Antonioni movie? Not likely.

The bride, covered from head to toe in a bright chardor, was seated on a camel. The groom was dressed in a brilliant white turban, vest and long flowing trousers. He was walking, and behind him straggled a host of relatives and well-wishers. When the group reached our vehicle, the driver and soldiers embraced the groom and wished the couple well. The wedding party moved on, and the command was given for our journey to resume. A lone sniper had stayed behind to blast off a few rounds as we dashed past the point of the original ambush. With the APCs again offering covering fire, our bus driver waved a relieved farewell in the direction of the ridge line and then powered the bus out of firing range.

Despite my fears, we negotiated the rest of that mountain road without further incident and, with nerves finally starting to unknot, rolled into a village. I noted the number of young men who were propped at various posts, idly watching our progress, and guessed they might have been members of the ambush party which had caused us so much discomfort just a few hours before.

•

The ambush highlighted day two of what had become a very traumatic visit. The confiscation of my film and a soft interrogation session had grabbed star billing on day one. Having lucked out on my attempts to leave Peshawar in Pakistan with a mujahiddin force returning to Afghanistan, I'd settled for a visitor's visa and the eventful bus ride to Kabul via Jalalabad.

The Russian presence was very evident near Jalalabad, Afghanistan's principal eastern city. The bus rounded a bend, and there it was: an airport with row upon row of MIGs, transports, helicopters and heavy traffic taking off and landing. The strategic importance of the site was evident by the rows of barbed wire, heavy fortifications and tanks, plus the fact that I'd been told that the heaviest fighting was confined to the eastern region.

I aimed my camera and clicked furiously, wondering all the while how the Russians could afford to be so obvious about the level of their military intrusion.

My speculation and snapping was cut short by a heavy tap on my shoulder. Turning, I looked up to see a very serious Afghani who demanded the camera before ordering me to the front of the bus. My mounting fears bordered on near panic when I looked at an old man whose sorrowful shake of the head seemed to say: "You've really blown it this time, boy."

The camera-confiscator, whom I later learned was the bus company manager, ordered the driver to halt the bus near a bivouac of tanks. Gesturing for me to alight, he moved me toward the gates of the nearby army camp, delivering a two-word lecture as we went. "Airforce, no. Airforce, no," he repeated, waving a grimy finger under my nose.

The warm handshakes of the Afghani regulars quelled my fears for the moment. I later learned that this was formal hospitality and did not necessarily imply genuine friendship.

I observed a marked change in the mood when camera-confiscator filed his report. He got a huge buzz from their hearty back-slapping and congratulations when I was escorted into a stone-walled office. Camera and passport disappeared into an adjacent room as one of the escorts busied himself at a radio, presumably whistling up someone who could speak a bit of English.

I was left with my melancholia for company while my thoughts flirted briefly with the stories of torture and interrogation I'd heard the mujahiddin tell in Peshawar. I'd seen scarred fingers and listened with morbid curiosity to tales of electric shock torture. I squirmed inwardly and thought of a variation of the hangover sufferer's vow: "If I get out of this one, I'll never take another photo."

It's odd how fear addles the mind. During the pocket-emptying routine, I entertained visions of rotting in a rat-ridden prison while Amnesty fought a futile battle for my release.

The soldiers picked through the wallet contents, apparently looking for anything which might label me a spy or CIA plant. More soldiers entered the room and I inquired as to

my fate. "Kabul tomorrow" was the brusque reply. I pushed the subject no further, fearing that Kabul meant imprisonment. Or worse.

A small cassette player was blasting out some Hindi music in opposition to the constant drone of the airport traffic. The soldiers asked if I liked the music. I nodded. With this, one of the men launched into a lively jig, obviously for my benefit. Unbelievable. Here I was, if not prison-bound, at least in the dungeons of despair, and these guys were trying to make me crack a smile. They succeeded.

An hour passed while I speculated on my fate. Then, without introduction, two officers strode into the room. One carried my passport. "This is it," I thought, bracing myself. But I was in for a surprise.

The senior of the two spoke: "Friend, you need not be afraid; we are your friends. But you should know that taking pictures of the airport is forbidden. You are a tourist in Afghanistan, yes?"

"Yes, that's right," I responded readily. "I'm a tourist."

"All we ask is that you give us the film in your camera, and then you are free to go."

I don't know if they expected any opposition to this simple request, but they weren't getting any. Mumbling apologies and fumbling with releases, I managed to extract and surrender the offending film. My relief was genuine but I wasn't prepared for this display of hospitality. But I got it. I was bundled into a motorcycle sidecar which blasted off in pursuit of the bus.

We reached Jalalabad and the driver dropped me at the bus station where I was reunited with that back-stabbing manager. Now that I'd been given a clean bill of health, he seemed quite happy to see me and wrung my hand vigorously. I learned that the bus had stopped for an overnight spell in Jalalabad. My gear was still aboard and I could continue the journey in the morning.

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Kabul. I was told it used to be a poor but peaceful city. It's still poor. Now, there is no escape from the noise of war. The roar of the Soviet helicopters and transports starts early in the morning and continues all day. Their activity confirms my growing suspicion that this war is not the simple defensive foray that the Russians would have us believe.

As the Americans discovered in Vietnam, these wars are hard to win, and the temptation is to commit more and more manpower and equipment. That means bulldozers, barracks, munitions, field kitchens, transport vehicles, planes and gunships plus all the other trimmings of war. Russia's Vietnam? It sure looks that way. These ones are difficult to win, particularly when public sympathy is with the rebel cause.

I became aware of this fact in a most uncomfortable fashion. My first impression of the citizens of Kabul was that they were a pretty unfriendly lot. Malevolent stares and open animosity were all I copped from the minute I arrived. It was not till another Westerner explained that it wasn't bad breath or body odor but rather my choice of dress that was causing the problem. My service-style gear gave the impression I was Russian. A quick switch to jeans with Western trimmings soon sorted that misunderstanding out.

The Russians had turned Kabul into an armed camp. The main square was guarded by tanks. Machine gun emplacements lined the roofs of the government buildings. Two BTR 60PB armored vehicles guarded the main bridge of the river which dissects the city. Nearby lurked a giant T-54 tank supported by a light BMP tank. So much for the much-vaunted principle of self-determination.

The bridge separates the newer part of the city from the old bazaar district and, only a few weeks before my arrival, was the scene of bloody rioting. The Russians are working overtime to keep the lid on the pressure cooker and the apprehensive mood of the young guards suggested that they didn't relish the task. Keeping this powder keg stable is hardly preferable to frigging about in boot camp back in Moscow or Leningrad. I had drawn similar conclusions about the Americans in Vietnam.

Paranoia is an obvious by-product of any war. Those who suffer most are the non-committed. I met an English-speaking Afghani teacher who displayed classic symptoms of Kabul twitch: a 200-degree revolution of the head when he was supposed to be talking to me. I gathered he was concerned about being seen speaking with a foreigner. He quizzed me on the chances of migrating to Australia and gave accounts of how colleagues had been killed by the mujahiddin because it was believed that all teachers were pushing communism to the kids.

Conversation for this streetside restaurant meeting was difficult over the peak volume blast of the token television. I glanced at the screen and caught the images of the Soviet miracle: the belching chimneys, industrious coalminers, high-rise monotony, more belching chimneys and production lines *ad infinitum*. Prosperity comes in all shapes and forms, but the populace support the mujahiddin. I suppose the Soviets wonder why.

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My most vivid memories of this war were found outside Afghanistan. In a perverse way, wars are like sport. The battles are fought in the field, but the results are registered elsewhere.

In this case the most obvious "scoreboard" can be found in the refugee hospitals of Peshawar. Some think the true account of the crisis rests around the Olympic debating tables in Moscow, Washington or Kabul. They're wrong. The human suffering factor outweighs all of that.

It was in the Khyber Hospital that I met Jamilla. Recently married and once very pretty, she had been brought by camel on a three-day trek through the mountains to seek medical attention in Pakistan. How she survived the trek I'll never know. A helicopter bombing raid had killed five members of her family and left Jamilla grossly disfigured. She was about 15 or 16. Napalm? Dr Abdul Hameed Afridi said "yes". He's a Pathan tribesman and very anti-Soviet. Gaylen Greer said "no". He's an ex-US marine and Vietnam veteran who claimed he would know a napalm victim when he saw one.

In the Lady Reading Hospital, I found a mujahiddin who had been wounded in the fighting by machine-gun fire from a Russian tank. A man called Ghazani had suffered a terrible leg injury in the helicopter bombing of Dazi Ghadiz three months before. But perhaps the most pathetic case was the old man who kept a constant vigil beside the bedside of his only son whose spinal cord had been severed by Russian machine-gun fire. He was completely paralysed.

Fire bombings, mine victims, machine-gun fodder, torture cases — the wards of the two hospitals were the casebooks of the victims of 20th century war. Mashranga came from the village of Kama. Her family had been tortured by Russian and Afghani government soldiers. She was wounded while fleeing for Pakistan.

There were many, many more. Some worse than others, some too horribly wounded to survive the ordeal. They were all victims, and most shared the common knowledge that they were all uncommitted innocents in this war.

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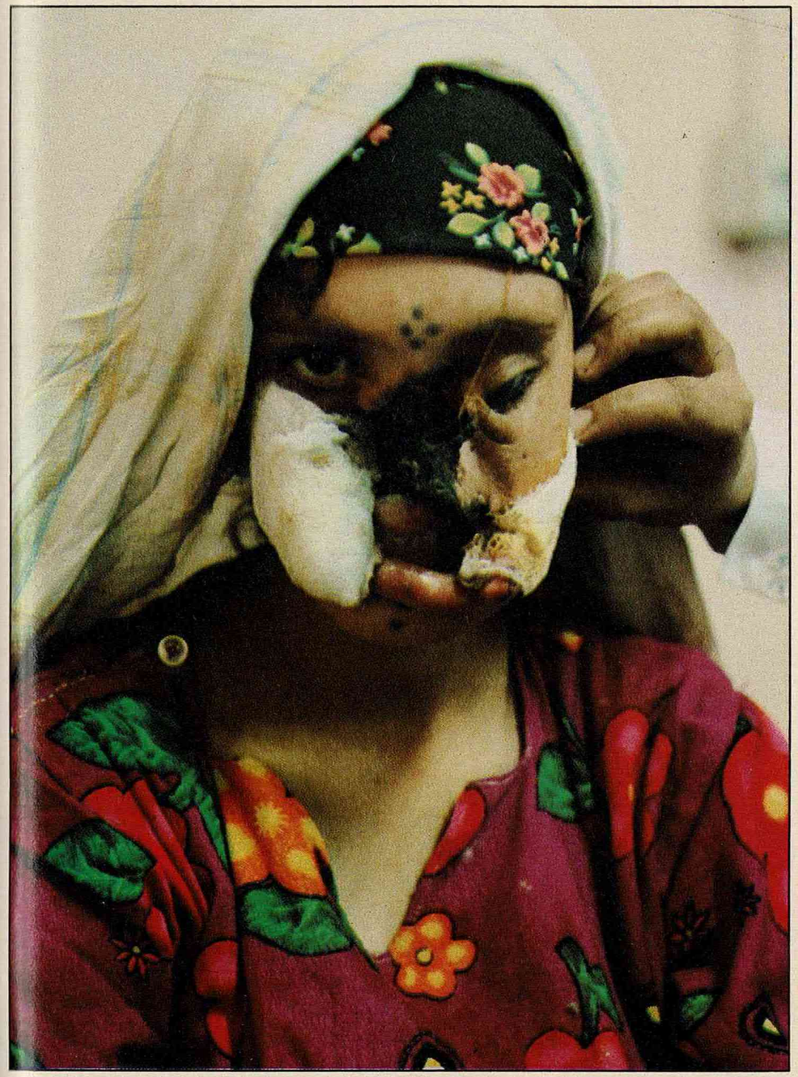
Unlike sport, wars never change. The names and places might be different but the result remains the same. I had an air ticket out of this one. I wonder if it will always be so.



TOP LEFT: An Afghan's view from inside a Russian tank . . . it can be much more uncomfortable on the outside. TOP RIGHT: These symbols of Russian friendship encircle all points of strategic importance in Afghanistan now. ABOVE LEFT: With weapons like these against the might of the Red Army, the mujahiddin had better be dedicated. ABOVE: The hideous consequences of war are captured in this picture. The girl, Jamilla, was patched up, but her disfigurement is permanent.

The fastest man on water –

AN AUSTRALIAN WHO DID IT ALONE

profile by Russell Deiley

THERE'S NOT much room in the cockpit — just enough to do what I've got to do. I'm in a semi-reclining position with my legs outstretched, back nestled into the 150-degree tilt of the seat. The boat feels good. I feel alert and in tune with the Spirit. That is the way it has to be if I'm to have that one percent better than even chance of surviving the 14.5km run to the end of Blowering Dam. The safety checks have been made, the course has been swept. The Spirit and I are on our own.

Hit the button. Engine fires. Fuel and igniter on. Twelve seconds and I get a flame. The noise of the jet screams through my helmet. I check the rev counter. It's spot on. The jet engine is idling at 4400 of its maximum 12,500 revs. We begin to move. The Spirit is bellying along at 1 knot. Gently, I push my foot down on the throttle and point the Spirit's nose into a wide arc that will bring her into the straightaway.

I concentrate on the exhaust temperature gauge. Too heavy on the throttle and I'll over-fuel the engine and run the risk of burning out a turbine. A gradual press of my foot to bring the revs up to 10,000 and a reading of 240km/h on the air speedometer. Ease back to 110km/h for the final turn into the straight.

We're in the straight. I line the Spirit's bow into the centre of Yellowin Bay at the other end of the dam. I've got six kilometres to reach

the target of more than 500km/h before I trip the electronic timer at the start of measured kilometre. We know we've got the capacity to reach 650km/h but that is way outside the safety limit we've set. I don't want to be the fastest guy in the cemetery.

I concentrate on getting to the line on target. As the shore markers flash by I call the speed registering on the counter through the radio. 250, 300, 350, 400, 450, 470, 480, 500. I check and re-check the exhaust temperature and the oil pressure gauges and the rev counter. I keep a look out on the horizon to see where I'm going. I keep the Spirit on course by feel and instinct through the wheel. I know that if the rudder turns more than one-quarter of a degree, the stern of the Spirit will try to meet the bow and I'll meet my Maker.

We're into the measured kilometre. The Spirit and I are skimming across the surface of the lake at a kilometre every 6.8 seconds. It's uncomfortable. Bloody uncomfortable. Inside the helmet my head is being buffeted in the slipstream of the half canopy. The goggles are trying to kiss my eyes. Hold on! We're nearly through. The marker at the end of the measured kilometre flashes by and I ease off the throttle. From my reading, we've broken the world record.

The Spirit of Australia has only to make the return run at the same speed and she and I have broken our own unlimited water speed record. And I know we've still got that slightly better than 50-50 chance of making it.

The words are Ken Warby's. The world's fastest man on water is sitting in the lounge of his Annangrove home in the bushland on the north-western outskirts of Sydney reliving that triumph on Blowering Dam two years ago when he raised his own water speed record by almost 50km/h. Outside, glinting in the late autumn sun, is the boat that Warby built and which swept him to international fame, Spirit of Australia.

On October 5, 1978, Warby gunned the sleek, jet-engined boat to a speed of 492.716km/h on the first run through the measured kilometre on the southern NSW dam. Within an hour the Spirit of Australia reached 529.307km/h on the return run for an average speed of 510.452km/h and a record the experts said no Australian could ever attain.

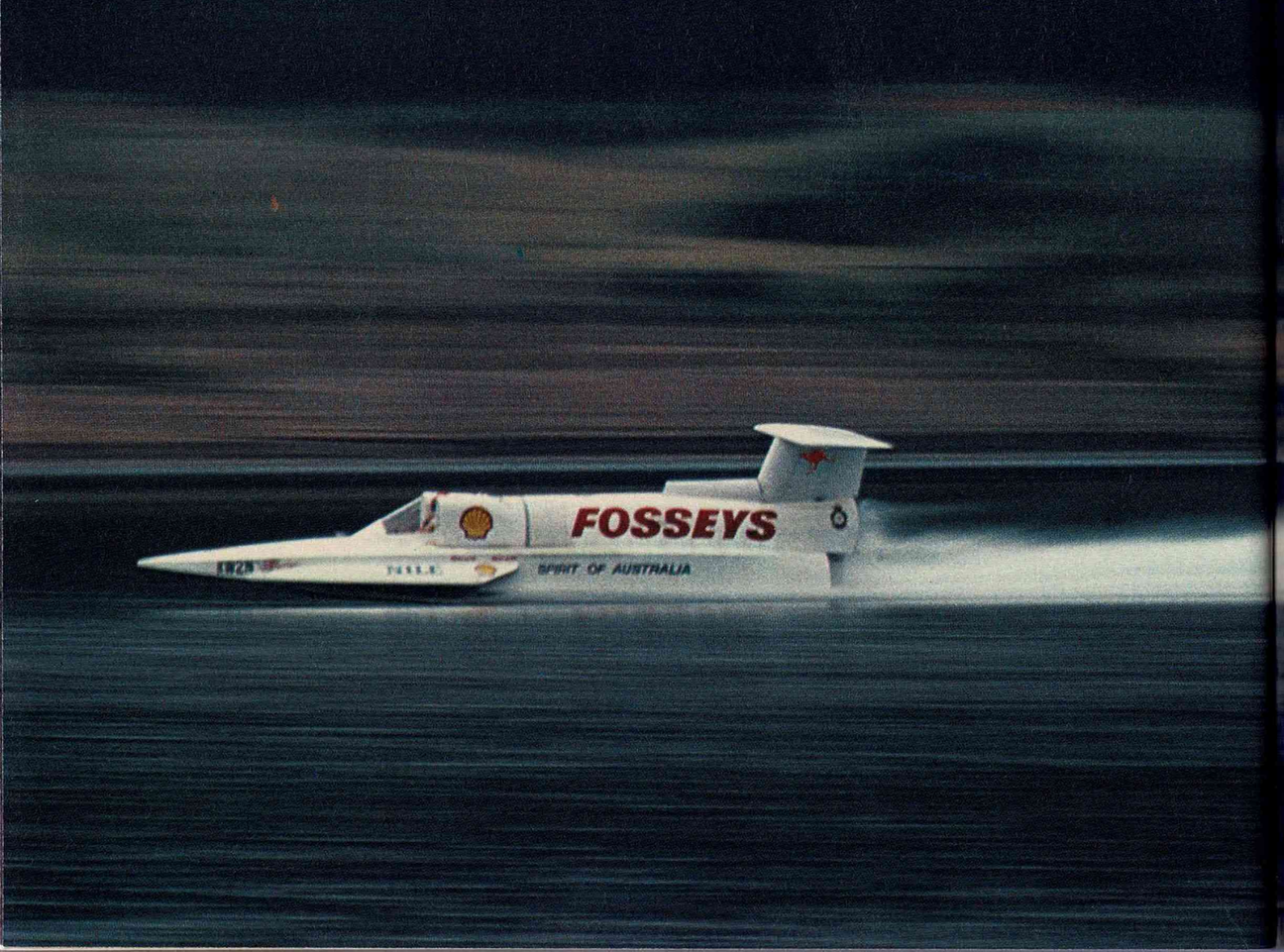
Success has vindicated Warby's faith in himself and the boat he built in the backyard of a rented home in Concord, an inner western suburb of Sydney. Silver plate, cups, trophies, memorabilia, an MBE medal and Royal Scroll clutter the wall cabinet. The name "Ken Warby" emblazoned across the back of his blue windcheater is an imprimatur that he is known at least to the informed and the *aficionados* of high-speed sport. But in spite of the trinkets and trappings, Warby remains very much the prophet without honor in his own country. This year the Russians wanted him and the Spirit of Australia for a ceremonial sprint down the Volga and some pre-Olympic grandstanding, but the tour was called off when Australo-Soviet dialogue broke down in the Afghanistan stand-off. The English wanted him to demonstrate the Spirit's capabilities and to lay a wreath on the waters of Lake Windemere where one of the pioneers of speed boating, Sir Henry Segrave, tried and died for the record 50 years ago. The Europeans wanted to laud him, but the English and continental tours were deferred until the chill goes off relationships with the Soviets and the grand European tour can include Russia in the schedule.

The Americans not only wanted Warby, but they have got him for a year. Because Warby will not only be promoting himself and his boat during the United States tour but Australia as well, the Commonwealth Government will pick up half of the $200,000 tab, but right up until the day he left the world record holder was knocking on doors seeking sponsors to help meet the rest of the costs.

When Warby left Australia in June he was hoping that, at the end of the American adventure, he might return with a modest profit. However, he concedes that, at 41, he is gambling another 12 months of his life. But that is what he has been doing since he designed Spirit of Australia in 1969.

To fund the dream that has obsessed him from the time he first climbed into a 40km/h speedboat at 16, he sold the Newcastle home he, his wife and three young sons shared and moved to the rented house in Sydney in 1972. And three years later the university-trained engineer gave up his job as national sales manager for a power tool company because nine to five work was delaying his relentless ambition to become the fastest marine pilot in the world.

"From the early days, my wife worked to support the family and I worked to support the boat," says Warby, who estimates that he has spent about $200,000 on his magnificent obsession. At last count, Warby figures that he has earned only half of that sum in sponsorship and product deals. A short-term second mortgage on their Annangrove home — to which he and



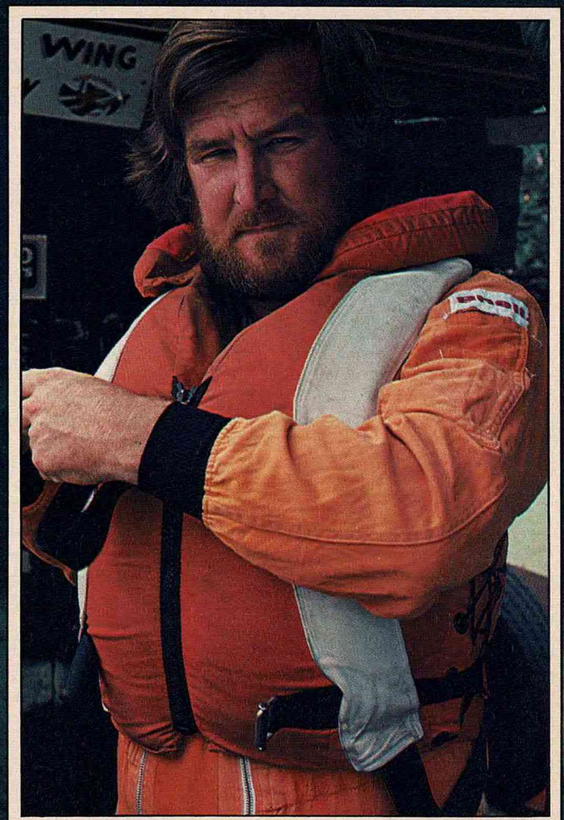
his family moved recently after the boat outgrew the Concord backyard— is helping to finance a $250,000 project to build a more sophisticated and faster Spirit of Australia II in which he hopes to repel all challengers by pushing his record up to around 650km/h — spice to the US gamble.

Even though he rules the waves in an internationally headlined arena in which some of the world's most daring speed kings have tilted and died, Warby remains a shadowy figure in the Australia's sporting spotlight.

Even allowing that Warby looks more like your favorite uncle than the romantic conception of a brooding swashbuckler with a train of handmaidens in tow, the disinterest by the media and commercial interests in the man is difficult to explain. The lukewarm response is more surprising when Warby emerges as characteristic of what was once revered as the prototype Anzac — gutsy, innovative and as determined as all hell to do what he sets out to do.

There was a time, especially when he was desperate for financial support, when the indifference tormented Warby, but it steeled him in his resolve to succeed. These days he is quite philosophical in recalling the times when advertising managers showed him the door and news editors gave him the polite brush-off . . .

"There have been times when the attitude of the Australian press has given me the shits. The press coverage was virtually non-existent until I



"400, 450, 480, 500km/h. If the rudder turns more than one quarter of a degree, the stern will try to meet the bow and I'll meet my Maker." Ken Warby (above) describes a record-breaking run in his Spirit of Australia (below).

broke the record for the second time. The first time round (November 1977 when he broke American Lee Taylor's record) I made page 47 of the *West Australian* and page 13 of *The Sydney Morning Herald* two days after the event. I remember asking a reporter from the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* what it would take for me to crack the front page of his paper and he said: 'The day you make the front page will be the day after you kill yourself.' I've had far more newspaper space internationally than I have here.

"I suppose I can understand the media's reasons. When I broke the record for the first time it was on the Sunday after Malcolm Fraser had taken off to Tasmania to open his 1977 election campaign. I had journos sitting on the banks of the dam on Saturday when the record attempt had to be postponed, but they weren't there when I broke the record the next day. They were all on a bloody plane on the way to Tasmania.

"Another reason is that most Australians didn't believe an Aussie could mount a successful attack on the world water speed record from his backyard. I was looked upon as a joke for a hell of a long time. In fact, one of the largest boating clubs in the country, St George, my own club, has since formed the Ken Warby Exknockers Association.

"I don't think many people made allowances for the fact that I'm a Taurean. I'm a stubborn bastard. If I decide I am going to do something then, by Christ, I'll do it. Maybe another reason why I've had trouble attracting sponsorship is that they are sending people to the Moon these days and those holding the purse strings are asking what is so special about doing 500 or 600km/h in a speedboat. But for those who know, it has been bloody difficult. Mine has been largely a one-man effort whereas billions of dollars and thousands of people are involved in a Moonshot."

Warby has not only overcome the ridicule and great difficulty, but virtually single-handedly and single-mindedly he has produced a hull shape which is remarkably stable at speeds to which no one else has forced a boat and lived. In fact Warby had already tested the basic hull and engine on the water before wind tunnel tests for the model of Spirit of Australia were arranged by Professor Tom Fink, former dean of the engineering faculty at NSW University and now chief scientist for the Defence Department.

Professor Fink and Warby have since become close associates in the formative design of Spirit of Australia II. Warby takes his ideas — based on his own academic knowledge and 25 years of boating experience — to the scientist and Professor Fink advises him if they will work aerodynamically. Warby has similarly close associations with Major Bob Apathy, his organisation co-ordinator, and with Squadron Leader David Appleby and the RAAF team of apprentices who maintain and service the jet engine as part of their training.

But it has been Warby's kitchen-table genius that has produced the unique hull design of the Spirit. Unlike all other record-setting boats which need a mirror surface to perform at their peak, Spirit of Australia revels in a five-to-eight centimetre ripple and has even topped 400km/h in a 45cm chop. Leo Villa, Donald Campbell's chief engineer in the heady, tragic days of Bluebird, saw a film of the performance and described it as "absolutely unbelievable".

For all the disbelief, however, the speed and the attendant dangers in skimming across the water at a rate of a kilometre every six and a bit seconds are frighteningly real. When the Spirit is bolting, she caresses the water at only three points, with the combined surface area of the average dinner plate. The twin threats to man and craft propelled by 1600 kilograms of thrust are becoming airborne and striking a piece of debris missed by the crash boat sweepers. Aerodynamically stable as the Spirit is, a freak ripple set up by another boat or even a bird is all it needs to lift the tapered nose and send her spiralling 100 metres into the next world. And a piece of flotsam the size of a 25cm ruler would slice through the laminated plywood hull like a bullet and disintegrate the Spirit.

Flight and debris-sparked destruction are on the negative side of the even chance Warby gives himself of completing a high speed run. But speed consumes him. He lives for record-breaking speed and is prepared to die for it.

"There's something indescribable about having your foot flat to the floor and the wind tearing at your head and eyes," he says. "Travelling at 500km/h is the second best feeling I know. The America's Cup skipper, Ted Turner, said it all when he told American PLAYBOY that yachting is like screwing — you can never get enough of it. That is how I feel about racing boats.

"I know what I do is dangerous, bloody dangerous. I know I'm playing Russian roulette every time I push down on the throttle. But I can't help myself and I know I've only got myself out there. I'm a fatalist. I'm not superstitious. People in this kind of business amaze me with their comforters like teddy bears and rabbits' feet. As far as I'm concerned that is pure shit. I don't get uptight and I don't try to make bargains with the Man upstairs."

Superstitious he might not be, but Warby does make one rule: he doesn't want his wife or boys as witnesses when he is making a run at the record. He bent the rule in 1978 when he submitted to pressure to let his eldest son; Peter, who is now 15, watch his triumph, but he regretted it. As he says, if he wipes out, his death will be "bloody spectacular". And he doesn't want his wife or boys to see it.

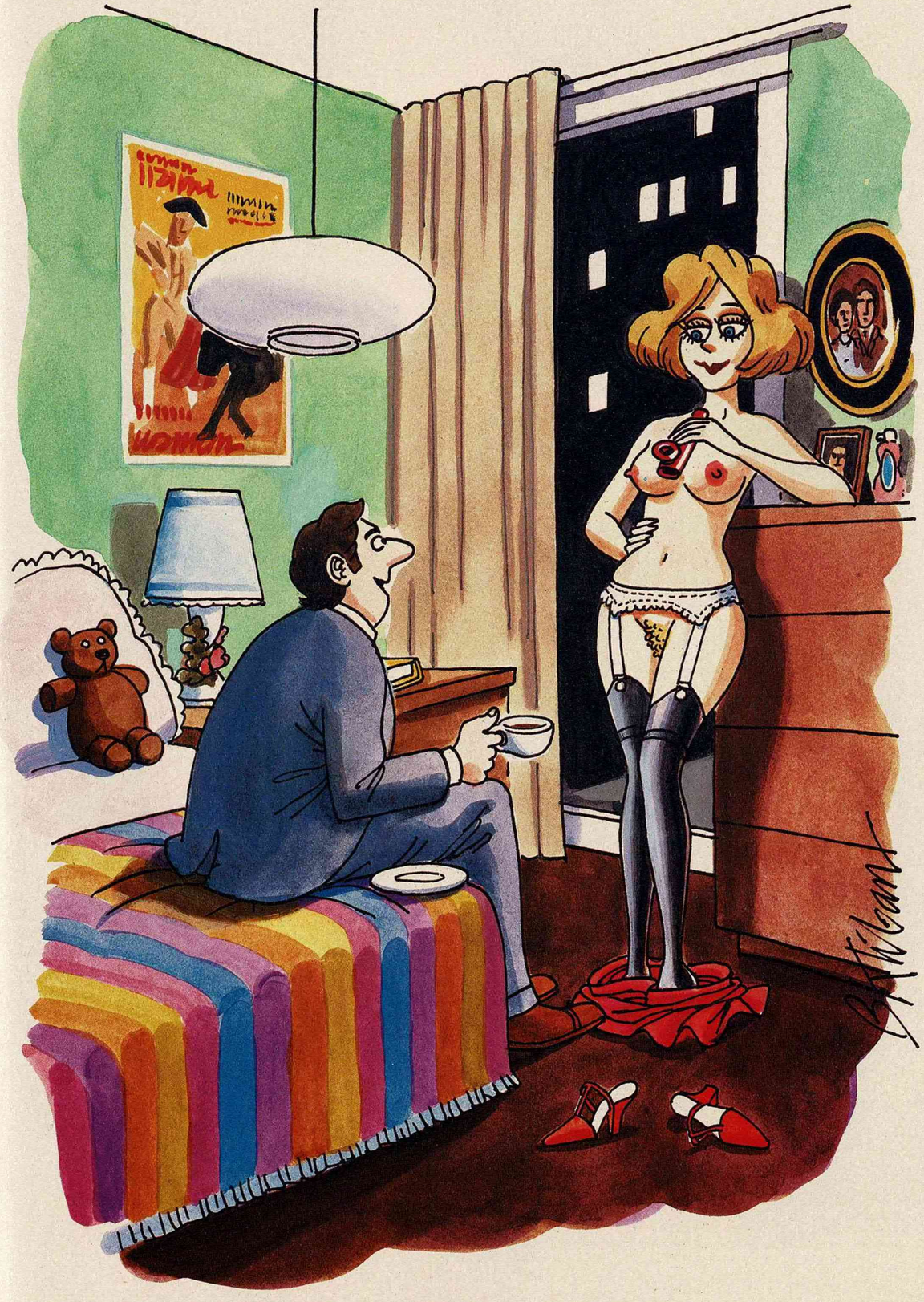
Warby has survived two close calls. The first during a trial run on Blowering when a black shag surfaced in the path of Spirit. The bird shattered the rudder, almost ripped off the stern and loosened every bolt in the frame. His second brush with fate came in Perth last year. A photographer's boat crossed his course, its wash lifted the Spirit and she flew for almost 100 metres.

And now Warby is in the United States trying for a bite of the Big Apple. He is committed to another shot at his record next year providing the drought breaks and Blowering Dam refills. His plans beyond 1981 depend largely on the outcome of his American tour.

"I don't want to break records anywhere else but Australia. I'm nationalistic and bloody proud of it," he says. "There's only one place better than Australia, and the local minister tells me you've got to die to qualify for residency there.

"Money isn't everything to me, but it would help make things easier. I get disappointed every now and again by the lack of reaction to me in Australia. My situation runs parallel to the Australian many consider the best racing car driver in the world, Alan Jones. I watched him interviewed on television the other night and it was like looking in a mirror. He is the only driver on the grand prix circuit who has no backing from his country of birth. He has to put the Australian flag on his car to identify himself with his country. He said that if an Australian sponsor came along and offered him less money than a foreign sponsor he'd take the Aussie dollars. I know what he means."

I leave Warby packing his case and his hopes for America. As the door closes on the heavily-mortgaged Warby home, Slim Dusty strikes up on the stereo. Ken Warby is a great fan of Slim Dusty's music, particularly the title track on the *Spirit of Australia* album.



"Please don't stop. I love a good tune on the kazoo."

SILVER FINGER

The incredible story of Nelson Bunker Hunt, the man who bid for control of the world's silver supply

DURING THE SUMMER of 1979, an invisible hand reached out from a small Atlantic island and quietly began tightening its grip on the world's supply of silver. The fingers of that hand extended to London, New York, Zurich and Jedda. But the only visible clue to its existence was a newly-formed Bermuda shell corporation called International Metals Investment Ltd. This was not just another offshore tax sham but the operating front for a secret partnership capable of controlling the world price and supply of silver. Appropriately, two of the principals in the cosmic alliance were Saudi Arabian businessmen with connections to the Saudi royal family. But the other principal, the real genius behind the deal, was an American oil billionaire, the head of a clan sometimes referred to as "the royal family of Texas". Though not quite as rich as the Saudi royalty, this man was one of the few private individuals in the world capable of playing in their league. A lover of intrigue, he had made international headlines with his mysterious wheeling and dealing. But, for the time being, he remained in the shadows, operating behind the corporate veil of International Metals. His name: Nelson Bunker Hunt.

In that same summer, just before the price of silver exploded, an extraordinary invitation went out from Dallas to most of the better-known millionaires in Texas. In the cursive typeface and style of an announcement for a local charity ball, the invitation informed recipients: "You, together with your wife or husband if convenient, are cordially invited to be our guest at a very important meeting that could help determine the destiny of civilisation."

The invitation went on to promise that participants would "hear and discuss plans and strategies that are not only having a profound moral impact upon many nations but are also a critical deterrent to the avalanche of evil that is threatening to engulf the world."

As revealed in black letters on the front of the invitation, the sponsor of the urgent conference was Here's Life, a branch of the controversial and arch-conservative Campus Crusade for Christ. The host committee included such luminaries as cowboy Roy Rogers, former US President Richard Nixon's patron W. Clement Stone, two US senators, the co-founder of the Holiday Inns motel chain, and the owner of the Dallas Cowboys professional football team.

Also listed on the host committee was a scion of one of right-wing Christianity's most prominent families. During recent years, he had made news for alleged high crimes, misdemeanors and general misconduct ranging from wiretapping, obstruction of justice and market manipulation to assassinating President Kennedy. Although he had managed to rebuff virtually every attack and allegation, he had hardly emerged with a charitable image. But his philanthropy had made the headlines on one occasion: the day

financial thriller **By Harry Hurt**

back in 1977 when he had publicly pledged to help raise one billion dollars for Campus Crusade. Now, by contributing his letterhead and his money to Here's Life, he was fulfilling his pledge. His name: Nelson Bunker Hunt.

Silver and salvation — these two apparently unrelated commodities, are vitally intertwined within the prodigious person of Nelson Bunker Hunt. As the son of the late H. L. Hunt, the eccentric and irascible Texas oil billionaire, Bunker Hunt is still driven to prove himself a money-maker in his old man's image. But his great silver play of 1979-80, like many of his other dealings in the past decade, is not only the expression of his desire for gain, but it is also a fundamental expression of his world view. That world view is usually labelled as arch-conservative, but it might be more accurately described as right wing paranoid. Like his father before him, Bunker Hunt sees events in terms of an international Communist conspiracy and an Eastern-liberal-establishment-Rockefeller-CIA conspiracy. For reasons that are alternately well founded and fantastical, he believes himself and his family to be the victims of both. Even more fundamentally, he possesses a vision of the apocalypse, a conviction that the world is heading for doom.

True to family tradition, Bunker Hunt does not intend to sit idly by while catastrophe descends upon the planet. For him, hoarding silver is not just his way of hedging inflation: it is also part of his attempt to create his own independent economy, his own money. The government treasuries of the world used to be the ones who'd issue currencies backed by precious metal. Like the United States, most countries have long since ceased that practice. Hunt has been trying to revive it — for himself and his silver-buying partners, hoarding silver is part of his scheme to replace paper with something of "real" value. It is his hedge against the "avalanche of evil" he fears is engulfing the world. Ironically, it was also what brought about a personal and public financial apocalypse of the first order.

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The story of Nelson Bunker Hunt begins with his money. Along with his brothers and sisters, he controls what may well be America's largest family fortune. Since the Hunt wealth is privately held, there are no published balance sheets for the empire as a whole. And in addition, arriving at an exact determination of the family wealth is complicated by varying appraisals that can be given to real estate and oil properties, and by discount factors that must be included because certain assets can not very easily be liquidated. But, according to inside sources and those figures that are publicly available, the Hunts control assets that were worth roughly $12-$14 billion when silver prices peaked in January this year. Since silver's crash, the family worth has fallen to $8-$10 billion. They have taken on a considerable amount of debt. In addition to multi-billion-dollar borrowing done in the normal course of business operations, the silver play alone has added roughly $1.5 billion to the Hunts' liabilities. Nevertheless, it is a good bet that the Hunts would come out at least $3 to $5 billion ahead if all of their assets were liquidated tomorrow and all debts were paid out.

Strictly speaking, Bunker Hunt has a personal claim on $3-$6 billion of the family wealth. The rest is divided among his sisters, Margaret Hunt Hill and Caroline Schoellkopf, his mentally ill brother, Hassie, and his two active brothers, W. Herbert, and Lamar. The major parts of Hunt's personal holdings are a 20 percent share of Placid Oil, which is owned by his trust; a one-third share in Penrod Drilling, which he owns in partnership with Herbert and Lamar; at least 50 percent of the family's 100 million ounces of silver, which he owns in partnership with Herbert; a sizeable share of the family's choice real estate holdings; and nearly 1000 thoroughbred race horses. Bunker also carries a considerable portion of the family's debt, including an estimated $500 million incurred in connection with his silver play.

While his individual holdings make him the richest (if not always the most liquid) of H. L. Hunt's heirs, they represent only a fraction of the total wealth at his command. All of his family's holdings operate underneath the umbrella of Hunt Energy Corporation. Each of Bunker's four active siblings sits on the board of directors of Hunt Energy, and each has his or her own bailiwick. The president of Hunt Energy is W. Herbert Hunt. But the chairman of the board of Hunt Energy and the leader of the family is Nelson Bunker Hunt.

In addition to inheriting command of his old man's millions, Bunker Hunt has emerged as the successor to H. L. Hunt's myth. He is the kind of Texas character who is frequently described as "larger than life", then is pigeon-holed in the smallest of stereotypes. He has been compared to the obstinately independent Jett Rink of Edna Ferber's *Giant* and to the unremittingly evil J. R. Ewing of the television series *Dallas*. In a slightly kinder comparison, someone once said that he was "like Burl Ives playing Bunker Hunt in a Tennessee Williams play". In light of his recent silver exploits, it might be more appropriate to describe him as an Ian Fleming character come to life; Nelson Bunker Hunt is Silverfinger. The truly fascinating thing about him, of course, is that he is a character no novelist could invent. Like his father, Bunker is a man who believes that the rules that apply to ordinary people simply do not apply to him. But he does not smoke or drink and he does his gambling at the office, not at the card table or the bettors' windows at the racetrack. Although he wins and loses millions in his everyday wheeling and dealing, he will search for fallen change in the cushions of chairs and couches as feverishly as if he were searching for the world's largest silver vein. He lives in an attractive French provincial mansion in the most exclusive section of Dallas, but he drives a five-year-old Cadillac and almost always flies economy class.

"And keep your hands off the paintings, too."

But, while he usually wears cheap suits and unpolished shoes, he also loves to don a morning coat and top hat for the English Derby at Epsom, explaining the apparent contradiction as a case of "monkey see, monkey do".

He has been known to negotiate to the last penny on conventional oil deals ("He doesn't want simply to make a good deal for both sides; he wants the other guy to bleed," says one former associate), but he also has committed himself to such non-conventional projects as an expedition to find Noah's Ark, an attempt to salvage the *Titanic* and a venture in manufacturing two-passenger helicopters that literally never got off the ground. He has been photographed with the Queen, has done business with Saudi royalty and heads of State all over the world but is down-home enough to talk with horse trainers and farm hands as if he were their next door neighbor.

Time and again, Bunker has echoed an odd, almost wacky anti-Semitism formerly attributed to his father. He refers to one of his lawyers as "Super Jew" and to his Jewish business opponents in terms far less kind. He recently told a reporter that he was not prejudiced against the Jews but added: "They are a little different, like a Chinaman or whatever is different; you do have to say that." One of those differences, in Bunker's opinion, is intelligence. He definitely believes that Jews are smarter than everyone else, and he is not above using their brains when it is to his business advantage. As he told one associate: "Never look a gift Jew in the mouth." Despite such retrograde sentiments, one of Bunker's very best friends in Dallas is M. B. Rudman, a flamboyant Jewish oilman who wears flashy clothes and plumed hats and runs an exercise ranch often populated by attractive young women.

Unlike his prolific father, Bunker does not have any secret families. He and his wife, Caroline, have four children and three grandchildren and a rather prudish social image. However, former aides and acquaintances confirm that Bunker definitely has an eye for the ladies.

Bunker's most obvious excess is food. In the past few years, he has ballooned to 135 kilos, but he continues to indulge in favorite delights such as cheeseburgers, chocolate milk, pies and, most of all, ice cream. But in spite of his hefty size and his tendency to be a heavy sleeper, he is full of energy, remarkably light on his feet and tries (with varying success) to maintain a regimen of jogging and racquetball.

He runs his empire with the help of a vice-president who is a former FBI agent. He does not, however, travel with a bodyguard and he lists both his home and office telephone numbers in the Dallas directory. Asked about his apparent casualness, he replies: "Why should I worry? Worrying is for people who have strong intellect or weak character."

Although he sometimes comes off as a fat, squinty-eyed bumbler, he is sharp and crafty and gifted with the same natural mathematical mind his father had. He can, for example, reel off the bloodlines and racing statistics of his horses and the depth and production figures of his oil wells as if he were reading from a book. He also has extraordinary bursts of creative vision. "Bunker has flashes just like the old man used to have," maintains one family member. "Sometimes he's brilliant. The rest of the time you wonder whether he's really with you or not." Excited by those ventures that offer big risks and big rewards, he has both his father's gambling instinct and his unquenchable drive to acquire and acquire until he dominates whatever field he is in. As one former colleague remarked in reference to Bunker's dealings in everything from racehorses to silver: "He doesn't just want some of it. He wants it all."

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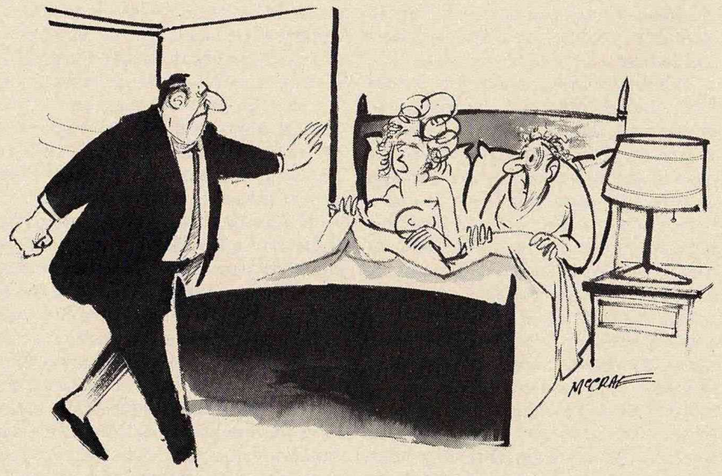
Central to Bunker's motivation is the view of money he inherited from his father. "Money never really meant anything to me," he once said in an interview. "It was just something that, if you wanted to spend it, you would have it. My father never really cared about money either. It was just sort of how they kept the score in life, in business."

That seemingly contradictory statement expresses the essence of the Hunt family philosophy of wealth. Money was not important to his father for what it could buy in the way of personal extravagances. But one's success or failure as a money-maker was the primary measure, in his eyes, of success or failure in life. Demonstrating proficiency as a money-maker was also a way for H.L.'s children to win their father's fickle attention. For that reason, Bunker and all the rest of H.L.'s offspring learned at an early age to value all 100 cents in every Hunt dollar. Their greed, such as it is, does not result from mere financial cravings but from an emotional quest for both love and money.

In his early years, Bunker did not have an easy time getting either one. Born in El Dorado, Arkansas, on February 20, 1926, he grew up in the shadow of his father's legend. In addition to being a gambler, an oil billionaire, a health fanatic, a right-wing propagandist and an all-American eccentric, H. L. Hunt sired 15 children in three separate families.

He began his first family in ordinary fashion by marrying Lyda



"But Herbert. I thought he *was* you. I lost my damned contact lenses again and I couldn't tell the difference."

Australian Playboy September 1980

Bunker Hunt, who was Bunker's mother. He also, however, began secret families with Frania Tye and Ruth Ray while he was still married to and living with Lyda. After Lyda died, H.L. married Ruth and gave their four children his name. Driven by an extraordinary reserve of libidinous energy, H.L. loved sex well into his later years, but he did not regard his relationships with Frania and Ruth as mere love affairs. Rather, he very much intended them to produce children. The reason? He believed he carried a "genius gene". He felt that by fathering more children he was doing the world a favor.

As if all that were not enough to live up to, Bunker had to compete for H.L.'s favor with his brother Hassie. The oldest of the Hunt sons, Hassie was his father's physical likeness and his runaway favorite. Thanks to what H.L. regarded as a mystical ability to find oil, Hassie was a millionaire in his own right by the age of 21. A short time after that, however, Hassie suffered an incapacitating mental breakdown. H.L. sent Hassie to every important treatment centre in the country, then decided to risk what was considered the latest advance in psychiatry: a prefrontal lobotomy. The lobotomy calmed Hassie down, but he has had to be placed under 24-hour care ever since.

H.L. kept on looking for a new miracle cure and another Hassie. Disappointed on both counts, he took much of his frustration out on his next eldest son, Bunker. When not simply ignoring Bunker, he was often finding fault, bawling him out, belittling him. By the time Bunker had begun to work at Hunt Oil on a full-time basis, H.L. had let it be known that he thought his second son by Lyda was stupid and unfit to succeed him. The old man then shifted his favor to Bunker's younger brothers Herbert and Lamar.

While H.L.'s attitude was hardly fair, Bunker did not do much to impress anyone in his early years. It was always Herbert who was the precocious entrepreneur, the one who raised turkeys and chickens in a pen behind the house, and earning his mother's praise as "my little businessman". Bunker displayed a requisite dose of the family frugality by collecting all his returnable pop bottles, and showed some interest in the oil business, but he demonstrated none of Hassie's supposed mystical abilities to find oil or Herbert's steady enterprise. He was also an indifferent student. After graduating with middling marks from the Hill School in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, he enrolled at the University of Texas, attended classes for about a year, then dropped out and joined the Navy. According to his own recollection, Bunker spent the last years of World War Two as a seaman on an aircraft carrier where his chief duty was swabbing the deck.

After the Navy, Bunker attempted college once more. As he later admitted, he wasn't exactly "a matriculation star". While brother Herbert was off at Washington and Lee was dutifully studying for a geology degree, Bunker found it hard to get interested in anything going on inside the classroom. And those teachers who did catch his ear did not exactly win his respect. The final straw was when Bunker heard his geology professor proclaim that the Government should control not only oil and gas but all natural resources. No son of H. L. Hunt could sit and listen to a professor who thought like that. Bunker left college once and for all, and went to work in the family oil business.

That act was in itself a pretty good indication that Bunker had a lot of his old man in him. So was the fact that, in 1948, at the age of 22, Bunker found a $7 million oil field in Scurry County, Texas. By Hunt family standards, though, he still had a long way to go to prove himself a real money-maker. In the early '50s, he determined to make his big move. At that time, most of the major oil companies were shifting their exploration efforts from relatively picked-over US locations to virgin locations in foreign countries. Bunker decided that the Hunts should be in the international oil game, too.

Surprisingly, he abandoned his father's instinctual, shoot-from-the-hip style in favor of a more highly systematic approach. His first step was to hire University of Illinois geology professor Harold Scott to make a study of potential drilling sites around the world. With Iran and the Middle East locked up by the majors, Scott advised that the two most likely places to drill were Pakistan and North Africa. Wasting no time, Bunker announced an ambitious drilling program in co-operation with the Pakistani Government and promptly drilled $11 million worth of dry holes.

H.L. was not impressed. Appalled at Bunker's losses, he claimed that he could find more oil with a road map than Bunker could find with a whole platoon of fancy geologists. But with a stubborn persistence that could only have been inherited, Bunker kept drilling in other overseas locations. Some $250 million worth of dry holes later, he finally hit in Libya. His find was known as the Sarir Field and its reserves were estimated at 11 to 13 billion barrels of oil. A little more than half of the strike belonged to British Petroleum, but the rest was Bunker's. Even at then depressed world prices of about $2 per barrel, his interest was worth up to $5 billion, or about twice as much as H.L.'s fortune.

All of a sudden, Bunker Hunt, the unfavored son, was, at least on paper, the world's wealthiest person. As a practical matter, however, he was nearly broke. All the dry holes had decimated his trust income, and his Libyan find would not make up for it until pipelines could be built, a project that would take several more years. In the meantime, Bunker had no choice but to put up with the humiliation of turning to his still sceptical father for a loan.

Eventually, of course, Bunker's Libyan production did come on stream, and he began a series of worldwide business adventures culminating in his great silver play. Yet, with each new deal, he still seemed bent on proving that he was a money-maker worthy of the family name. He also seemed determined to prove his allegiance to his father's brand of politics.

Some of Bunker's money-giving consisted of regular $5000 tithes to H.L.'s Facts Forum and Life Line foundations, which produced right-wing political messages once carried on 500 radio stations across the United States. But instead of jumping on the old man's bandwagon full time, Bunker found an alternative in the like-thinking John Birch Society. As its founder, Robert Welch, became a kind of surrogate political father, Bunker became the organisation's largest contributor, with annual gifts estimated in the $250,000 range.

Like his father, Bunker quickly became the subject of rumors and wild-eyed accusations linking him with all sorts of international right-wing conspiracies and purported paramilitary organisations. All these rumors were fuelled by the fact that Bunker was one of the financiers of the black-bordered "WELCOME, MR KENNEDY, TO DALLAS" advertisement that ran in *The Dallas Morning News* on the day President Kennedy was assassinated in 1963.

Like H.L., Bunker has been relatively stingy with his contributions to mainstream politicians. In 1968, however, he did give $300,000 to George Wallace. He also set up a secret $1 million trust fund to induce General Curtis LeMay to run as the Vice-Presidential candidate on the Wallace ticket. He counts among his mainstream political friends Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, and former Treasury Secretary John Connally.

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Bunker's interest in silver began one day at the Hunts' Circle T ranch outside Dallas. The year was 1970 and Bunker was sitting in one of his favorite places, the kitchen, talking with a New York commodities broker named Alvin J. Brodsky. A short, excitable man, Brodsky had flown down to Texas to make what would turn out to be one of the most important sales pitches of his career. His method was simple but graphic. As the cattle grazed outside, Brodsky gestured at the items in the room — the tablecloth, the utensils, the food and asked a single question: "Bunker, do you believe you're going to have to pay more for these things next year than you did this year?"

Bunker said he did.

"Well, then," Brodsky said, "you should consider silver."

Simplistic as it may have sounded, Brodsky's pitch jibed perfectly with Bunker's financial situation and his total world view. At the time, his Libyan oil investment had reached payout, and income was pouring in at a peak rate of about $30 million a year, all of it tax-free. Bunker had to find a place to put it all. However, both domestic and world oil prices were at "depressed" pre-embargo levels of $2 and $3 per barrel, and most of the so-called experts were saying that there were enough available foreign and domestic reserves to meet America's demands for decades. The per ounce price of silver was also at an historic low of about $1.50, an even lower unit price than oil. But Bunker believed that silver might well be in for an enormous increase in price.

The inflationary future Brodsky illustrated at the Circle T was one main reason. Bunker personally believed that inflation would grow worse. More generally, he believed that life on earth — politics, living standards, population — was going to grow worse, and he saw plenty of evidence to support his view: there was a war in Vietnam, turmoil in the Middle East and riots in American streets. In Libya, a left-wing radical named Col. Muammar Qadaffi had recently deposed the king, and was already making threatening gestures at Bunker and the other American oil operators there. To Nelson Bunker Hunt, the world's future looked grave indeed.

Even his own personal future looked perilous. A few months before his meeting with Brodsky, a massive embezzlement scandal erupted in his HLH food products division. Bunker and his brother Herbert were firmly convinced that the culprits were their aging father's closest aides. Unable to convince H.L., they decided that the only way to get definitive proof was by wire-tapping of the suspects. In January of 1970, one of the private eyes the Hunts hired to do the wire-tapping was arrested for running a stop sign. Now the Hunts' wire-tap caper was on the verge of exploding into the pre-Watergate era's most sensational bugging scandal.

Alvin Brodsky was not the only person who had recommended silver. There were Bunker's former prep school roommate Ted Jansey and Dallas silver brokers Don and Scott Dial. As those and other silver bugs reminded Bunker, it was then illegal for Americans to buy gold. That left few attractive precious-metal choices for a US citizen who believed the world was going to hell in a hack. So shortly after hearing Brodsky's pitch at the Circle T, Bunker and Herbert began buying silver.

They bought slowly at first, making purchases in 5000 and 10,000-ounce "penny packets", mostly through Bache and Co, the commodities outfit with which Brodsky was associated. The total amount of those investments was only a few hundred thousand dollars. The initial results, however, were of the sort Bunker and his brother could readily appreciate. Between 1970 and 1973, the price of silver rose 110 percent to $3 an ounce.

Meanwhile, both the international situation and Bunker's personal situation worsened. In what turned out to be a prelude to the Arab oil embargo of that autumn, Qadaffi nationalised Bunker's Libyan holdings in May of 1973, announcing that he wanted to give America "a slap on its cool, arrogant face". Some international oilmen opined that Bunker could have avoided the takeover by agreeing to negotiate a 51 percent nationalisation agreement — instead of refusing to negotiate at all.

Bunker, for his part, regarded such talk as hogwash. Like the rest of the Libyan operators, he had signed the so-called "safety net" agreement calling for all companies to present a united front in negotiating with the Libyans. But, instead of rushing to Bunker's assistance, the other operators — most of them major oil companies — rushed to negotiate with the Libyans. Bunker angrily charged the major oil companies with conspiring to make him the guinea pig, and filed a whopping $13 billion damage suit against Mobil and 13 other companies. (He eventually lost the suit after more than four years of litigation.) Bunker also blamed his ouster on the US Government and the CIA in particular for failing to do anything about the Libyan situation. Ironically, Bunker had previously refused a CIA request to place an agent in his Libyan operations, citing the terms of his concession agreement with the Libyans..

Along with the Libyan takeover came troubles on the home front. In

Hunt's Australian Connection

As well as possessing the lion's share of the world's silver supplies, Nelson Bunker Hunt owns a large chunk of Australia — almost 10,000 square kilometres, in fact, an area about four times the size of the ACT.

He has six properties which run 40,000 cattle and 850 horses.

His interests are concentrated in Queensland and the Northern Territory, and his purchase of three stations for $5.2 million sparked off an investigation by the Australian Foreign Investment Review Board, which approved the sale last year. The stations are the 4700 square kilometre Austral Downs, 270km south-west of Mount Isa on the Queensland/Northern Territory border; Clonagh, which is 1030 square km north-east of Mount Isa in Northern Queensland; and Kalmeta, 577 square km, adjoining Clonagh. Another property called Byramine (363 square km) is worked as part of Kalmeta.

Hunt has owned another Northern Territory station — the 3200 square kilometre Banka Banka near Tennant Creek — for some years. And in 1971 he bought a property called Hopewood from horse trainer and former jockey George Moore. Situated in Coolac, NSW, Hopewood is Hunt's smallest Australian property, covering an area of 25.5 square kilometres.

After selling Hopewood to Hunt, Moore worked for him as a trainer in Paris for a short time before mysteriously quitting. Although he said they parted on amicable terms, Moore never revealed why he left.

Hunt runs a small office in Brisbane which supervises his property interests, and employs former Melbourne bloodstock agent Jim Shannon as his racing manager. When contacted by Australian PLAYBOY in Melbourne, Shannon declined to give details of Hunt's racing interests, saying: "He's been very good to me."

However, Hunt is known to have almost 100 thoroughbreds in Australia and New Zealand. His New Zealand stud farm at Matamata covers some 800 hectares, its main money earner being the top stallion Decies.

January 1973 Bunker and Herbert were indicted for illegal wire-tapping. That, too, they blamed squarely on the CIA. Charging that the Justice Department had reneged on a secret deal not to prosecute them, the Hunt brothers claimed that the CIA had induced the Justice Department to go ahead with the prosecution anyway because the agency was angered by Bunker's refusal to place an agent in his Libyan operations. They also alleged that Paul Rothermel, their father's former security chief, had been granted immunity from any prosecution over the HLH food embezzlement case because he was a Government agent assigned to spy on the family.

Nevertheless, the Justice Department continued to press its case against the Hunts. Bunker and Herbert were eventually indicted on charges of obstruction of justice for allegedly offering payments to their private eyes to keep their involvement in the wire-tapping a secret.

With the world apparently crumbling all around him, Bunker decided to go heavily into silver. This time he and his brother Herbert — aided by in-law Randy Kreiling, a commodities expert — began buying into the market with what would soon come to be known as the typical Hunt style. The key elements in their strategy were size, secrecy and surprise. Working through Bache and a variety of other brokers, they purchased not just penny packets but millions and millions of ounces. Their first huge order was a 20-million-ounce December 1973 contract. Other big orders followed, and, by early 1974, the Hunts had gathered contracts totalling 55 million ounces, or about seven to nine percent of the total estimated world supply. That gave them more silver than anyone on earth save the governments of Mexico and India and the silver exchanges themselves.

Bunker and Herbert placed their orders with more than the usual concern for confidentiality. Secret buying strategies are common in the commodities-futures markets, where leaks of a big purchase can send prices skyrocketing. But the Hunts had more than the usual big futures play in the works. Most silver traders deal only in paper, not actual metal. When their silver-futures contracts mature, they sell them for a profit or loss, without ever physically handling the silver itself. Since they buy on margin, silver traders have to put up only a percentage of the actual purchase price to secure their contracts; in 1973, the margin requirements were only five percent of the total purchase price.

The Hunts, however, were taking *delivery* on their contracts, all 55 million ounces' worth. That meant they had to put up roughly $160 million — in cash. Taking delivery on all that silver also meant that they had to store it somewhere. And that, in turn, necessitated the second and more secret phase of their silver-buying scheme, an operation they discussed only in code.

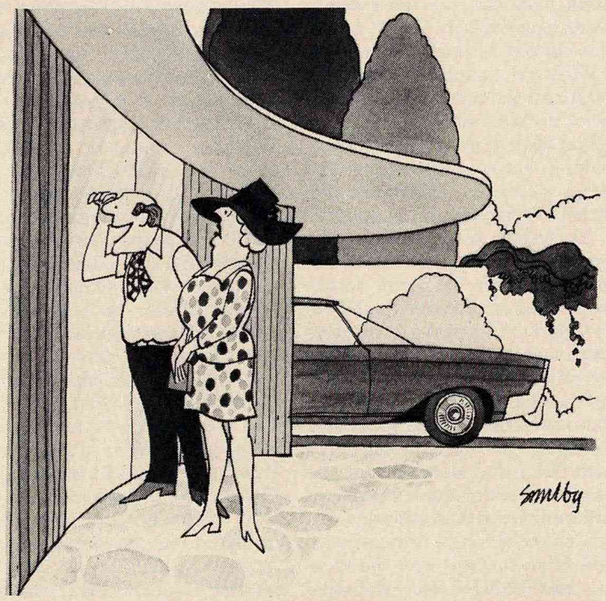
Most of the details of the Hunts' great silver round-up are still secret, but sources familiar with the operation say it began with a shoot-out at the Circle K ranch. The property of H.L.'s second family, the Circle K is a 1000-hectare spread located east of Dallas. As the front men for the operation, Randy Kreiling and his brother Tilmon recruited a dozen cowboys from the Circle K ranch by holding a shooting match to see who were the best marksmen. The winners received a special assignment: riding shotgun on the Hunts' horde of silver.

With guns in hand, the Circle K cowboys flew up to New York aboard three chartered 707s. The planes came from a nationally known charter company, but the name of the firm was covered with tape so that the only visible identifying marks were the planes' registration numbers. The aircraft landed at LaGuardia Airport in the dead of night. A short time after their arrival, a convoy of armored trucks arrived from the New York Commodities Exchange warehouse. Inside were 40 million ounces of silver bullion. The transfer took place almost wordlessly. There was no joking or fooling around — just serious loading. When the planes were full, the cowboys climbed in and the charter pilots got clearance for take-off. Their destination: Zurich.

Upon their arrival in Switzerland, the Hunt planes were met by another big convoy of armored trucks. The cowboys and the armed guards transferred the silver from the planes to the trucks. Then the bullion was driven to six secret storage locations in Zurich. Five of these were in bank vaults, among them the vault of Credit Suisse. However, the Hunts' silver horde was too much for the available bank vaults to handle. The excess bullion had to be stored in the coffers of a Swiss warehouse named Freedlager.

The costs of that trans-Atlantic storage operation were enormous. Chartering the three 707s involved nearly $200,000. On top of that, the average storage costs for silver ran on the average of a half a cent per ounce per month. For the 40 million ounces stashed in Europe and the 15 million ounces still in exchange warehouses in Chicago and New York, the annual storage charges amounted to some $3 million. Still, flying the bullion to Switzerland was cheaper than taking it home to Texas where the Hunts would have had to pay a five percent franchise tax to the State. More important, having his silver locked away in Swiss banks added to what Bunker wanted out of the deal most of all: a sense of security.

For all his precautions, Bunker could not keep his silver-buying scheme a secret for long. In the spring of 1974, word hit the silver-trading floors of the world that a mysterious Texan named Hunt had just taken



"That's okay. Don't stop. We'll be back in 10 minutes."

delivery on more silver than any single buyer had purchased in recent memory. The price rose to more than $6 per ounce. Even veteran traders began to panic.

In most modern markets, talk of a corner would have been dismissed as just that — talk. The classic definition of a precious-metals corner is when an individual holds enough bullion and enough futures contracts to have a virtual monopoly on the total supply — and thus effective control of the price of both bullion and futures, since anyone who wanted the metal would have to come to him. Few people or groups have the skill or the financial resources to pull one off. Indeed, the last time anyone cornered the silver market was when the Bank of England accomplished the feat in 1721. As the veteran traders knew, however, silver was potentially more vulnerable than other commodities. Unlike gold, it has a wide range of industrial uses (most notably for photographic film), as well as a value in jewellery making. Annual production in 1974 was only about 245 million ounces, while the annual consumption was about 450 million ounces. Exactly how much the total world supply amounted to was anybody's guess. Estimates ranged from 600 million ounces to 800 million ounces. Of that total, only 200 million ounces was believed to be available for delivery against any silver-futures contracts. While silver from tea sets, silverware and other sources has a way of coming out of the woodwork in times of high prices, many traders believed that it would take a lot less than 200 million ounces to corner the silver commodities market.

In April of 1974, Bunker stopped in New York to visit the floor of the commodities exchange for the first time in his life. When he walked on to the floor, all activity came to a halt. The traders dropped what they were doing and simply stared at the overweight, spectacled Texan in the cheap blue suit. Later that day, Bunker granted a rare interview to a reporter from the financial journal *Barron's*. Although he politely refused to reveal the size of his silver holdings, Bunker did give the world a glimpse of his long-term intentions. As he put it in typically twisted syntax: "Just about anything you buy, rather than paper, is better. You're bound to come out ahead in the long pull. If you don't like gold, use silver. Or diamonds. Or copper. But *something*. Any damn fool can run a printing press."

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On November 29, 1974, H. L. Hunt died at the age of 85. His death prompted a three-way family feud that would put the petty bickering of television's Ewing clan to shame. In his will, H.L. left all of his stock in Hunt Oil — about 80 percent of the company's shares — to his second wife, Ruth. That was the bulk of his personal estate. Most of the rest was a cluster of Louisiana oil properties that he divided into 1/14th shares among each of his surviving children by Lyda, Frania and Ruth. As his sole independent executor, he named 31-year-old Ray L. Hunt, his son by Ruth. He added a clause stipulating that anyone who challenged his will would automatically be disinherited.

While many of their friends thought the will was fair, Bunker and his siblings were furious. The first family had already inherited the bulk of H.L.'s billions through their trusts. Hunt Oil still serviced the accounts of the first family-owned companies such as Placid Oil and Penrod Drilling, but the oil and real estate properties still technically a section of Hunt Oil amounted to only $300 million worth or about one-tenth of what the first family had already taken. Still, $300 million was $300 million. The first family also objected to the will on status grounds — that they were the first, and only legitimate, heirs.

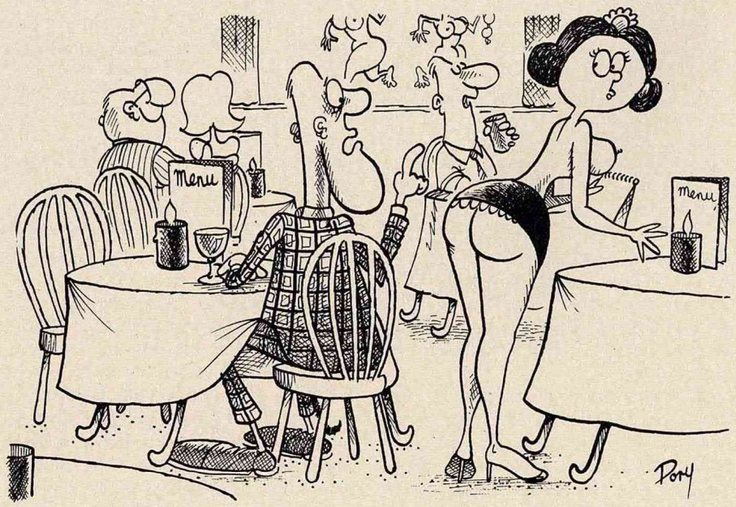
Finally, Bunker and Herbert informed Ray that the first family had decided to go their own way. They moved from the Hunt Oil headquarters on the 29th floor of the First National Bank Building to the 25th floor. There they formed a new parent corporation they named Hunt Energy.

Shortly after the first and second families split, Frania Tye Lee, the mother of H.L.'s third and still secret family, filed a suit for a larger share of the estate. Her children filed a separate suit to be recognised as the legitimate heirs of H. L. Hunt. The suit went to trial in Shreveport, Louisiana, Federal court in January 1978. After five days of sensational testimony, the families settled with Mrs Lee for $7.5 million. However, before the final papers could be signed, Mrs Lee's sons began an objection to the agreement, and the matter is unresolved to this day.

Amidst all that family feuding, Bunker faced the unsettling prospect of a jury trial for wire tapping. No sooner had he formed Hunt Energy than he had to make contingency plans for running the family empire in the event of a conviction and prison sentence. He decided to take another stab at improving his silver position.

By this time, Bunker and Herbert had owned their 55 million ounces for about a year, but the price was languishing around $4. Bunker still had confidence in the long-term outlook for the metal, but he was now in an ever-tightening cash squeeze. He believed, however, that if he could get another big buyer to join him in the silver market, prices might begin to rise again — maybe even catch fire.

So in early March of 1975 Bunker left Dallas with a tourist-class plane ticket and high hopes of finding a kindred spirit in the Middle East. When he arrived in London, he and an aide changed to reserved first-class seats on a flight for Tehran. That was not usually Bunker's custom, flying first class. But on this particular day he flew first class for a very good reason. When he arrived at the Tehran



"Excuse me, miss. Your slip is showing."

airport, he was being met by his friend Mamoud Pahlavi, the shah's brother, and he wanted to make the best possible impression. Bunker had a business proposal for the Iranians: he wanted them to buy silver.

Upon his arrival in Tehran, Bunker was ushered in a chauffeur-driven limousine to an appointment with the Iranian finance minister, Mr Ansari. A distinguished-looking man in his 50s, Ansari listened as the great-girthed Texan suggested that the Pahlavi Foundation invest in several million ounces of silver. Ansari had never heard of Bunker Hunt and asked, by way of financial background, how much money he had made in the previous year.

Bunker looked stumped. He really didn't know how much he made, not exactly. He did not like to count his money — mostly because he thought it was bad luck. Besides, what he reported as personal income for tax purposes and what he regarded as ready income for Hunt investments were two vastly different figures.

"Fifty million dollars," Bunker said finally. Then he glanced at his aide for reassurance. "Isn't that about right?"

The aide nodded dutifully, not knowing whether it was or wasn't but guessing it had to be at least that.

Ansari looked a little sceptical. Bunker's hesitation seemed to put him off. The meeting ended without a firm commitment.

Choking and headachy from the Tehran smog, Bunker caught the next plane out, which happened to be bound for Zurich. Along the way, he decided to go on up to Paris and see his racehorses.

Then he got another idea: why not try the Saudis?

When he landed in Zurich, Bunker sent his aide to telephone the family's Middle East expert in New York. The expert's name was Benjamin Harrison Freedman. A friend and contemporary of Bunker's late father, Freedman was a longtime right-wing activist whom one of Hunt's associates characterised as "an anti-Semitic Jew". As such, he was typical of the Hunt family's informal brain trust, an amazing assortment of mostly arch-conservative and often slightly eccentric wizards of sciences and pseudo-sciences ranging from economics to climatology.

Freedman advised Bunker to slow down. All the Middle East was aware of his trip to Tehran. To fly right over to Saudi Arabia would only offend King Faisal by making him seem second to the shah. Freedman urged Bunker to fly back to the United States first. He would then make an appointment for Bunker to see the King in about two weeks. That way, Bunker could show the proper respect for the King by coming directly from his home country.

Bunker followed Freedman's advice. A meeting was arranged for three weeks hence. Bunker went on to Paris to see his horses and flew back to the US. Then, on March 25, 1975, King Faisal was assassinated.

Faisal's death and the Hunt brothers' upcoming wire-tapping trial brought Bunker's silver play to a screeching halt. Grimly, Bunker and Herbert completed their contingency plans for the worst. With the coaching of their attorney Phil Hirschkop, the Hunts also affected a reunion with the second family. When they arrived in Lubbock for the start of the trial, the two families were flashing beauty-contest smiles, giving gush interviews to the press, chatting with the locals like new neighbors and generally acting like the most harmonious collection of kinfolk in America.

When the trial began in September, the Hunts pleaded ignorance of the law. Their excuse was that a new wire tap statute had just gone into effect and the Watergate scandal had not occurred at the time of their alleged misdeeds. Secondly, the brothers claimed they had no evil intent in wire tapping — only a desire to protect their aging father from the thieves within his empire. The jury bought it all and acquitted the brothers in record time.

Bunker's performance lived up to his best standards. Although visibly concerned before the trial, he actually dozed off to sleep at one point in the proceedings. Once on the stand, however, he testified with simple eloquence on his own behalf. After the trial, fully awake and noticeably relieved, his first comment was to point up the exorbitant costs of Government harassment. In the five-year legal battle leading to their acquittal, he and his brother had spent an estimated $1 million in legal fees. "If Herbert and I had been just ordinary people," Bunker observed to the eager press, "we could have been in real trouble."

•

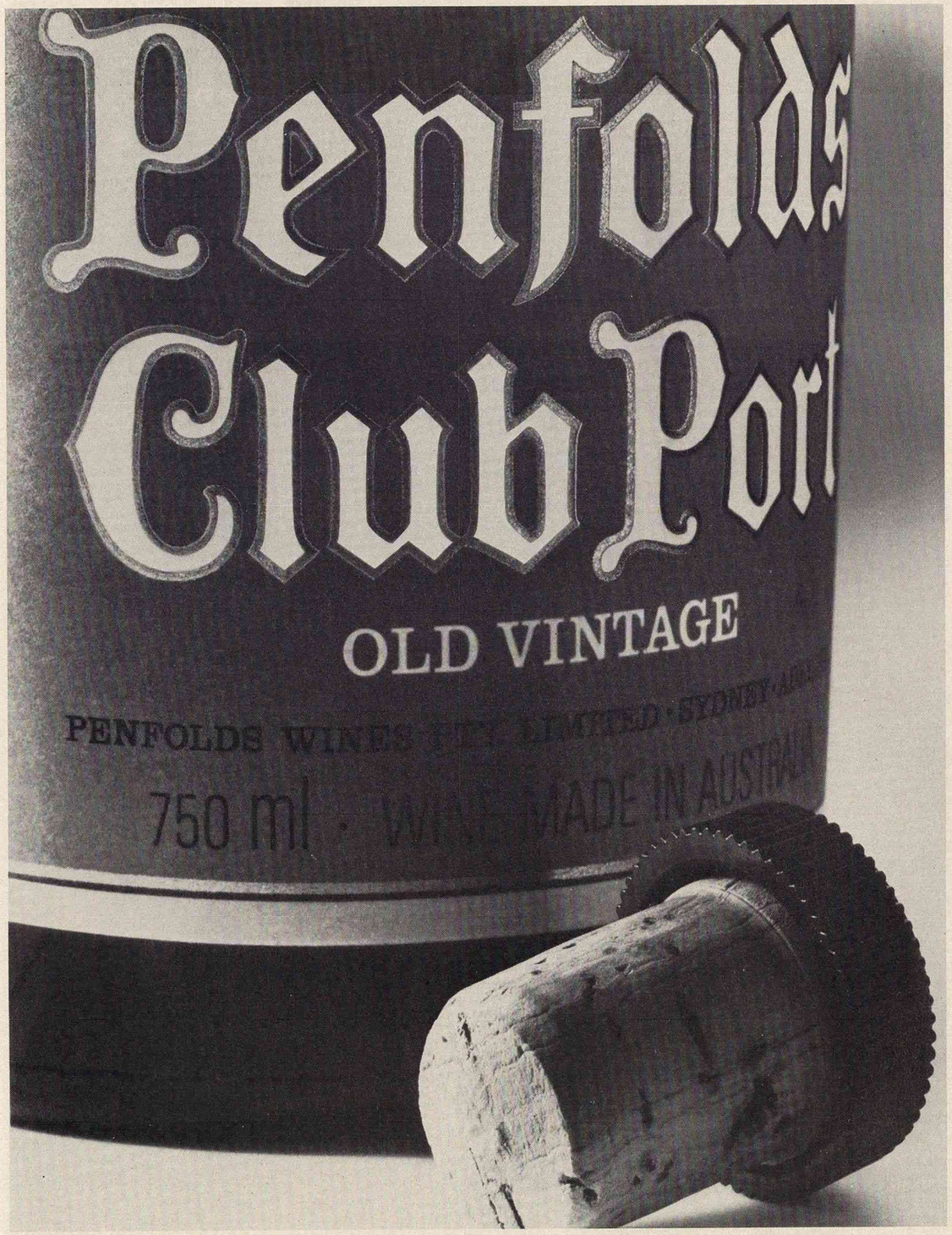
Following the wire-tapping trial, Bunker was still in a cash squeeze and silver was still his biggest problem. But he refused to sell out or sit on the sidelines while other deals passed him by. Unable to get the price of silver to move, he decided to borrow against his bullion, and invest that cash in other big commodity plays. Such a strategy involved a double risk: if silver kept declining and his other plays also failed, he would be in more of a pinch than ever. But, then, big risks were just the thing that got the Hunt blood stirring. So, with his silver at a standstill, he launched a family invasion of a number of other commodities markets.

After a lucrative but tempestuous bout in soybeans futures (in which they were rightly accused by the Commodity Futures Trading Commission of violating the three-million bushel limit by any individual or group), the Hunts began to focus on another area of the market. The initial object was the quest of sugar; immediate target: Great Western United, the nation's largest sugar refiner. The deal had begun shortly before H.L.'s death as a spur-of-the-moment $3 million stock investment. Then the Hunts discovered that Great Western was plagued with management problems and, in late 1974, decided to buy 60 percent control of the company by laying out $30 million more. All of a sudden, the Hunts found themselves with a publicly owned corporation and all sorts of disclosure problems they had never had to put up with in the family's privately-held enterprises. To make matters worse, during the first year of the take-over, Great Western Sugar suffered a decline in revenue of more than $100 million.

Once again, Bunker turned to silver. Convinced that he'd be able to reverse some of Great Western's losses by getting the company into precious metals, he had it sell its sugar futures and start buying silver futures. By the spring of 1976 Great Western's trading company was out of all commodities except silver. Late that year, Great Western received delivery on some 20 million ounces of silver bullion.

At that point, Bunker concocted one of his most way-out schemes: a scheme to trade the 20 million ounces to the Philippines through Great Western. The Philippines would then send Great Western raw sugar for its refineries and exchange the silver for Saudi crude. With the Arabs into the silver market for $100 million worth, the price of silver would rise. Great Western would have sugar, the Philippines would have oil and all sides would be happy, Bunker hoped.

Herbert flew across to the Philippines to negotiate the deal with President Marcos and got a favorable response. But the International Monetary fund, which lent a great deal of money to the Philippines to buy crude, said it would not recognise silver as part of the country's national resources. In effect, the IMF ruling meant that the 20 million ounces of bullion would be worthless in trying to get loans. With that, Bunker's scheme



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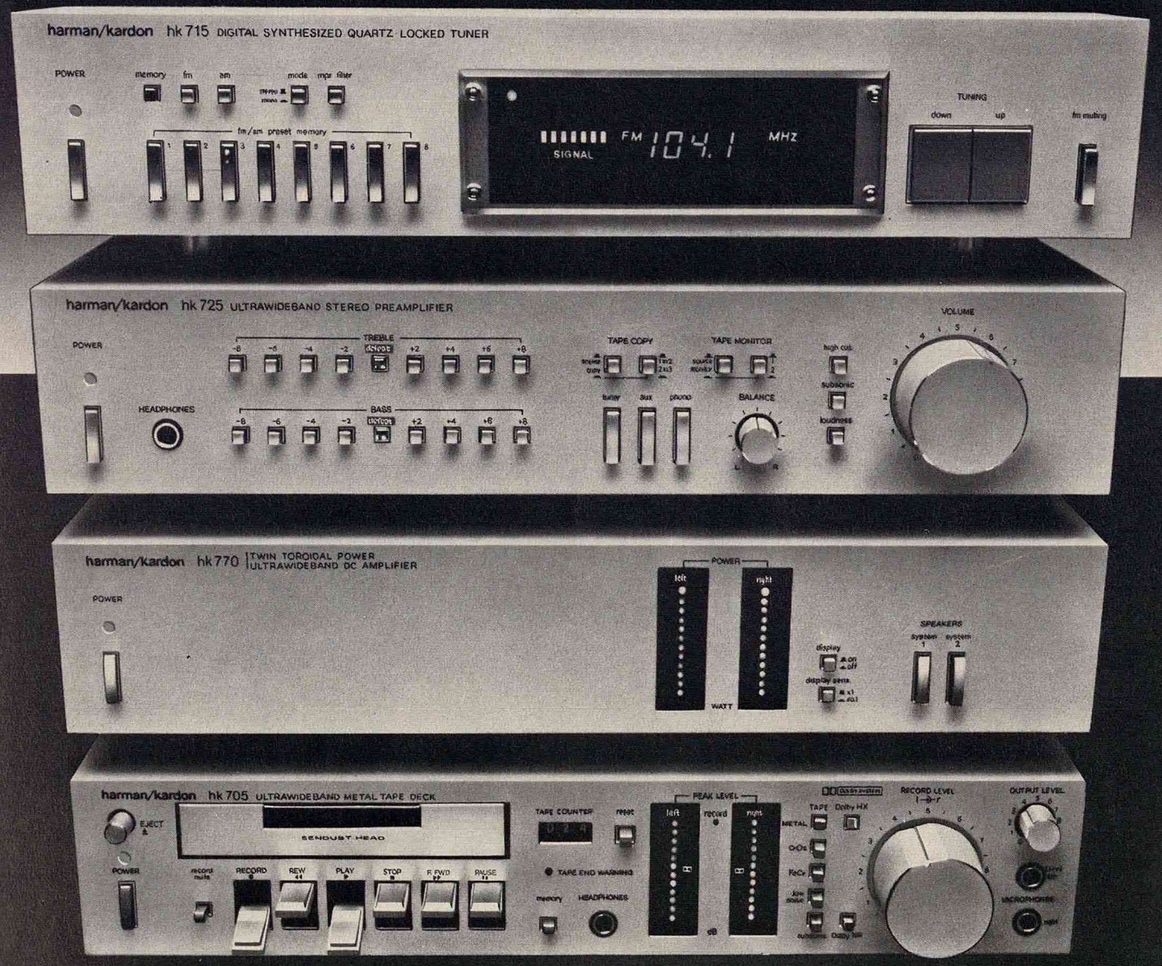
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fell through, Great Western sold its bullion in early 1977 for $88.5 million thus offsetting a substantial part of the revenues lost due to the collapse of the sugar market. Still, the company continued to operate in the red.

After the sale the Hunt brothers took Great Western out of the silver-futures market but not out of silver. Now they began using their newly acquired public company to go after one of the most precious of all the precious-metal prizes: the largest silver mine in America. Owning the nation's biggest silver mine would be like the crown on the Hunts' silver empire. As a working mine, it was a productive asset in its own right. What's more, its estimated reserves of more than 30 million ounces would give the Hunts a base lode in the US to complement their stash in Europe. Finally, as the owners of an operating mine, the Hunts would qualify as commercial users of silver, and would thus be exempt from the trading restrictions applicable to futures market speculators. Although that would later appear to be a most important benefit, it was a factor that the Hunts did not consider at the time — or so they said.

Located near Kellogg, Idaho, the Big Creek mine was owned by a publicly traded company called Sunshine Mining. In the spring of 1977, Bunker and Herbert launched an attempt to take over Sunshine Mining through Great Western. Sunshine's management opposed the take-over, and a complicated flurry of litigation ensued. When the dust settled, the Hunt brothers emerged with 28 percent of the stock for $19.5 million and a settlement agreement stipulating that they could acquire the rest of Sunshine's stock at no less than $15 a share, or about $60 million. Thus assured that the nation's largest silver mine would soon be theirs, the Hunt brothers installed a lieutenant — G. Michael Boswell, the former president of Great Western United, by now renamed Hunt International Resources Corporation (HIRCO) — as the new president of Sunshine. Bunker and Herbert then turned to other things — such as figuring out how to buy more silver.

There was certainly no shortage of cash for their venture. Back in the early 1970s Placid Oil had made a major gas discovery in the Dutch sector of the North Sea. In 1977, Placid's wells finally came onstream. Average production that year was 193,000 million cubic feet per day, or the rough equivalent of about $130 million a year in gross income. And that was just the beginning. The Hunts' North Sea production was due to increase the next year and the next year, on its way to a projected yearly gross income of about $200 million per year by 1980. The onset of the North Sea production changed the Hunt family's situation dramatically.

Instead of being short on cash, the Hunts now had more income coming in than most people would know what to do with in a lifetime. For Bunker, however, the solution to this new "problem" was simple enough: the time was ripe for buying things. He still had a great deal of cash tied up in silver, not to mention continuing multi-million dollar storage bills, and yet the price was still languishing between $4 and $5 an ounce.

Given what was happening in the world and the ever-increasing price of gold, Bunker was now more than ever convinced that the price of silver was destined to catch fire soon. Rather than ease his "cash squeeze" by selling off his bullion (a move that would make him miss out on any upcoming price increases), he set out once again to find a silver buying partner.

This time Bunker's share of the Hunt luck came through. After being turned down by the Iranian royal family, then on the verge of being deposed by the Islamic Revolution, he got some interest out of the Saudis. What first attracted the Saudis' attention was a letter Bunker sent to 50 wealthy Saudis in early 1978 explaining why he believed silver was bound for a big increase in price. According to sources familiar with the deal in the making, however, the actual Hunt-Saudi connection came not from the letter but from the hand of the ubiquitous John Connally.

In February of 1978, just as he was gearing up for his Presidential race, Connally introduced Bunker to Sheikh Khaled Ben Mahfouz, a Connally client and business partner whose family controls the National Commercial Bank of Saudi Arabia in Jedda. Like most other wealthy Saudis, Sheikh Mahfouz had connections to the royal family, but he was not royalty himself. Rather, as a sheikh not a prince, he was one of that class of Saudis who had risen to wealth at the pleasure and munificence of the king. The western mind might regard him as a sort of feudal lord. The Saudi blue bloods regarded him as *nouveau riche,* a wheeler-dealer who had too high a profile.

Connally and Mahfouz had established a symbiotic business relationship. Mahfouz had purchased an interest in the Main Bank in Houston, an institution in which Connally happened to own a financial stake. The man Mahfouz had purchased his interest from was Saudi wheeler-dealer Ghaith Pharoan. The flamboyant Pharoan was Mahfouz' friend and Connally's client, but he was also the new owner of a stake in the National Bank of Georgia, run by the disgraced former Budget Director in the Carter administration, Bert Lance. Connally feared that even a remote association with Lance would damage his presidential hopes. Mahfouz bought out Pharoan's interest in the Main Bank in Houston to save embarrassment for Connally. Connally acquired interest in Mahfouz' bank in Saudi Arabia.

By bringing Hunt and Mahfouz together in the winter of 1978, Connally was performing one of his most fabled functions — that of deal maker. The introductory meeting took place in Washington after Hunt and Connally completed negotiations on a New Zealand deal the Hunts were in. No final commitment was made at the meeting, but plans were made to explore the deal with some investors Mahfouz knew in Jedda.

Then, just about the time a deal with the Saudis finally seemed to be in the offing, trouble developed back in Dallas. Ironically, part of the problem came from the fact that the price of silver finally began to move of its own accord. Responding at last to inflation and increases in older precious metal prices, silver rose from $4 an ounce to $6 an ounce by January 1979. Prices continued a slow but steady climb toward the $8 mark.

Meanwhile, G. Michael Boswell and the other young Hunt lieutenants in Sunshine Mining's management turned hostile to the scheduled Hunt take-over. Boswell and his men based their opposition on both personal and financial grounds. Complaining of heavy-handed treatment by HIRCO's managers, the Sunshine men claimed that the $15-per-share take-over price mentioned in the settlement agreement with the Hunts was a floor, not a ceiling. Boswell and his group made it clear they thought the price for Sunshine was now too low in light of the recent trends in silver prices. They wrote the Sunshine shareholders a strongly worded letter warning them *Don't Give Sunshine Away.* Noting that Bunker and Herbert were taking out $42 million in personal loans toward the $79 million purchase price, the letter added:

> Clearly, the Hunts, who know a lot about silver, would not make such an enormous personal loan unless they felt the value of your Sunshine shares was far in excess of what HIRCO was offering you.

To the Hunt brothers, the Boswell letter was an act of high treason. He was, after all, *their* fair-haired boy. A

bitter round of accusations and litigation followed, with the Hunts unleashing their private eyes to poke into the private lives of Boswell and the other Sunshine boys. But Boswell's warning had its intended effect on Sunshine stockholders. After an unsuccessful tender offer, the Hunts finally dropped their take-over attempt and sold their shares in Sunshine back to a management trust. A few weeks later, they bought up the outstanding 40 percent of HIRCO still owned by the public and took the company private.

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In losing Sunshine, the Hunts lost the great silver mine they had lusted for. But their most sensational silver play was only beginning. In the summer of 1979, just after the dust settled from the shoot-out over Sunshine Mining, Bunker and Herbert completed negotiations for their silver-buying partnership with the Saudis. On July 1, 1979, the partners incorporated a Bermuda-based trading company that they named International Metals Investments. The firm's registration listed four principals: Nelson Bunker Hunt, William Herbert Hunt, Sheikh Mohammed Aboud Al-Amoudi and Sheikh Ali Bin Mussalem. International Metal's purpose was to invest in gold, platinum and, most of all, silver.

The participation of the Saudi sheikhs was a result of Bunker's Connally connection. And, like their mutual friend Mahfouz, both Al-Amoudi and Mussalem were *nouveau riche* Arabs from Jedda. Both men had made their money in real estate when the late King Faisal parcelled out some of the lands in the kingdom to allow those sheikhs outside the royal family to share in Saudi Arabia's prosperity. Sources familiar with the two sheikhs indicated that Al-Amoudi was worth about $300 million, while Mussalem had assets of about $100 million. Although such wealth made them rich by most standards, it hardly put them in league with the Hunts. What's more, by investing in silver, Al-Amoudi and Mussalem were defying conventional Saudi business wisdom which held that investing in precious metals put petrodollars back in the hands of the West.

The equaliser, according to several accounts, was the sheikhs' connection to the Saudi royal family. Known by conservative Arab financial men as high flyers, the two sheikhs were not among the king's top advisers. However, both Al-Amoudi and Mussalem did know fellow Jedda resident Prince Faisal ben Abdallah al Saoud. Prince Faisal happened to be the son of Prince Abdallah, the commander of the Saudi national guard and a member of the kingdom's ruling triumvirate. Like Bunker Hunt, Prince Abdallah was a lover of fine horses and a billionaire many times over. The prince could definitely afford to play in the same game as the Hunts. But, like other highly placed Saudis, Prince Abdallah did not like having his name openly connected with business ventures, especially controversial ones. Although neither Prince Abdallah's nor Prince Faisal's name at any time appeared on the registry of International Metals, several sources have suggested they were the real money behind Al-Amoudi and Mussalem.

The exact size of the International Metals Investment partnership is still secret but, as the subsequent events would prove, it was large enough to buy more than 90 million ounces of bullion. At an average price of $10 an ounce, such a horde could be purchased (on margin) via silver futures contracts for an initial cash outlay of some $45 million. But to take delivery on the bullion, as the partners intended to do, some $900 million in cash would be required. As 50-50 partners with the Saudis, Bunker and Herbert would be responsible for putting up roughly $450 million.

Where, given their cash squeeze, did the Hunts plan on coming up with that kind of money? The answer is contained in the question. The Hunts had some money free from the sale of their Sunshine stock. More important, they also had the 42 million ounces' worth of futures contracts they had been rolling forward for the preceding several months. Those contracts settled daily. For every dollar an ounce increase, another dollar an ounce was credited to the Hunts' cash accounts. Since the price of silver had been rising slowly but steadily since the first of the year, the Hunts were now building up sizable surpluses in their accounts — handy collateral for cash loans. In effect, they could use their silver to buy more silver — literally pyramiding bars on top of bars.

The Hunt brothers formed a new subsidiary for their International Metals Investment partnership, appropriately calling it Profit Investment. They chose the name not only for the obvious meaning but also because of a long-lasting family superstition that names beginning with the letter P and containing six letters — names such as Placid and Penrod — brought good luck to whatever venture they were associated with.

The Hunt-Saudi silver buying began in mid-July, and began big. Working through both the commodities exchange (comex) in New York and the Chicago Board of Trade (CBOT), the group purchased some 8600 silver futures contracts, the equivalent of 43 million ounces. All of the contracts were due for delivery around September and October.

About that same time the Hunts and the Saudis started buying, several other big buyers entered the market, too. One was Naji Robert Nahas, a Lebanese Arab living in Brazil who owned 23 multi-national companies and had made many millions speculating in coffee futures. Along with Nahas came big purchasers identified only by corporate front names and addresses in Geneva and in the Bahamas. Like Nahas, those mysterious foreign buyers placed most of their buy orders through Conti Commodity Services; together, the Conti group got into the market for another 42 million ounces' worth of silver futures contracts. Still other foreign buyers, many of them Kuwaitis and Bahrainis, also got into silver on the European exchanges via Gulf Investment, through the Arab consortium bank in Paris.

The identity of the new big buyers remained a secret through August and September, but what happened to the price of silver did not. Having risen slowly but steadily all year, the price suddenly exploded from $8 to more than $16 in only two months. Part of the enormous price explosion was undoubtedly attributable to the voracious demand of the big buyers. But, as the CFTC itself later on observed, the enormous demand was also consistent with the world-wide demand for precious metals as a hedge against inflation as well as unstable politics. Gold prices had already been surging upward for months. Silver had remained relatively underpriced. Now it was catching up. On October 3, it closed at $17.88 per ounce.

Both the comex and the CBOT flew into a panic. Trading frenzied, then dried up as small investors scrambled for cover amid rumors that the new big buyers included the Hunts. Exchange officials grew increasingly anxious. The big buyers kept buying futures, but they also kept taking delivery as soon as their contracts matured. The warehouses of the two exchanges held only 120 million ounces of bullion, and that amount was traded in the month of October alone. The Hunt-Saudi partnership itself took delivery on some 40 million ounces. Combined with the Hunts' earlier purchases, this gave the group ownership of 62 percent of the stock in the comex warehouse and 26 percent of the stock in the board of trade's vaults. International Metals also traded some of its futures for another 28 million ounces of silver not held by

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the US exchanges' vaults. Conditions looked ripe for a "squeeze": that situation where there is simply not enough bullion available to meet the strict delivery terms of the contracts.

At that point, the CFTC and the officials of the two exchanges decided to have a little talk with the Hunts. Explaining that they feared a squeeze, the exchange officials asked the Hunts if they would consider selling some of their silver. The brothers' answer was no. What was more, they said they intended to keep buying silver and to keep taking delivery on it. They thought silver was still a good buy, even at the new high prices. Besides, as Bunker put it with typical understatement: "If you sell, you get into a tax problem."

On top of all that, Bunker really did believe in silver as a long-term investment, the underpinnings of a new economy. He did not say that in so many words to the CFTC men and the exchange officials, but he did give them a glimpse of his basic apocalyptic vision when he revealed a previously undisclosed feature of his silver play: the fact that he was moving his metal to Europe. This time, he did not fly the bullion overseas in chartered jets with cowboy guards. As he told the CFTC, Bunker simply traded nine million ounces of the metal he held in Chicago and New York exchange warehouses for an equal amount of bullion held by other traders in London and Zurich. The reason? As he explained to the CFTC and the board of trade officials, he feared that the US Government might expropriate silver from American citizens in the same way it had expropriated gold back in the '30s.

Bunker's expressed willingness to swap silver apparently mollified the CFTC officials, but the CBOT concluded that it was time to act. In a move aimed directly at the Hunts and the other big buyers, the board of trade raised the margin requirement, and declared that silver traders would be limited to three million ounces' worth of futures contracts. Traders with more than that would have to divest themselves of their excess futures by mid-February, 1980.

With that, the battle lines were drawn. Bunker let it be publicly known that he thought the CBOT was changing the rules in the middle of the game, and vowed to fight the limits all the way. He regarded the CBOT's action as a conspiracy against him by the Eastern establishment.

The boards of the Chicago and New York exchanges were composed not only of "outside" directors but also of representatives of major, Eastern based brokerage houses. If, as Bunker believed, those institutions and their clients held large "short" positions in silver, they could hardly be regarded as objective regulators. At the same time, though, the CBOT restrictions made Bunker even more bullish on silver because, as he puts it, "they show a silver shortage exists".

Bunker appeared to be correct. Through November and December the price of silver rose faster than ever. By the last day of 1979, the price reached an astronomical $34.45 an ounce. Meanwhile, the Hunts' silver holdings kept increasing. By the end of December, the Hunts and their Arab partners held 90.3 million ounces of bullion that the CFTC knew about and another 40 million ounces the Hunts had stashed in Europe several years earlier. The Hunt group also held about 90 million ounces worth of silver futures, most of them due for delivery in March on the comex in New York.

By this time, the CFTC became concerned that the silver positions held by the Hunts and the Conti group (which now owned some 40 million ounces of bullion and over 20 million ounces worth of futures) was "too large relative to the size of the US and world silver markets". Subscribing to the philosophy that the futures market was not a substitute for the cash market, the commission determined that the time had come to stop Bunker's buying spree. A meeting to decide what to do was organised for January 8, 1980.

Then the comex stepped in. On January 7, the exchange announced new position limits restricting traders to no more than 10 million ounces' worth of futures contracts. The effective date of the limits was set for February 18. The day after the comex announcement, the CFTC announced that it was backing the exchange's new limits.

Bunker was incensed. "I am not a speculator, and I am not a market squeezer," he protested. "I am just an investor and holder in silver." Taking the offensive he accused the exchanges and the Government of destroying the US silver market by changing the rules in the middle of the game. "The market will move to Europe," he predicted ominously. "The silver market in this country is a thing of the past."

Strangely enough, the price of silver fell only one day in the wake of the comex announcement, and then started climbing even higher. Part of the reason for the continued price spiral, according to an after-the-fact analysis by the CFTC, was Bunker kept buying. On January 14 and 16, the Hunts made agreements to take future delivery of 32.5 million ounces of silver (mostly in London) at various dates around March. The largest of the contracts were with Engelhard Minerals. On January 17, silver hit a new all-time high of $50 an ounce.

Bunker could hardly be incensed about that. On that one day, the worth of the Hunts' silver-bullion holdings was nearly $4.5 billion. Since most of that silver had been acquired at less than $10 an ounce, the Hunts had a profit of more than $3.5 billion. Bunker and Herbert had made nearly as much money in the past six months as their late father had made in his entire lifetime — at least on paper. Of course, if Bunker actually sold all that bullion, he would face enormous tax consequences. The trick now was to figure a way to utilise those huge gains without having them decimated by the tax man.

As Bunker pondered over that, the exchanges decided to impose their most stringent restriction yet. On January 21, the comex announced that trading would be limited to liquidation orders only. There would be no more futures buying. The game, in effect, was closing down.

The next day the price of silver plunged to $34, a drop of $10 in a single day. But the price stabilised shortly after that, and remained in the mid to high 30s for the rest of the month. But in February the price began to slide downward again. By that time, silver was literally coming out of the woodwork. In response to the new high prices, old ladies had been selling their tea sets. Families had been hocking their silverware. Coin collectors had been divesting themselves of their collections. In January and February alone an estimated 16 million ounces of silver coins and an additional six million ounces of scrap silver had come on to the market. With the prices of silver now dropping, some of those small sellers and small investors began complaining to the CFTC about the exchange restrictions.

Bunker, meanwhile, remained as bullish as ever. "Why would anyone want to sell silver to get dollars?" he asked in amazement. "I guess they got tired of polishing it."

Prudently or not, Bunker practised what he preached. In early February the Hunts took delivery of 26.5 million ounces of bullion from the Chicago exchange. This brought the brothers' total group holdings (including their partnership with the Arabs and their European silver stash) to slightly more than 155 million ounces. Instead of selling his futures, most of which were set for delivery in March, Bunker simply rolled them forward into the

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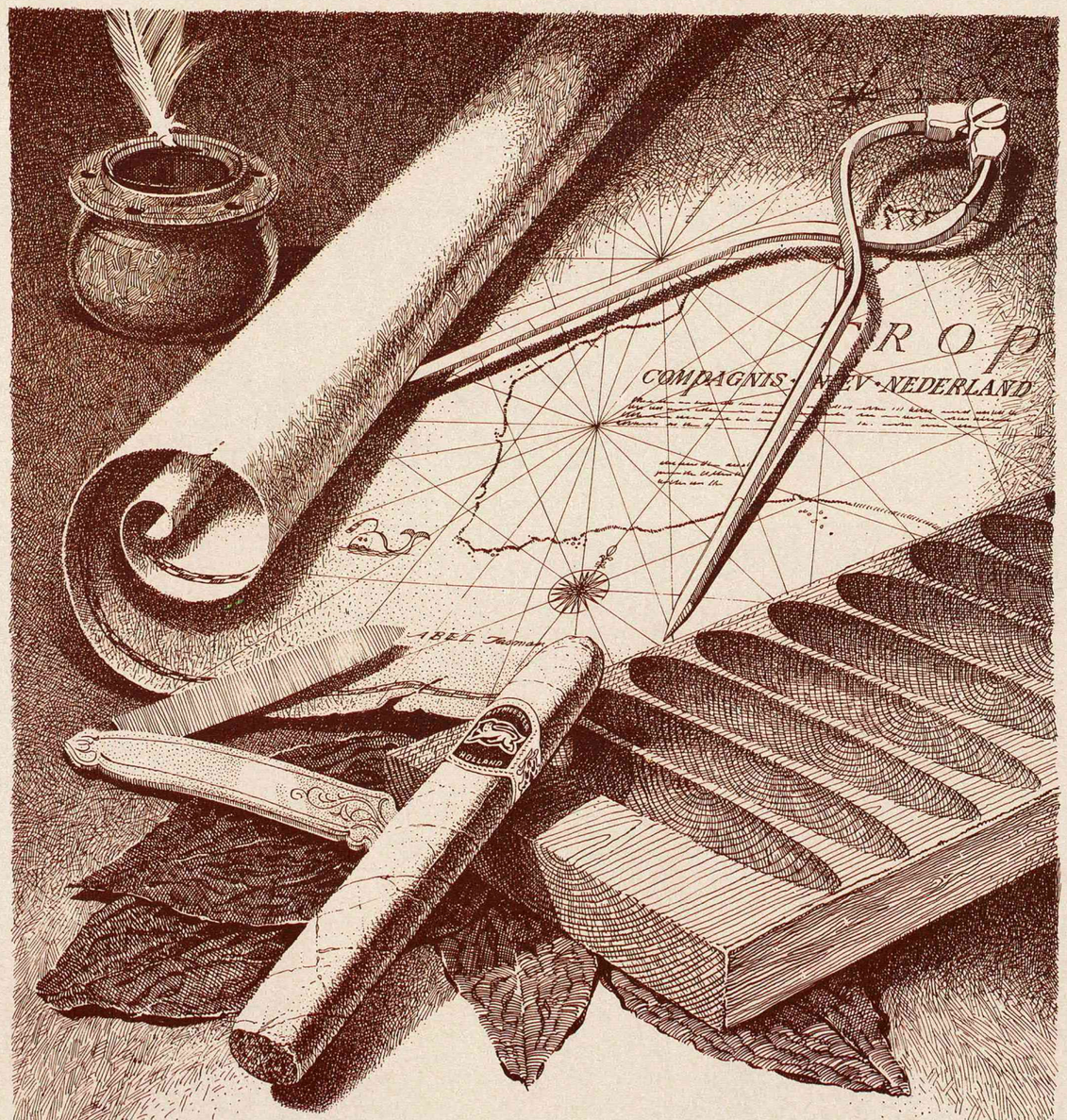

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months of May and September. He also bought a $4.25 million stake in Goldfield, a silver-mining concern, and a 6.5 percent stake in his own silver broker, Bache. In late February the Hunts made headlines in Dallas for an unusual precious-metals-based employee-benefits package. The plan provided that Hunt employees could take their bonuses in silver, gold or cash, whichever was highest at the time the benefits were paid out — not the acts of a man who believed the price of silver was going to crater.

Neither were the things Bunker was doing behind the scenes. In late February, with the price now hovering in the low 30s, Bunker began another global search for a silver-buying partner. Despite the recent price slippages, the prospects looked good. The Kuwaitis and the Bahrainis in Gulf Investment had sold their silver near the top of the market for an estimated $22 million profit. Elated by their success, the group was ready to get back in the market again. They proposed a new venture in partnership with Bunker Hunt to be called Gulf Precious Metals. The intention of this new group was to raise another $500 million to buy more silver; of that total amount, Bunker Hunt would supply 10 to 20 percent.

There followed a series of meetings in Paris, the Persian Gulf States and Texas. One of the meetings took place in Dallas on February 26 this year. Among those in attendance were Mario Araktingi, a Greek Arab who advises the Saudi royal family on investments; Mohammed Ishmael, a director of the Arab bank in Paris; Sheik Mahfouz, the Saudi banker and client of John Connally; and the Hunt brothers, Bunker and Herbert.

Meanwhile, through the cash-rich vehicle of Placid Oil the Hunts were now making several large non-metal investments. Placid bought the oil reserves of Bodcaw for $190 million in cash, then purchased $100 million in stock in oil rich Louisiana Land and Exploration Company. After that Placid bought a 9.6 percent stake in coal-rich Gulf Resources and Chemical Corp, then announced a $350 million tender offer for the rest of the stock. Gulf Resources' board voted against the tender and the Hunts backed off.

Then rumors circulated that the Hunts had an even more prodigious take-over proposition: Texaco. Like cornering a modern market, taking over one of the Seven Sisters — the major oil companies—was almost too absurd. By one estimate, taking over the whole company would have cost $10 billion at prevailing market prices. Even the Hunts, with an estimated four billion dollars on paper profits in silver alone, would be hard pressed to make that kind of play. But by this time it seemed like anything was possible for the Texas brothers. So, while the purchases of Texaco stock by Placid were never confirmed, the rumors continued to circulate.

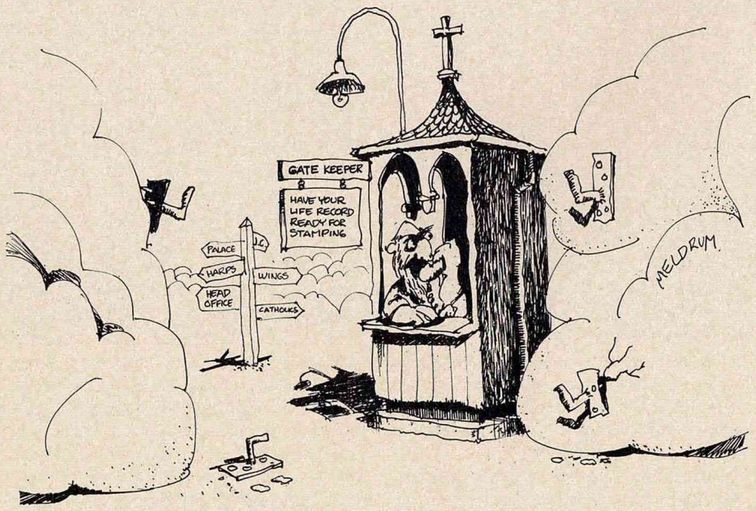
Bunker's increasingly publicised exploits in the silver market brought a number of backlashes of criticism. Among the most vocal was Tiffany chairman Walter Hoving, who led the charge by running a series of newspaper ads aimed directly at Bunker. "We think it is unconscionable," said one ad, "for anyone to hoard several billion, yes, billion, dollars worth of silver and thus drive the price up so high that others must pay artificially high prices for articles made of silver, from baby spoons to tea sets, as well as photographic film."

Then something happened that Bunker had not counted on. The price of silver continued to drop. On March 3 it was $35.20 an ounce but by March 14 it was back to $21. One reason was the rapidly spiraling interest rate; this not only strengthened the dollar but raised the cost of buying on the margin. Another reason was the fact that, at January's $50 an ounce price, there were fewer and fewer people who could afford to buy silver. Still another reason was that world tensions had eased a bit — and the flight into precious metals as a haven from the apocalypse slowed.

For Bunker and his Arab partners, the continuing price drop spelled enormous trouble. It meant, for one thing, that the value of their already delivered silver bullion was decreasing rapidly. At $21 an ounce, the Hunts' silver was worth nearly $2 billion less than it had been worth only a few weeks before. That meant much less collateral available for new silver-buying loans. Even worse, the declining prices meant that the Hunts had to keep coming up with more cash margin money to maintain their futures positions which were in the 60-million ounce range. By late March, their margin calls at Bache, their principal broker, were in excess of $10 million per day.

Still confident that silver prices would turn upward again, Bunker refused to sell out. Instead, he raised more cash to maintain his positions by mortgaging some $250 million worth of his own oil properties to Placid Oil, the giant company owned by the first family trusts. He also mortgaged his thoroughbred-horse-breeding farm in Kentucky as partial collateral for $46 million in loans from the First National Bank of Dallas. Still other loans were arranged through the offices of Bache, using the Hunts' bullion as collateral. One loan was for $40 million and was made by a syndicate including the Bache group, Continental Illinois Bank and the Royal Bank of Canada. Another loan was for $233 million and was made by the First National Bank of Chicago, Irving Trust and eight other large banks. In addition, the New York branch of a Swiss bank lent the Hunts $200 million. The loans apparently were made in defiance of a request by Federal Reserve Board chairman Paul Volcker that banks not make loans for commodity speculation.

Despite Bunker's optimism, prices continued to drop, and the margin



"Hello . . . hello . . . yes. Someone's knocked off the Pearly Gates."

calls continued to mount. Everything finally came to a head on March 25, 1980. Bache called up Dallas that afternoon to inform the Hunts of a $135 million margin call. Herbert responded with a stunner:

"We can't make it."

The Bache people could hardly believe it. Had their biggest client reached the end of the rope? Still reeling from the thought of it, the Bache men told Herbert they would have to begin liquidating the Hunts' contracts. Herbert indicated that they should go ahead.

The next day Bache sold off $100 million worth of Hunt bullion and contacted the CFTC. Bache told the commission that the Hunts' account carried an equity of only $90 million and that the brothers would probably lose another $86 million in the next day's trading. Combined with other recent losses of $40 million, it left a deficit in the Hunts' account of some $36 million.

The CFTC chairman James Stone sounded the alarm to the Government's financial heads of state. A short time later, fearing the worst, Stone, Federal Reserve Board chairman Volcker, SEC chairman Harold Williams and Deputy Treasury Secretary Robert Carswell began round-the-clock silver-market monitoring.

That same day, Bunker suddenly turned up in Paris. At 8pm Paris time, which was 2pm in New York, Bunker released a remarkable announcement to the press via a Paris agency. His statement said that he and four Arab partners had acquired "more than 200 million ounces of silver", and that the group was putting up its hoard to back the sale of silver bonds. The statement went on to say that the bonds would be distributed through "big European banks" (though it did not name any of the banks) and promised that the bonds would be in denominations of varying size, so as to attract small investors as well as large ones. Bunker's statement disclosed that his partners in the silver-bonds venture were Prince Faisal bin Abdallah, Sheik Al Amoudi, Mahmoud Fustok (a Saudi contractor and adviser to the prince), and Naji Nahas, the Brazilian Arab who had purchased silver with the Conti group.

Bunker's announcement carried a host of intriguing ramifications. On one level, it appeared that he had achieved his dream: the creation of his own separate economy.

In reality, Bunker's announcement carried a far more desperate message. The silver-bonds arrangements were obviously incomplete, or Bunker would have been able to name the banks involved. With silver prices dropping and a personal financial debacle in the offing, Bunker was apparently making a last-ditch confirmation of the fact that he was still bullish on silver.

The next day, Thursday, March 27, the silver market collapsed. The price of silver opened that day at $15.80 per ounce. Then the rumors hit the trading floor that the Hunts had a $1 billion margin call and they were not going to be able to meet it. Subsequent rumors said that Bache was on the verge of going under. The price of silver plummeted to $10.80 an ounce. The debacle spilled over into the stock market on the strength of an additional rumor that the Hunts were selling off huge stock shares in Louisiana Land, Gulf Resources and Texaco.

Then a second wave of rumors hit the streets. The Hunts would be able to meet their margin call, after all. The price of silver remained at its $10.80 level, but the stock market rallied incredibly quickly.

Shock waves from the silver crash reverberated around the world. For the little guy, there was reason for rejoicing: the break in silver prices was one of the first big price downturns in a long time. For investors who had gone "short" on silver, it was a time for raking in big profits. Chairman of Occidental Petroleum, Armand Hammer, for one, reported a gain of $190 million in silver's slump. For investors who had followed the Hunts, there was reason for jumping out of windows: they lost millions that they could afford to part with far less easily than could Bunker and Herbert. But even for those who had remained on the side lines there was reason for grave concern.

As the world press tried frantically to reach him, Bunker made himself unavailable for comment. Shortly after giving out his silver-bonds announcement, he left Paris on a plane for Saudi Arabia to consult with his Arab partners. The only thing he said before taking off was: "It will all come out in the wash."

Back in the US, that did not seem so certain. On the morning of the great silver crash, Herbert told the CFTC that the silver market was completely illiquid and that the Hunts could not get out of their futures contracts and could not fund any more margin calls. Herbert also informed the CFTC that all the Hunts' silver had been put up as collateral for loans, and that, if the market continued to decline, the Hunts would be wiped out. Meanwhile, officials from Bache told the CFTC that a continuing decline in silver prices might seriously imperil the financial stability of the firm, and said that they might request the CFTC to suspend trading silver on Friday, March 28.

The commission decided to wait and see what happened overnight. As the hours passed, the news came in from industry sources that prices in Singapore and in London were stabilising. Then word came in from industry sources that Thursday's closing price on the US markets was artificially low and that major buying activitiy was expected Friday. The CFTC thus decided to let the silver market open as scheduled.

Instead of repeating Thursday's debacle, silver prices rallied to $12 an ounce and both the financial and psychological disaster many feared was averted but, as CFTC chairman James Stone remarked afterward: "It was a close call."

For Bunker and Herbert Hunt, however, the situation still looked extremely bleak. Rather than being in a position to squeeze the market, they were now in a position where the market was squeezing them. Since January, the value of their silver bullion had depreciated by nearly $4 billion. Because most of that silver had been bought at less than $10 an ounce they were actually still a little bit ahead on their bullion purchases. But they had taken a tremendous beating in the futures market and on silver contracts they had purchased when prices were in the $35-an-ounce range. The exact extent of the Hunts' troubles was hard even for them to determine, but it quickly became clear that their outstanding debts were in the $1.5 billion range.

With much of their holdings pledged as collateral on loans that, in turn, had been used to buy silver, the Hunts and their bankers were in a double bind. The more the price went down, the more they owed, and the less their original collateral — their silver — was worth.

On the Sunday following Black Thursday, Bunker flew in from Saudi Arabia to meet with Herbert and the Englehard people in Dallas. Since Bunker was fatigued, Herbert did most of the talking, and most of what Herbert had to say sounded pretty grim. Among other problems, he informed the Englehard men that all the Hunts' silver was already pledged as collateral on loans, or, as he related it, was "all under water". Such a predicament might have seriously upset other mortals, but not Bunker Hunt. Confronted with his multi billion dollar troubles, Bunker simply observed that "a billion dollars isn't what it used to be".

Despite their ability to remain calm, the Hunts did not succeed in working out a deal with Englehard in

What to have with fish.

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Dallas. So that afternoon, they and the Englehard men flew to Boca Raton, Florida, where the nation's largest bankers had gathered for a meeting of the Federal Reserve Cities Bankers Association. Federal Reserve Board chairman Volcker happened to be in town to give a speech to the association and, upon hearing of the Hunt-Englehard problem, he allowed that he had no objection to their trying to negotiate a loan, despite his earlier disapproval of lending for commodity-speculation purposes.

Through the night and into the wee hours of the morning the Hunts and Englehard men negotiated with the bankers. Volcker sat in on some of the talks and, at one point, even appeared in pyjamas to check on the status of the negotiations. But even under the benign gaze of the Federal Reserve Board chairman, the bankers could not come to terms with the Hunts.

Nevertheless, by the time the sun rose, the Hunts and Englehard had managed to reach an accommodation. Under the terms of the deal, the Hunts agreed to give Englehard nine million ounces of silver and a 20 percent interest in their Canadian oil properties around the Beaufort Sea.

With the completion of the Englehard agreement, negotiations for a loan to the Hunts picked up again. Although Bunker and Herbert were still grumbling of an Eastern-establishment conspiracy against them, the loan negotiations were given impetus by Federal Reserve chairman Volcker, who indicated that failure to bail out the Hunts might result in instability in the financial markets.

The upshot of it all was a tentative agreement for First National Bank of Dallas and Morgan Guaranty of New York to lend the Hunts $1.1 billion. Under the terms of the deal the loan was actually set to be made to Placid Oil, the most viable entity under the Hunt umbrella. As collateral, Placid agreed to mortgage substantially all of its Louisiana and Gulf of Mexico properties (worth an estimated $2 billion), and Bunker and Herbert agreed to throw in assorted other assets, including Bunker's horse farms in Kentucky. Even younger brother Lamar, who had wisely stayed out of the silver play, had to chip in some of his assets to help his brothers.

The intent of the loan package was to allow the Hunts some time to withdraw from the market without further depressing silver prices with a massive forced sell-off. The terms provided that Placid and the Hunts would form a partnership containing the brothers' bullion assets. Those assets would, in turn, be sold off over time. Meanwhile, though, the Hunts would be barred from further speculation in the silver market.

As those highly publicised loan negotiations continued, Bunker and Herbert suffered through some unpublicised but potentially more humiliating credit arrangements back in Dallas. Now shorter on cash than they had ever been, the brothers found they had to mortgage the company cars in order to meet the Hunt Energy payroll. In addition, Bunker and Herbert resigned as chairman and president of Hunt Energy, and their cousin Tom Hunt replaced them as the new chief executive. After that move, some inside sources claimed that the resignations were merely "temporary" and had been done only as a precaution to protect the rest of the Hunt empire from possible liens arising from the silver play. But other sources suggested that the resignations evinced a power struggle between Bunker and Herbert and their older sister Margaret Hunt Hill.

"Margaret never liked the way Bunker and Herbert were wheeling and dealing," said one source. "After the collapse, she put her foot down."

Whatever the case, neither the press nor the public seemed to have much sympathy for the Hunt brothers' plight. While Congressional leaders were demanding that the Hunts appear before their several investigating committees, the *Wall Street Journal* made a highly unfavorable editorial comparison between the late H. L. Hunt, whose acquisition of wealth served to increase the nation's oil production, and Bunker and Herbert, whose silver venture was merely a speculative play that did not produce jobs or anything else for anyone but themselves. In an unusually sharp editorial titled "Too Rich To Fail", *Business Week* magazine took the Federal Reserve to task for its loan bailout plan, "an arrangement that gives the Hunts what amounts to a second chance to benefit from a rise in silver prices". In *Business Week's* view, there was "no excuse" for bailing out the Hunts.

On May 2, after being cited for contempt of Congress for failing to answer a House subpoena, the Hunts finally appeared before a House and a Senate committee. Typically, they blamed the silver debacle on the Government and the exchanges who introduced the buying limits "in the middle of the game". Claiming their debts were now in the $750 million range, the Hunts said, somewhat disingenuously, that they did not vitally need the proposed $1.1 billion loan but that it would make them "more comfortable". They also said that, while they discussed silver in general with each other, they did not consult between themselves about specific trades. Remarkably enough, the Hunts further claimed not to know whether they were net winners or net losers in their silver play. As Bunker put it: "People who know how much they're worth usually aren't worth too much."

Apparently rather awed by the Hunts in person, the Congressional committees let the brothers get away with their good ole boy routines. The brothers left Washington promising to go back to Dallas to collect their silver receipts and return for a precise accounting of their dealing.

•

There are still some dark clouds hanging over the future of Nelson Bunker Hunt. More Congressional investigations. Possible lawsuits. Huge debts to pay off. A further damaged public image. A continued slump in the silver market. The prospect of having to liquidate 63 million ounces of bullion. The ironic possibility of having to sell off or mortgage even more of the oil empire his late father built — all because of his quest to make even more money.

But those dark clouds contain some silver linings. Many analysts believe that, at $12-$16 an ounce, silver is now drastically underpriced. While prices may not shoot through the $50-an-ounce mark again any time soon, there is a good possibility they could climb back up to the $24-$25 range. If that happens, the Hunts could easily pay off their silver debts and even wind up with some tidy profits. If the price of silver stays in the $12-$14 range or drops even lower, the Hunts could stand to lose many millions more. Even so, it is more than likely that the brothers will be able to pay off their debts one way or another. The sheer size of their non-silver holdings makes bankruptcy a most remote possibility.

Bunker, for his part, seems to be taking it all in stride. As one friend put it: "For a man who's just lost billions, he looks remarkably calm — but then, he's like that." Down but far from out, Bunker is still wheeling and dealing in oil and in commodities. One of his big recent investments is a large stake in the cotton futures market, into which he bought in 1979 even as he was buying silver bullion. For all his recent travails, Bunker also remains bullish on silver.

But he fully expects that silver prices will rise and that his financial situation will take care of itself.

"The game is not over," he promised his Congressional questioners.

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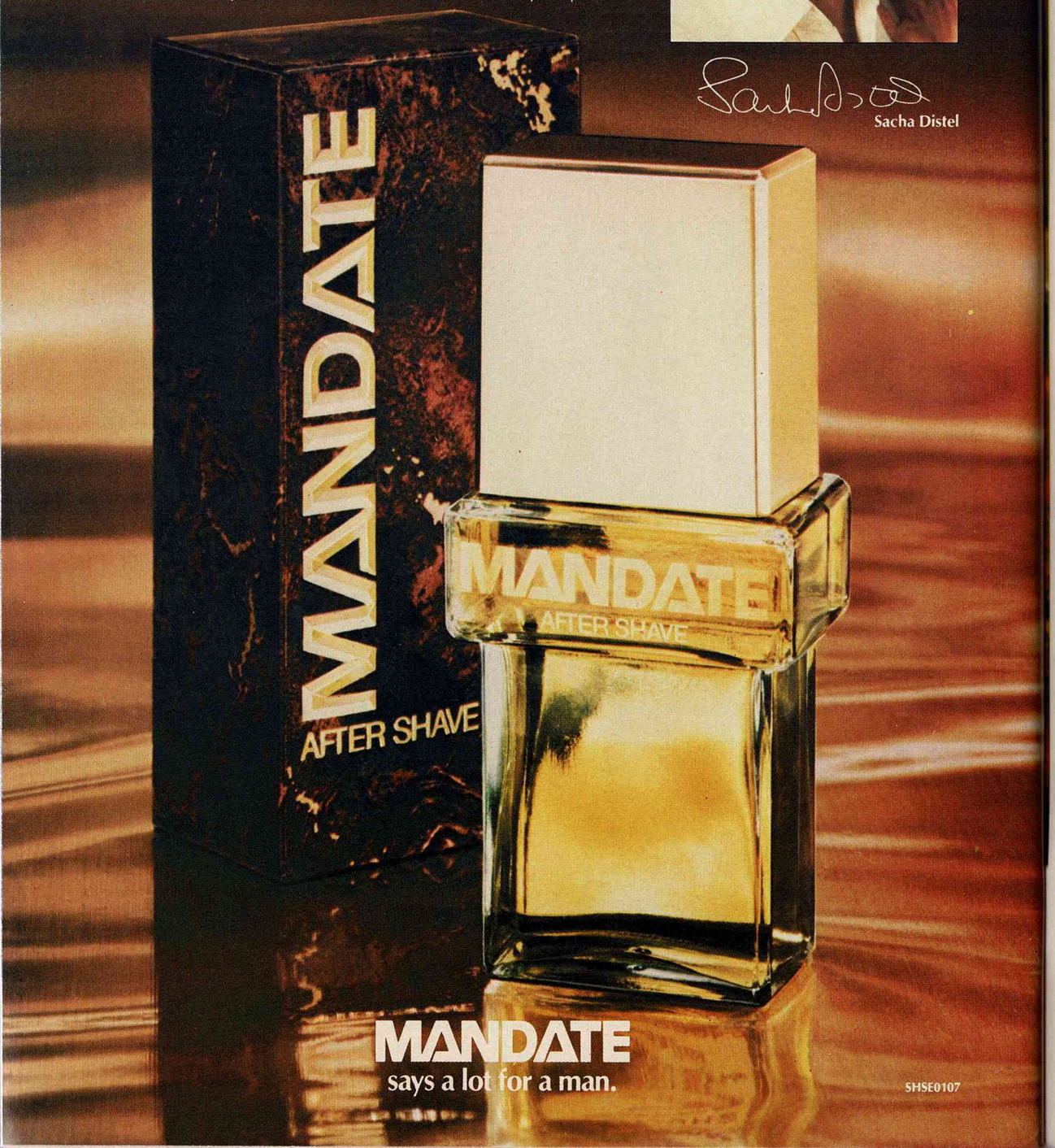
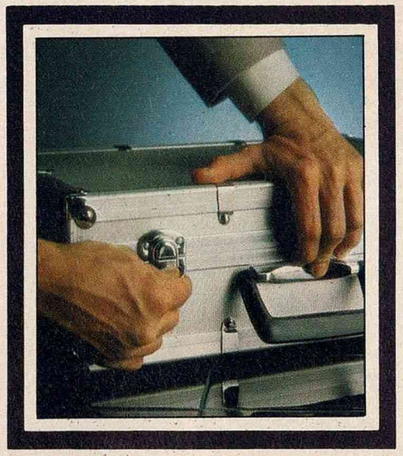


HOW TO PACK A SUITCASE



IT'S THE suitcase age. Quickie vacations, sudden business trips — sooner or later, everyone gets jet fever. The problem is packing. You're in a rush, you cram a bunch of clothes into a suitcase and — several time zones later — you're doing business in a suit as wrinkled as a stockman's face, your razor-nicked chin festooned with tissue strips because you forgot to take a styptic pencil along with you.

Organisation is the solution. If you can fit everything into carry-on luggage you will finesse baggage queues, missing valises, bulky bags. You can sprint from the terminal directly to a meeting, all your gear slung dashingly over one shoulder.

TRAVELLING LIGHT: For the average business trip, you need just one carry-on bag, slid under the seat in front of you. Not enough? Add an attaché case or a folding garment bag, which the hostess can stow up front. Remember the old rule: when in doubt, leave it out. As a test, after your next trip, stack the contents of your suitcase into two heaps: things used, things not used.

List all those items you used, adding anything you didn't take and needed. That's your basic packing list — it'll help you pack in minutes for your next trip. The frequent traveller keeps a suitcase perpetually packed with the basics like a few shirts and underwear, and restocks it with toiletries and other used-up items.

Don't forget the little things — sewing kits, pocket torch, plastic raincoat (folds to handkerchief size), extra shoelaces, extra glasses, pens, paper, a medicine kit with aspirin, Band-Aids and prescriptions. Take a bottle of spot remover, safety pins, clothes brush, shoe horn, electrical adaptor (if you're going overseas), health food bars (for a breakfast or lunch), address book, plastic garbage bags (for wet bathers and dirty clothes) and collapsible plastic hangers (for drying hand-washed clothes — metal hangers can leave rust marks).

Shop for space-saving gear such as micro-sized tape recorders, disposable razors, mini-containers for toothpaste, soap, deodorant, shampoo and aftershave. Hauling presents or convention papers back with you? Pack a folded plastic shopping bag. Or buy a duffel bag that can be compressed to paperback size and carried inside your regular suitcase on the trip out.

BATTLE PLAN: Clothes? Plan ahead on paper. Chart your trip, dividing each day into morning, afternoon and evening. In each time slot list the clothes you'll wear. Clothes you wear at home will feel most comfortable.

Build in versatility: a suit jacket that also goes with a separate pair of slacks. Pick clothes in the same color families so you can juggle your suits, slacks, shirts and jumpers to create a great variety of outfits. For that kind of mixing, solid colors are safer than patterns. If you're going from a cold to a warm climate (or vice-versa), dress in layers. That way, for example, when you take off from Tullamarine with a cardigan under your suit jacket, you can peel it off when you land in Cairns. A raincoat with removable lining is excellent for climate jumping. Instead of packing a bulky overcoat, wear it and stow it in the overhead rack once you board the plane.

You're apt to walk a lot on trips, so take broken-in shoes, including at the least one extra pair. Woollen socks make good slippers. And, turned inside-out they can serve as shoe bags. Figure on two shirts for each day, plus two pairs of underwear and socks, so you can change for the evening.

When packing, remember that flammables, explosives and combustibles are illegal, so put your aqualung and camping gas in the cargo hold. Liquids, such as shampoo or cologne, should be put in breakproof plastic bottles and wrapped in plastic bags tightly sealed with wire twists. If your suitcase opens like a clam shell, pack shoes, toiletries, shirts, socks, underwear and such on one side, and suits and slacks on the other. If your bag opens at the top, like a kangaroo's pouch, pack the suits and slacks uppermost to prevent wrinkles. Done carefully, you'll be surprised how fresh your clothes will look.

LOOK MA — NO WRINKLES: To pack suits and slacks, start by laying a pair of trousers in the suitcase, belt line to the right, legs extending out over the case on the left. Lay a second pair of slacks on top, waist to the left, legs overflowing the suitcase on the right. Leave them like that while you fold the jacket.

First, spread the jacket on the bed, lining side down and fold back the sleeves so that the shoulders and elbows are where the jacket's backbone would be. Then fold back the lapels and sides over the sleeves, turning the jacket inside out. Fold the jacket in half vertically, along the backbone, and then fold the jacket in half horizontally.

Pack the jacket atop the slacks in the suitcase, then fold the legs over the jacket. That way, the pants won't crease, because the jacket acts as a cushion.

You've arrived, unpacked and your suit is wrinkled? Hang it in the bathroom (using a plastic or aluminium hanger), turn the shower to hot and shut the door. In 15 minutes, the steam will have smoothed the creases incurred in packing.

— RICHARD WOLKOMIR

Playboy's Pipeline

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

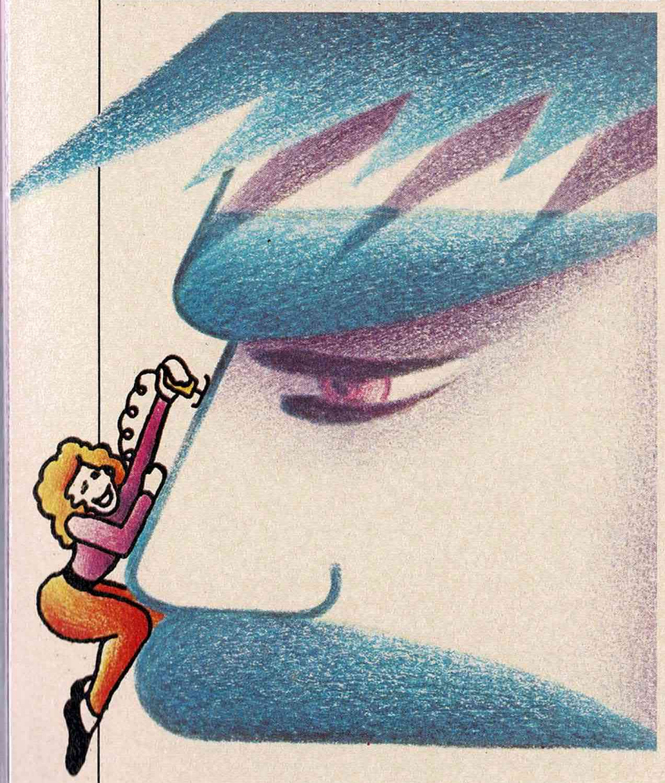
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

PRESENTS FOR PATER

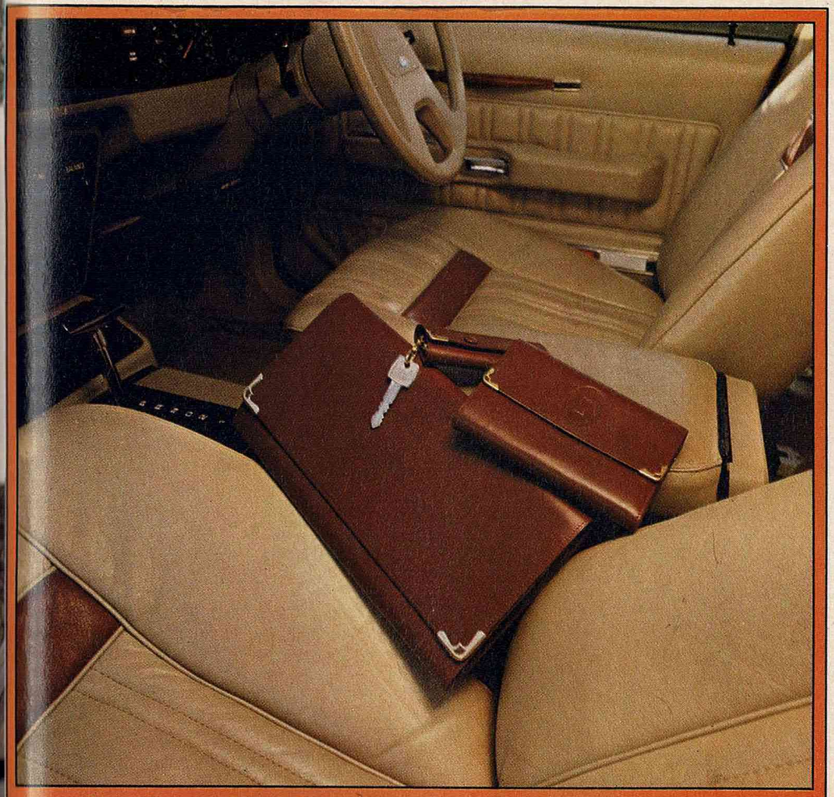
If they've been filling your bottom drawer with ties and socks for the last umpteen Father's Days, it's about time you tipped them off about wants and needs. Check the bank account, then try them on for a Ford LTD with Cartier-designed interior. If they baulk at the cost, remind them about your love for chess — of the computer kind. Too self-indulgent, they say. Well, we've nominated a few other ideas that should appeal.

When dad finishes the toiletries in the Ted Lapidus pack — he has a cigar case. From selected stores, $22.

Now he can nick his face in style with a silver razor. It's available from the Gucci Shop, MLC Centre, Sydney, and John Lane, Double Bay, Sydney. It costs a cool $189.



If his face is in need of some major repair work, surprise him with a man's facial. They cost from $17 to $30 and are available from Face of Man, Strand Arcade, Sydney.



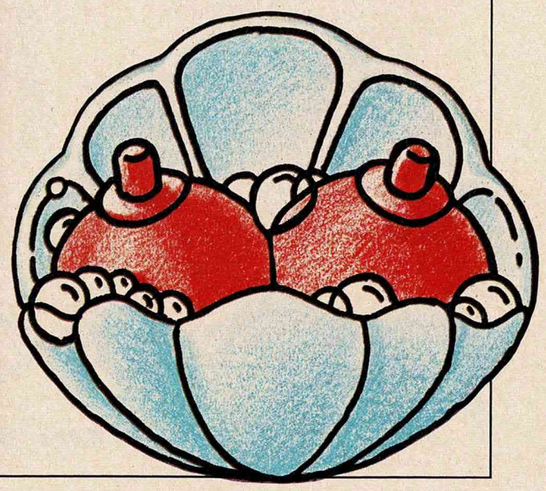
Swap his rusted heap for a luxurious Cartier-designed Ford LTD. But you'll have to dig deep — the six-cylinder model sells for $21,107, the V8 for $21,964. And there are bonus gifts as well — a matching handbag for her, a wallet and keyring for him. Contact any Ford dealer — but get there early.

It's your move — for chess freaks this is the ultimate. It's around $1300. Inquiries to (02) 920 5060.

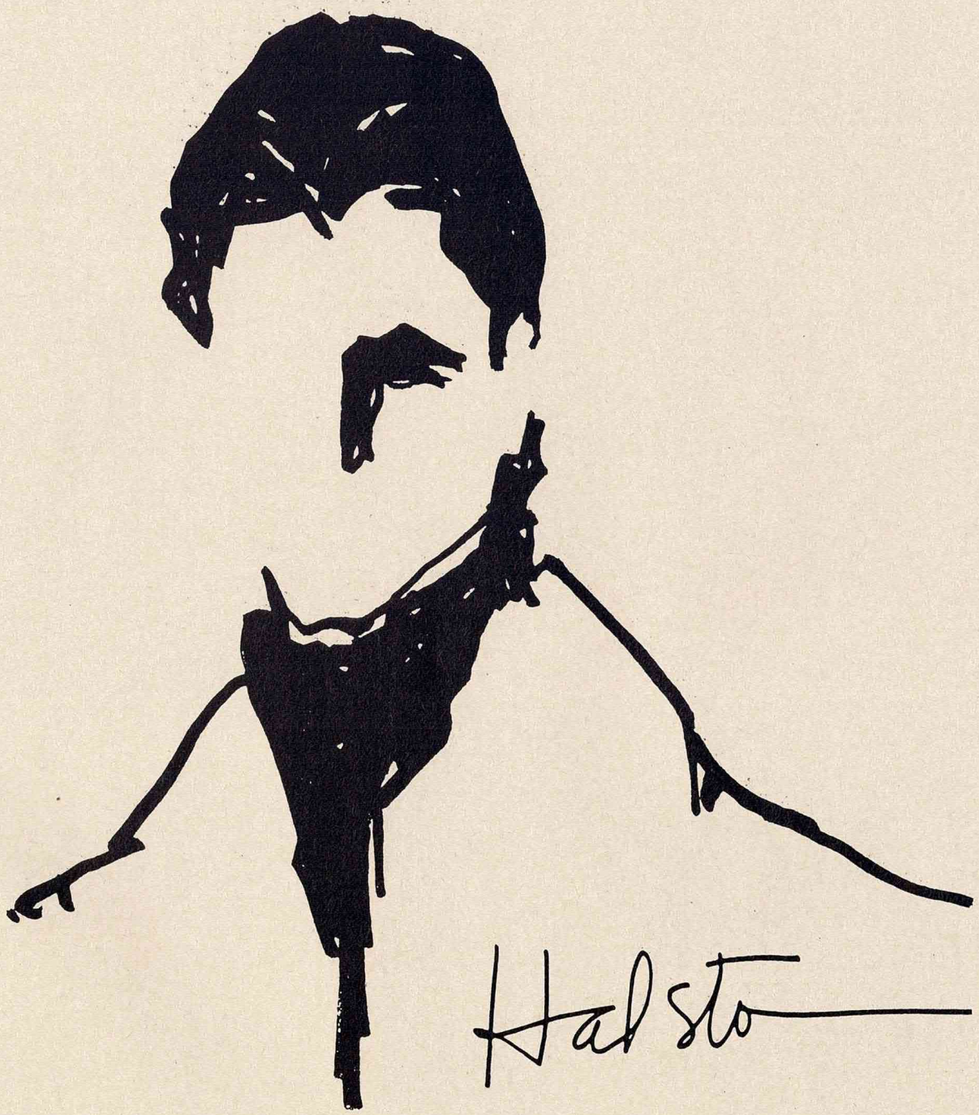
If dad's never got the time — fit him out with an Omega Sensor Quartz watch. Price — $350.

Solve his sleeping problems with the Apollo bed (at left) or the Dynasty, $640. From Brass Razoo, Rushcutters Bay, NSW. The towelling bath robe is from John Lane, Double Bay, Sydney. Cost: $98.

Give this pair of beauties (below) to dad — and he'll froth, booble and rub-a-dub-dub in his tub. Selph Soaps-boobs sell for around $7, and they are available from selected chemists, soap and specialist gift shops.



Beyond what you can see and feel,
there is the touch of fragrance.
Without it, you are never fully clothed.



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ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

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No sweat. Looking good is what keeping fit is all about. But if you can't stand all that heat and activity just relax and soak it up in these chic French track suits. Too exclusive to kick off a new keep-fit craze, they're bound to turn admiring heads down at the local sweat shop and at least guarantee your selection on the first team. Made from smooth velour in mustard or grey club colors they cost $259 at Five Way Fusion, 205 Glenmore Rd, Paddington, NSW.

SWEET ESSENCE OF MAN

the australian male is splashing into a sea of scent with the enthusiasm of a shark sniffing blood . . . and boosting the male odor market to a potent $50 million a year

There's a certain smell in the air these days. It accompanies the successful man — and it is not the smell of money. It is the odor of the compleat man. He looks good. He feels good. And he smells good. He is also part of the marketing revolution that has wafted the male toiletries industry on to a new high.

Australian men in general, and Graham Rex in particular, have woken up to the fact that male smells make good scents. Three years ago Rex detected winds of change that have since swept him into the millionaire bracket.

As marketing manager for Juvena, he sniffed a revolution. After years of sluggish growth the market for after-shaves, men's colognes, deodorants, body splashes and other scented delights was going through the roof —and no-one was prepared for it. Faster than you could say "Brut", he had opened his first shop — "From Paris with Love" in Sydney.

It sold nothing but the finest imported toiletries for men and women. Today that one shop has grown to 20, and more expansion is on the way.

Today, the competition is fierce. Now nearly 100 male toiletry lines are available to the Australian male — and each line has about a dozen related products like soap, moisturiser and cologne.

Ascendant stars include Shulton, marketeers of Old Spice, Blue Stratos and Pierre Cardin. Ross Berry, their marketing director, says they're planning to appeal to the sporting male in 1980. "Instead of pink zinc, which does the job but looks sort of funny, a man will wear a sun screen that is clear and fragrant. It's a logical step."

Amana Finley, a handsome, bright woman, is promotions executive with the American-owned Bentley Fragrances who plug Yves St Laurent Pour Homme, Signoricci, Paco Rabanne and Racquet Club. Amana has been in the business for 15 years and has watched every step of the men's toiletry revolution with a mixture of fascination and wry amusement.

Amana, and others in the field, credit Brut with setting the early pace. "The man would splash on some Brut before going out on a Saturday night . . . and he noticed that he smelled the same as other men because they were wearing Brut too."

A sample of a smelly market. Back row, from left: YSL after shave $19.50, Lagerfeld after shave $30, Eau Sauvage by Christian Dior $85, Monsieur Lanvin $14. Middle row, from left: Ted Lapidus after shave $12, Paco Rabanne after shave $22, Halston cologne $12.50, Brut lotion $9.95. Front row, from left: Kanon after shave $15, British Sterling after shave $7.95, Aramis Devin $21.50, Chanel after shave $28. All prices listed here are approximate.

Photography by Luis Martin

MOVIES

of war, the working class, and some good old-fashioned womanising

IT'S A long time since we had a good old-fashioned war movie. Samuel Fuller's **The Big Red One** is old-fashioned all right, but not particularly good. That's not to say that it won't do nicely for its makers, who have spent a lot of money arranging tanks and explosions for our delectation. But Mr Fuller, one of Hollywood's veteran directors and now in his '60s, is by no means sure of his moral stance and, despite strenuous efforts to persuade us to the contrary, it is clear this movie doesn't have one.

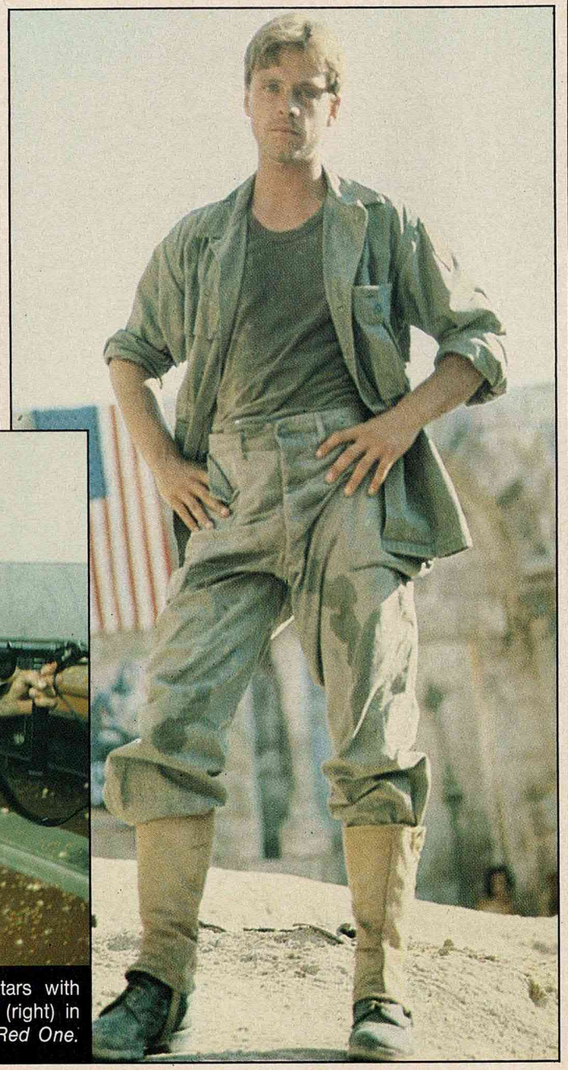
Of course, there are great movies without any moral or social significance — space movies and MGM musicals, for example — but these get by as sheer spectacle. A war movie that is little more than a spectacle runs the risk of being offensive, not because its corpses and maimings are any more repulsive than those in *Alien* or *Halloween,* but because it ignores reality. It does dirt on real human tragedy. We know there ain't no vampires or creatures from the black lagoon, but we sure as hell know there are wars, and as a rule they're not funny — or heroic.

I call this film old-fashioned because it's a combat movie in the purest '50s tradition. It has everything but John Wayne. In fact, it has the next best thing — Lee Marvin, direct descendant of "the Dook", as the hard-bitten Sarge, a soldier down to his bunions and ass pimples. And instead of Red Skelton or Mickey Rooney as the larrikin rookie, there's bland but voguish Mark Hamill, fresh from laser-gun battles in *Star Wars,* to entertain us, this time with the real McCoy. There's the tank ambush, the hidden sniper, the raid on the castle, the liberation of the village and its grateful peasantry . . . you've seen it before, but this time you have the benefit of a bigger budget, a louder soundtrack and, thanks to our indulgent censors, a more authentic rendering of soldierly jargon.

The "big red one" of the title refers to the big red "1", the insignia of a US infantry company which apparently had its origins in World War One, when Marvin (looking scarcely younger than he does in the second) kills a German soldier a few hours after the armistice. This unnecessary death, for which the Sarge experiences disproportionate pangs of remorse, is repeated later in a parallel incident near the end of the film, and is the closest we get to any hint of war's fortuitous savagery. There are plenty more symbolic bits to come: a battle-shocked horse looming out of a fog; a German soldier concealed on a cross; a lunatic spraying a hospital ward with machine-gun fire; a child's doll concealing a partisan's knife.

For the rest, it's one darned battle after another. There was scarcely any "theatre of war" (a revealing phrase, I've always thought) in which Marvin's outfit wasn't fighting, if not actually turning the tide of battle — North Africa, Sicily, Normandy itself, Belgium, the Battle of the Bulge, even the liberation of an SS concentration camp somewhere in Czechoslovakia, of all places (I thought the Russians did the "liberating" thereabouts).

Fuller's script, concentrating on Marvin and four young GIs calling themselves The Four Horsemen, provides the barest of narrative threads, but is strong on the kind of gung-ho combat rhetoric attributed to all American commanders ("There are two kinds of men on this beach. Those who are dead and those who are about to die. So let's get off this goddamn beach and die inland"). The movie is enjoyable in a mindless sort of way, being tolerably good on the nitty-gritty of a soldier's existence — dirt, grubby rations, boredom and fear. I could have done without the scenes when the Sarge and his boys deliver a French peasant woman's baby in a German tank (a fistful of condoms serve for rubber gloves) and corner a fleeing SS man in a crematorium oven; but objecting to a popular war movie on the grounds of bad taste is rather like objecting to a rock concert on the grounds of noise. There's just not much point.



Above: Bobby DiCicco co-stars with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill (right) in Sam Fuller's latest, *The Big Red One.*

If you don't like it, you can stay home. The trouble is that after *Apocalypse Now* there's little more to be said or done in the way of big battle scenes, and after *All Quiet on the Western Front* even the best anti-war films have seemed tame. *The Big Red One,* I suppose, is the nearest we'll get to a pro-war film outside of a TV recruiting commercial, which at least makes it different, even if you find its moral attitudes — or lack of them — somewhat repulsive.

•

Joseph Losey's film of **Don Giovanni** is disappointingly routine fare. Ever since Bergman made a movie of *The Magic Flute* some five years ago, setting virtually an unapproachable standard for filmed opera, other directors have steered clear of it. But one hoped for better things than this from the maker of *The Servant,* who can be credited with some sharp insights into the sexual psychology of the upper classes. The singing is fine, and since you'll be paying fancy prices for this movie, it jolly well ought to be. There's a fair bit of modish nudity in Act Two, with Leporello and the lecherous Don reclining languorously on a lady's shapely buttocks, and I liked the Catalogue Aria, where the list of the Don's conquests unrolls interminably down the steps of a Palladian palace (the action is filmed in magnificent settings in and around Vicenza).

But the film is short on visual style and imagination. A lavishly printed program lets slip an admission from Losey that he has never seen a stage performance of *Don Giovanni,* and that opera generally is apt to bore him. Well, of course, but a director who can fall back on Mozart's music has a lot going for him. Ruggero Raimondi is in splendid voice as the Don himself, but one looked for a little more charm and magnetism (perhaps a hint of a smile) to account for those effortless seduction scenes.

Losey's one innovation is a character called the Black Valet, an elfin and vaguely sinister youth who lingers in the background as the guardian of Don Giovanni's doomed soul. Kiri Te Kanawa (Donna Elvira), Edda Moser (Donna Anna) and Teresa Berganza (Zerlina) all sing with beauty and verve. A pity Berganza looked too old. Admittedly, the Don could be undiscriminating in his lust, but it's hard to see why this coarse and dumpy Zerlina should appeal to him more than other available attractions.

•

Shown in Sydney and Melbourne by the Australian Film Institute and scheduled later for commercial release is a taut, brilliant film about the lives of American workers in a Detroit auto plant: **Blue Collar** is directed by Paul Schrader, whose *American Gigolo* I reviewed recently. This is an earlier (and better) film, and it reaches some depressing conclusions about big business, labor unions and an unbuckable "system" for keeping rebellious spirits in their rightful place.

There have been plenty of films about handicapped or victimised groups in society, but few about ordinary workers — the man on the breadline working in a dull, routine job, battling to keep up his payments, fiddling his tax return, looking forward to nothing in particular. For the three main characters — Zeke, Jerry and Smokey — life's central reality is grinding, interminable, endlessly predictable work on a car assembly line. All of them have worries at home: Jerry (Harvey Keitel) can't afford orthodontist's fees for his teenage daughter, who mutilates her jaw with home-made braces; Zeke (Richard Pryor) is harried by the Internal Revenue for undeclared income.

Unions and management are in cahoots to put down troublesome workers, and an FBI agent operates undercover in the factory. The men hatch a half-baked plan to rob the union safe; in the process, they find documents compromising the union's bosses. Schrader's film works both as comedy and thriller as the system subtly and inexorably metes out its retribution. It's as powerful and caustic a study of corporate corruption as you are likely to see.

•

For those who missed it five years ago (and there

Magnificent settings for Losey's *Don Giovanni,* but short on visual style. Above, Ruggero Raimondi as Giovanni.

couldn't be many who did), **One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest** is back for a re-run, and anybody who misses it a second time would be as mad as Randle P. McMurphy. The film stands up beautifully to a fresh viewing. Louise Fletcher, as Nurse Ratched (she with the wintry lips and sublimated sadistic instincts) is still chilling enough to induce pronounced anxiety symptoms whenever I think of her, but it's very much Jack Nicholson's picture. As McMurphy, the rebel patient jailed for assault and statutory rape and suspected of faking his symptoms to avoid hard labor in prison, he's brilliantly funny and moving. The film is disliked, I gather, by the official medical fraternity, but it makes its points against the cold, zany bureaucracy of those seemingly enlightened psychiatric institutions with telling and unforgettable effect and sensitivity.

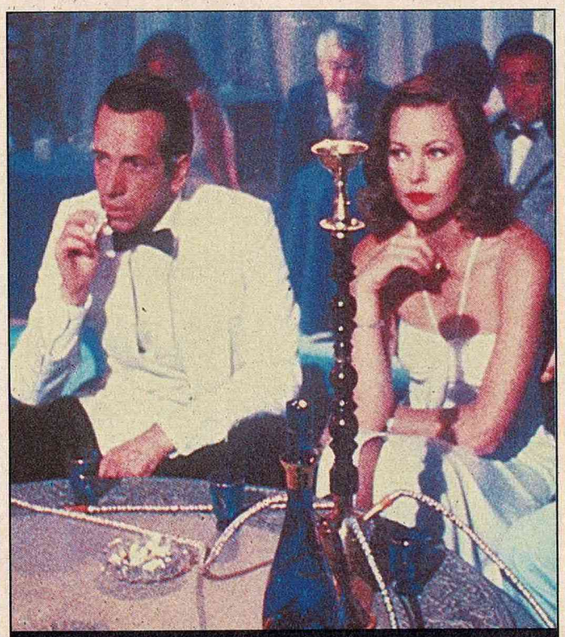
If you think it's only the Russians who use mental hospitals for political and social coercion, see this film again. – EVAN WILLIAMS

•

Author Joseph Wambaugh, never wildly enthusiastic about previous screen versions of his books, recruited his own production team to make a movie of **The Onion Field**. Produced by Walter Coblenz (whose credits include *All the President's Men),* it's an excellent movie on a thoroughly depressing theme. The story spelled out by Wambaugh is factual, a long saga of criminal injustice that begins when two young police officers are kidnapped by two crooks whom they have stopped for routine questioning on a Hollywood street corner. One of the crooks is an obvious psychopath, and before the long night ends in a dark country field, one of the policemen is found dead.

What follows is disgrace for the surviving officer, many years of self-improvement, legal study and costly courtroom hassles for the killer, who so changes his public image as time goes by that he begins to seem more like the victim than the perpetrator of a ghastly crime. Meanwhile, the cop deteriorates into a psychological basket case, finally dismissed from the police force for petty thievery.

Wambaugh wanted relatively unknown actors to portray the two chief adversaries in *Onion Field,* but he chose so well that his stars have risen from anonymity while the writer's back was turned. As the put-upon cop, John Savage matches his impressive performance in *The Deer Hunter* and *Hair,* while James Woods exudes smiling malice in a role light-years away from the Jewish artist he portrayed in TV's *Holocaust.* I can't say that I enjoyed *Onion Field.* Perhaps this movie was not meant to be enjoyable. The applicable adjectives are: angry, compassionate, thought-provoking and well done.



Bogart look-alike Robert Sacchi delivers his lines in the familiar gravel voice, but turns out to be a nondescript imitation in *The Man with Bogart's Face,* with Michelle Phillips.

•

The Man with Bogart's Face almost succeeds as a wry, tough-minded movie in the true Bogart tradition. Obviously, though, the promoters behind *Bogart's Face* had something else in mind, as the film is mostly a sound-and-sight gag with Bogart look-alike Robert Sacchi starring as a private eye named Sam Marlowe. Sam ogles the ladies (Olivia Hussey, Michelle Phillips, Sybil Danning and Misty Rowe), foils the crooks (Franco Nero, for one) and tries to locate two elusive priceless sapphires known as The Eyes of Alexander. Done up to resemble Gene Tierney in *Laura,* Phillips plays fast and loose and looks more like a sophisticated comedienne than ever before, while Misty portrays Marlowe's secretary as if dumb blondes had just been invented. Sacchi's job is to spout old-movie trivia in a gravel voice that might even fool Lauren Bacall, though he's a pretty nondescript imitation of the one-and-only Bogey, even if you squint a bit. Flaws and all, *Bogart's Face* is harmless fun for film nuts on a rainy night when *The Maltese Falcon* is nowhere to be found on the tube.

•

On another track, Clint Eastwood's Eastern-Western comedy **Bronco Billy** presents, amid a mixture of hayseed humor, down-home country music and *Little Engine That Could* philosophy all liberally seasoned with ham, the spectacle of the most inept train robbery attempt in the annals of cinematic history.

It seems the flea-bitten Wild West show of which Eastwood, as Bronco Billy McCoy, is boss has run out of funds after a series of mishaps; some members of his engaging ensemble of rodeo troupers (Scatman Crothers, Bill McKinney, Sam Bottoms, Dan Vadis) are blaming their run of bad luck on Antoinette Lily (Sondra Locke), the quintessential rich bitch from the East, whom Billy has hired as his personal assistant. Improbable? Sure. *Billy's* plot is as full of holes as if Clint had taken aim at it with his six-shooter, but most of the hokum is deliberate and a lot of it is genuinely funny.

About Billy, whose moral code (and most of his dialogue) is straight out of Hopalong Cassidy, a baffled Miss Lily inquires: "Is he for real? Well, yes—sort of. As Sierra Pecheur, playing the ersatz Indian squaw Lorraine Running Waters, sums up *Billy's* message: "You can be anything you want to be."

The boys and girls in the Wild West show are purposely playing stereotypes; unfortunately, the bad guys of the supporting cast (particularly Geoffrey Lewis as Antoinette's wimp husband, Beverlee McKinsey as her greedy stepmother and William Prince as a venal lawyer) seem to have contracted a more virulent strain of the same bug, so that they come across like overdrawn and overacted cartoon characters.

Still and all, *Bronco Billy* is a three-ring circus of fun that should bring Eastwood much more than a fistful of dollars. As the butt of much of *Billy's* humor, he has come a long, long way from his Man With No Name days; this Western is more redolent of corn pone than of spaghetti.

– BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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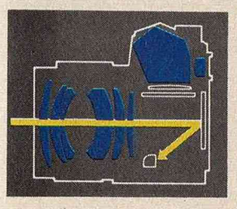

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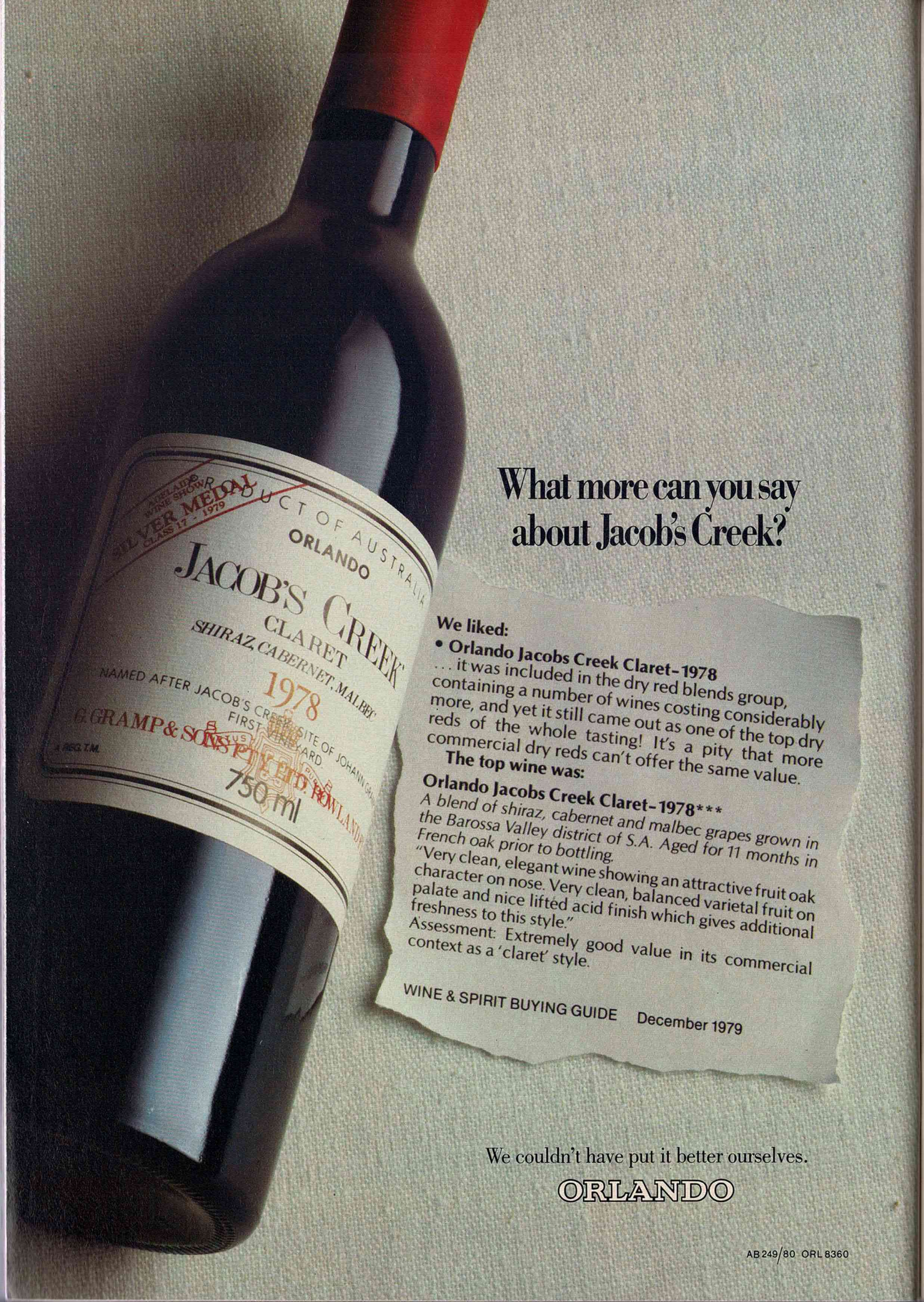
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MUSIC

chisel's winning rock and roll formula — no frills, no bullshit, no gimmicks, no answers

SO MANY ordinary or just plain undeserving albums get to hold down the single digit region of the Australian sales charts that it comes as a happy switch to hear that Cold Chisel's *East* (WEA) has at least had a turn at topping them all. Small wonder. It's one of the best rock and roll albums to find its way out of an Australian studio in many years and delivers the final clue to the true strength and quality of Chisel. This is what rock and roll is really made of — no bullshit, no gimmicks, no frills and no answers. It's that hard-headed waywardness shot through with brilliance that really makes the difference.

On *East,* Chisel have found the perfect balance. It's a crazed concoction of low-life, cheap wine, stubby chins, prison escapees and pub riots washed down with some of the tightest, hardest and sweetest rock elixir yet tasted. All five Chisel members get in on the writing act, with keyboardist Don Walker keeping things current. His Cheap Wine and Choirgirl have become pub rock favorites and, with enough live exposure, so will Star Hotel and Tomorrow, which might read like an open letter written by Ray "On-the-Run" Denning. Ian Moss' My Baby is a tight enough piece on its own, but when Moss lets his guest — lead Falcon (Joe Camilleri) — off the leash, the sax swoops in a full-power dive — all pure magic. There are enough good vocalists, even without Jim Barnes, to support the band. But Barnes possesses arguably the best rock and roll voice in the land and it is his whisky-edged waver which can turn rough red-eye into the best blended malt.

•

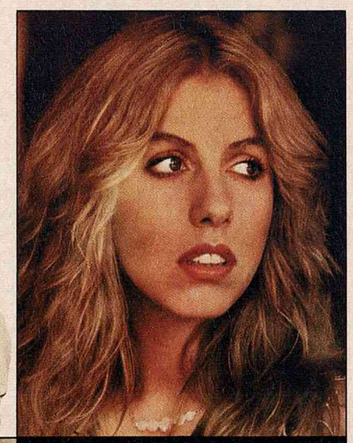
Fully recovered from a serious illness, and as creative as ever, Joan Armatrading is back in the pink with *Me Myself I* (A & M). And the suspicion that this lady can adapt her writing and voice to almost any style grows stronger with every album. Recorded in New York, the US influence is strong, but not at the expense of the UK-West Indies connection. As usual, Joan has written the lot and the blend is almost strong enough to surpass the majesty of her own yardstick — the brilliant self-titled album of 1976. The probing romance of her lyrics has always been one of her killer blows, but this time she's put on the brass knuckles with some thumping new wave intros. It works well and heads off the ready dismissal that this one is bound to sound just like her others. The answer lies with the band which includes Chris Spedding on guitars and Springsteen's sax ace, Clarence Clemons. Joan's fingers go through their dance in her unusual 12-string style and it is in the midst of the acoustic sway of All The Way From America that she gets back to her best. It is one thing to be unique, but doing it well is another. On *Me Myself I,* Joan Armatrading has got both ends covered.

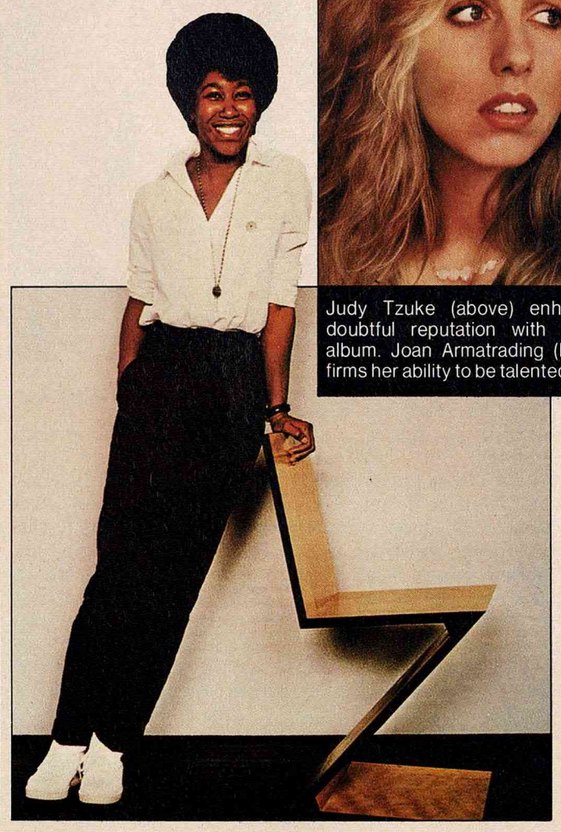
•

Judie Tzuke should be pleased with *Sports Car* (Rocket). It is a much cleaner item than her debut recording, *Welcome to the Cruise,* and shows this English rose in a kinder light. It is the influence of Paul Muggleton as co-producer which makes the passage smoother, leaving Judie's vocals free from too much backing. With superfluous production scratched away we can see that this lady, with the help of Mike Paxman, writes and sings a few good songs. The pastoral romance of Living On The Coast and Rain On The Hills splash some light on the quality of her lyrics. Judie is obviously at home with the backing musicians who have had the benefit of touring with her. This combined strength of musicianship, good production and quality material might convince those who wrote off her first album to do a reappraisal of Judie Tzuke.

•

A micro-chip off the old *Graffiti Crimes* block? Perhaps not, but the appearance of Mi-Sex's *Space Race* (CBS) has left some of the band's supporters wondering how long they can chase the sci-fi mood. If handled well enough, they should have no worries, because *Space Race* is a genuine indication that the talent well is deep enough for these five to launch off on any course that they choose. The quick switch does the trick. Just when the band gets locked into a full keyboard rush into Outer Space or up the left trouser leg, along comes something like Ghosts with enough electric power pump to scare audiences right out of their seats. In fact, most of the set should work very well in concert and will definitely broaden the base of Mi-Sex's live appeal. Burning Up is a roarin' stomp-along which bears more similarity to an Angels' item than some of the Gary Numan sound-alikes they've been accused of producing. Perhaps it's the group's recognition of





Judy Tzuke (above) enhances a doubtful reputation with her new album. Joan Armatrading (left) confirms her ability to be talented, unique.

rocker items that is the real pointer to their survival on the Australasian scene. They have the ability to run hard and hot and *Space Race* should keep Mi-Sex right on the trail.

•

There was a rumor afoot that Elton John had lost it. Short on hair? Fair enough. But even more desperately devoid of inspiration and quality co-writers. *21 at 33* (Rocket) will not right all the wrong, but it is at least a stumble in the right direction. Welcome back Bernie Taupin and hello to Tom Robinson, Gary Osborne and Judie Tzuke. Nice to see you in the song-writing seats, because the boss sure needs some company. After all, 21 albums at 33 years of age is a lot of hard yakka which might just about exhaust even the most creative. But the boy has tried very hard to set things right. The cast is bigger than Showboat and runs the register from old faithfuls Dee Murray and Nigel Olsson through Toni Tennille to a couple of old Eagles by the names of Henley and Frey. This a very serious album; deep in word content, strong on imagery and heavy of theme. The John-Taupin penned Two Rooms at the End of the World is as long in poetical reach as anything we've heard from Taupin, and the obvious overtones of White Lady White Powder maintain the sombre pace. Osborne's offering includes Dear God which would need only a strong organ accent to come across as stern as an old Gothic hymn. Robinson brings it down to basement level with Never Gonna Fall in Love Again, a real wrist-slasher which choruses: "...every cat I meet's a tom/ I wish she didn't make me rabid/ I wish she wouldn't turn me on." Revealing? Well ... The country-inspired Take Me Back spotlights a fiddle burst from Byron Berline which turns out to be mournful enough to set the coyotes a-howling.

Melancholia aside, don't be surprised if this album finally shapes as one of EJ's more memorable. It has an unusual balance and oneness of theme which might just skewer him to what is obviously an important phase in the career.

•

Only the bold or the best are attempting live double albums in these austere times. Eric Clapton qualifies on both counts, and the faithful will rake up the ready to buy *Just One Night* (RSO). The 14-track collection was lifted from the December 1979 performance at Tokyo's Budokhan theatre. Clapton's band was Henry Spinetti on drums, Chris Stainton on keyboards, Albert Lee on guitar, vocals and keyboards and Dave Markee on bass. Clapton was never loath to apply himself to any song which took his fancy and the double is a collection of some of his own favorites — like Lay Down Sally — and tunes by those he admires. For some time, the great guitar man has seen himself as nothing but another member of the band and it is in this ego-diminishing role that he can tackle the works of other fine guitarists. No J.J. Cale fan will object to Clapton's delivery of Cocaine and After Midnight, and the same goes for Mark Knopfler's Setting Me Up. There are no Laylas on this set; show-stopping superstardom was wiped long ago. This is purely a gifted and conscientious guitarist applying himself to his craft.

•

Perhaps it was Pete Townshend's struggle with the times and the growing years that prompted him to knock out his solo effort *Empty Glass* (Atco). Rock and roll legend has it that Pete got that lean and hungry look from constantly worrying about being *there* where it's at. Y'know, relevancy. Anybody could have told him that The Who have been tying the knots for too long to have to learn tricks from anybody else. But, nonetheless, it is to the Sex Pistols, in part, that Townshend dedicates the opening cut, Rough Boys. Whatever the reason, we're glad he got it together, because *Empty Glass* is a real surprise. There are hardly two tracks that could be compared directly with each other, such is the variety. We've never heard Townshend in such a rage to speak his own mind. The keyboard swirl of And I Moved is spellbinding, but there is no preparing for the devastation he bashes out in Jools and Jim: "They don't give a shit Keith Moon is dead/Is that exactly what I thought I read?" A very heavy number, but not as searing as the title cut which offers an embittered condemnation of the rock and roll lifestyle. Have the past 15 years been that bad to Pete to justify such disillusion? Witness: "My life's a mess I wait for you to pass/I stand here at the bar, I hold an empty glass." — NEIL JAMESON

•

The release of *Iberia — Books I and II* (Odyssey) by Spanish composer Isaac Albeniz (1860-1911) gives the Chilean soloist Claudio Arrau a chance to perform some of the works of a man who dedicated his life to writing music for the piano. Strangely, a close look at the catalogue reveals that Albeniz's music has been recorded almost as often on guitar as on piano. It's a pity more of his music is not recorded by pianists. Perhaps their possession of such an extensive repertoire affords them the luxury of being indifferent to this highly pianistic, colorful music. Albeniz is for people who imagine they don't like classical piano. If a set of Brahms variations fails to fill you with enthusiasm (and I admit they have that effect on me!) you will find a friend in Albeniz. His music is strongly nationalistic, characterised by fiery runs and arpeggios (the influence of flamenco guitar), sinuous melodic lines and sensual, swaying rhythms.

What of the soloist? Well, for someone born in Chile (1903), Claudio Arrau could be expected to record more latin music than he does. In

Mi-Sex (above) prove again they have the power to take their music to any dimension, while The Who's genius, Pete Townshend (right) goes it alone with *Empty Glass*.

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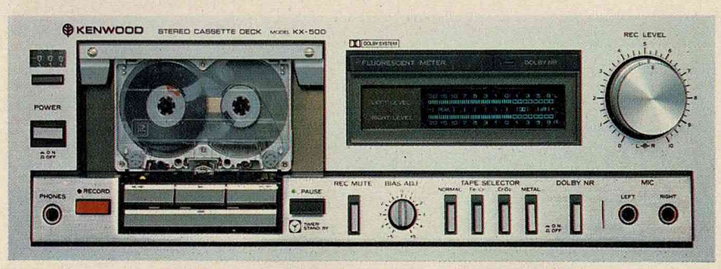

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fact, his repertoire revolves around Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, Brahms (he studied in Berlin)—also Chopin, Grieg, Ravel and more. In this recording we have a chance to hear him interpret music which, if not near to his artistic personality, must surely be near to his heart.

Iberia contains four books, each consisting of three pieces. This album has Books I and II. Opening the first side, Evocacion has a beguiling, languid atmosphere (it proves what I referred to earlier — one of the best recent recordings of this is an arrangement for two guitars on Julian Bream and John Williams' second album). Notice here Arrau's marvellous control and use of the crescendo.

Fete dieu a Seville, a description of a religious festival, sparkles with light and color. I could go on — each piece is wonderfully played by a master pianist.

•

In recent years Australian recording artists have certainly succeeded in the international popular music market, but the classical area has in this time been remarkably quiet.

A welcome and very assured break in the silence is *Isador Goodman with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra* conducted by Patrick Thomas (Philips). A totally Aussie made effort. The recording is being released by Polygram. The program is varied, but the highlights are Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue and the Liszt Hungarian Fantasy.

Isador Goodman helped support his classical career by playing jazz and has said: "I don't think a classical musician has any sense of rhythm unless he plays jazz." He then goes on to prove it in the Rhapsody. The Liszt Hungarian Fantasy, possessing one of the most rousing tunes in the repertoire, is the sort of music you should hear half an hour after waking. It's guaranteed to set the blood coursing through the veins!

Patrick Thomas conducts the Melbourne Symphony in some very vigorous playing and the recording, by the ABC, is excellent. If I have any doubt about this album is has to do with the choice of the remaining material: Addinsell's Warsaw Concerto, Scherzo by Litolff, and Rachmaninov's 18th variation. Although played well, they are in the nature of encores and I wonder if it would not have been wiser to substitute one major work for these three! Perhaps one more jazz-influenced work? Ravel's G major Concerto would have fitted perfectly as regards time (Entremont's recording is just over 22 minutes).

But — disregard my finicky observations — this is a fine recording. There is nothing patriotic about buying this record — do it for purely selfish reasons! Let's hope it is only the first of many new recordings by Australian orchestras and solo artists.

•

A long awaited work is *Agon (ballet) and Canticum Sacrum* (Odyssey) by Stravinsky from the Los Angeles Festival Symphony Orchestra and Chorus conducted by the composer. Richard Robinson is tenor, Howard Chitjian baritone.

The Firebird (1910), Petrushka (1911) and The Rite of Spring (1913) are Stravinsky's most well-known ballets. And considering the number of times these are recorded and broadcast, the casual observer might be forgiven for thinking he wrote only three ballets.

In fact Stravinsky's whole life and musical output was inextricably linked with ballet. His music was so alive with rhythm that even works such as the Symphony in 3 Movements and the Concerto in D for String Orchestra, written with no balletic intention in mind, have been choreographed.

Stravinsky's other main ballets are The Fairy's Kiss (1920), Apollon Musagete (1928), A Card Game (1937), Danses Concertantes (1941-2), Scenes de Ballet (1945), Orpheus (1947) and, (reviewed here) Agon (1957).

This work was awaited with great interest. During the period of Agon's composition (1953-57), Stravinsky had gradually moved toward the complete adoption of 12-tone ('serial') composition technique — a method for organising 'atonal' (no key) music.

Because the ballet spans this transition period it has elements of both tonal and atonal music. It's hard to find words to describe the resourcefulness and color of Stravinsky's orchestration in this work, harder still to understand its neglect in the recorded music repertoire — this being the only one currently available (perhaps the blind adherence to the "big three" ballets is an explanation). A word of warning though: if you lose concentration during The Rite of Spring, this music is probably not for you.

The other work, the Canticum Sacrum, is in the mood of the Symphony of Psalms.

— MIKE MUIR

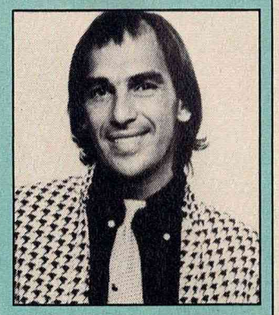
NEWSBREAKS

Tour Rumor Dept: **Herb Ellis** and **Barney Kessell** (who, with **Charlie Byrd**, make up what many feel is the trio of greats of modern jazz guitar); **Show Waddy Waddy** (a club tour around October/November); **Rita Coolidge** (October); **Pat Benatar** (December); **The Clash**—maybe this month.

The new **Queen** album *The Game* is their first studio LP since *Jazz* in '78. Record company WEA reports this is a much fresher-sounding Queen, stripped of a certain amount of pomp and circumstance . . . will the fans who kept Crazy Little Thing Called Love at No. One for six weeks agree?

Other new releases to look for: the new **Police** LP, *Uprising* by **Bob Marley**, a solo disc by Police drummer **Stuart Copeland** under the alias of Klark Kent, **Supertramp's** double live set, *I Still Call Australia Home* by kitsch king **Peter Allen**, newies from **Ultravox**, **Delaney Venn** *(Peter Gabriel III)*, **Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons** *(Hats Off Step Lively), Snap Crackle & Bop* by ultra-groovy English poet **John Cooper-Clark**, the soundtrack from *Zanadu*, with one side by **Olivia Newton-John** (produced and mostly written by retiring Oz superstar - behind - the - scenes **John Farrar**) and the other side by **Electric Light Orchestra**, produced by **Jeff Lynne**; **Kevin Borich's** English-produced *Angel's Hand* (sure to be a tough and hot departure from his previous recordings); *Crash & Burn* by Canadian guitar hero **Pat Travers**, *Once Again* by **Isaac Hayes**, **Voyager's** *Act Of Love* and *Opera Sauvage*, by **Vangelis** (together with **Jon Anderson**, one presumes).

Suggest those of you who have passed over or forgotten **Sinatra's** triple box set should reconsider. The man who transcends musical barriers has put out a masterpiece — particularly in his *Past* and *Future* LPs, although the hit from the set has been New York, New York, from the *Present* album.



Jo Jo Zep: new album.

And so, from what would currently have to be considered one of the hottest little music scenes in the world (viz the battle royal for record sales) between **The Angels, Mi-Sex, Cold Chisel, Richard Clapton, Jo Jo Zep**, to bed.

— JENNY HUNTER-BROWN

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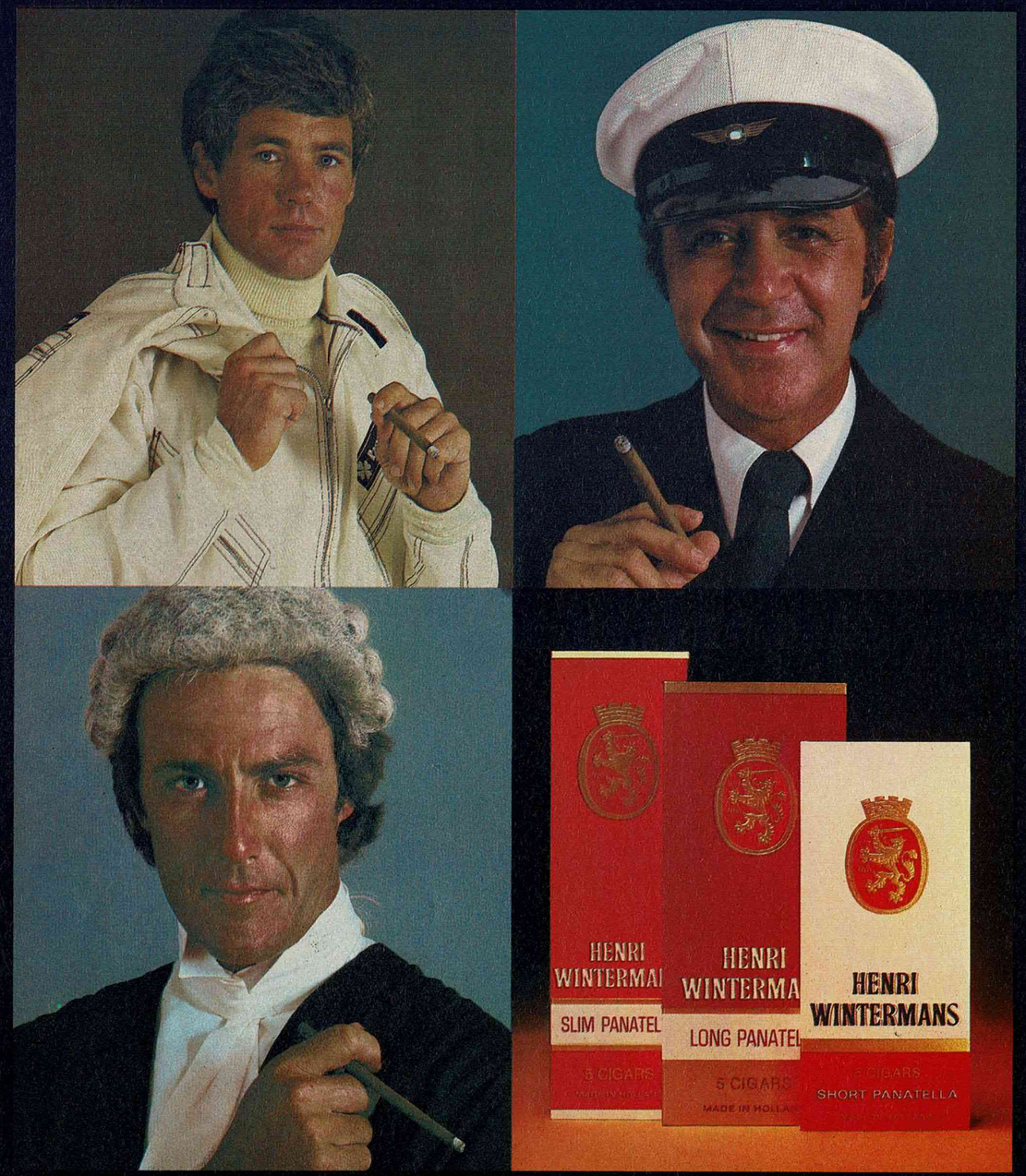

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BOOKS

viking rides again to bring the all-time greats of literature to the masses

ARTHUR MIZENER, English literature don of such hallowed American universities as Harvard and Cornell, once wrote that the Viking Portable Library series had done more for good reading and good writers than anything else he could remember reading. And it is certainly true that an anthology of the work of most of the authors we've been invited to study at school, university or simply to read for the elevation of our minds has appeared for years under the Viking Portable label.

Now some of the classics of literature have been revived with the release of 12 revised volumes of the Viking Library under the Penguin imprint. Penguin has reprinted 10 of the books under new and distinctive covers, two for the first time in Australia — the *Portable Graham Greene* and the *Portable Steinbeck*. The authors issued under new covers are Gibbon, Blake, Plato, Poe, Coleridge, Thoreau, Emerson, Melville, Hawthorne and Wilde.

While authors in the Viking-Penguin library chose themselves, one must sympathise with the men the publishers have invited to select and introduce each writer's works. For to make random selections would undermine their objectives — to rekindle the interest of old readers in the editors' favorite authors and to inspire new readers to take the plunge. Philip Stratford, a Montreal University professor and author, and analyst of the Creative Process in Greene and Mauriac, and Paul Covici, a son of a lifelong friend of Steinbeck, have each chosen excerpts which they feel best express a common theme running through the work of Greene and Steinbeck. Justifying the works he has selected, Philip Stratford writes in the introductory essay to the Greene anthology: "Nevertheless, one can say that for more than 40 years he has, with courage and tenderness, explored the unhappy region that lies between the risk of betrayal and the risk of love. And that, I think, is the extra dimension that Graham Greene has added to the 20th century novel."

For his part, Covici has tried to tap the essence of the best of Steinbeck's work — an obsessive need to express in words the wordlessness of man's awareness. As an illustration, Covici quotes from the daily log Steinbeck kept while writing *East of Eden:* "Very few people ever mature. It is enough if they flower and reseed. But sometimes awareness takes place — not very often and always unexplainable. There are no words for it because there is no one ever to tell. This is a secret not kept a secret, but locked in wordlessness. The craft or art of writing is the clumsy attempt to find symbols for the wordlessness."

And that I suppose is the difference between the good and the great writers. The Greenes and Steinbecks and the rest of the Vikings succeed in their "clumsy attempts". — RUSSELL DEILEY

•

War, with all its hell and glory, has produced some stunning fiction. *The Bridge on the River Kwai* is a popular example. True, there was a railway (and many bridges) — built at a cost of one hundred thousand lives — but the book and film were fiction. In their versions, the crucial bridge is destroyed. In fact, the actual railway line was completed, albeit too late to be of much value.

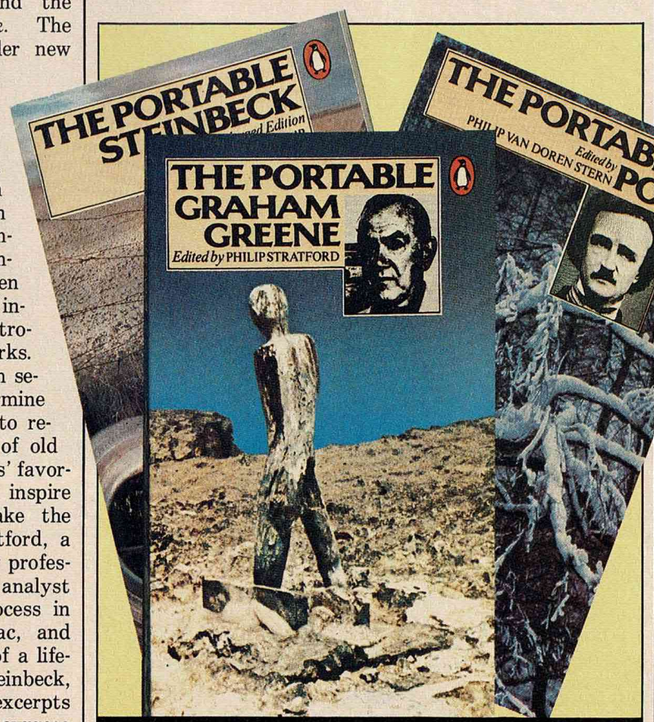
More than 61,000 Allied POWs (mainly Australian and British) and some 250,000 Asians were forced to build, literally by hand, the 420-kilometre military railway. Jungle diseases, malnutrition and starvation took a terrible toll but, with the bridge completed, Tokyo decreed that the most "fit" survivors be shipped to Japan to help alleviate the acute shortage of labor.

Eventually, 2218 Australian and British POWs — and a lone American — were jammed into the forward holds of two Japanese freighters. Six days later a force of American submarines struck.

Return from the River Kwai (Macdonald & Jane's) is the true story of these men, few of whom survived their second journey through hell. Joan and Clay Blair have done a remarkable research job. They interviewed more than 200 survivors and submariners. Their evocative first-hand reports make chilling reading as the survivors relive their days adrift in an oil-slicked sea, and the submariners describe the emotional turmoils they faced after they finally found out who their victims were. It is a story of weak men and strong men — on both sides of the war. — ALLAN MOULT

•

Critics of Jerry Kosinski's work have marvelled that a man whose native language is Polish should have such a remarkable control of English. And it is true that Kosinski continues to display the same clarity of expression in *Passion Play* (Michael Joseph) as he has in six previous novels. But I fear that the precision that entranced the critics in his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earlier work is showing signs of deserting Kosinski. Language rather than cohesive plot is still his forte, but words tend to run away with him in tracing the odyssey of his motorised wandering knight, Fabian.

Fabian, a morally ambivalent polo player, criss-crosses America tilting at opponents, the plutocrats of the show ring establishment and vestal equestriennes. True to his crusading colors, Fabian derives more pain than pleasure from his sexual encounters which lead Kosinski into rare realms of eroticism. His description of the subjugation of Stella, a black girl hiding in a white body, in the tack room of Fabian's mobile stable-home is like reading a *Horse and Rider* version of de Sade. There is less saddle symbolism in the seduction of Vanessa, the young blue-blood with whom Fabian shares his one deeply emotional relationship, but her sexual education proceeds amid the "orgiastic turbulence" of a communal Dream Exchange. Fabian might be said to be rescuing his princesses from the sin of narcissism, but his therapy is downright ambiguous.

As a morality play, Kosinski's new book is a nest of contradiction, but his slightly overworked talent for imagery is his clear redemption. — IAIN LOCK

•

Ever since he first achieved prominence as a novelist in the 1950s, John Updike has remained a master of the subtle, understated events of everyday lives, dissecting them in a way that makes them seem far from ordinary. His brief foray into sensational best-sellerdom with *Couples* for a while obscured the fact that Updike, in top form, is one of the wittiest, most erudite and innovative writers of the current era, able to juggle with words and leap from style to style without ever making his work seem gimmicky or difficult to read.

In *Problems* (University of Queensland Press) his first collection of short stories for seven years, Updike takes the anxieties of contemporary upper-middle America apart from so many different angles that the reader is at times left wondering why that country doesn't indulge in one gigantic nervous breakdown. It doesn't, of course, and neither do Updike's characters. They hang on, without any expectation that they are going to ever feel any better, but at least able to be smug that they probably won't ever feel much worse. Theirs is a comfortable kind of torment, self-indulged among the elm trees and country retreats of the American New England region. Separations, divorces, settlements, and convoluted domestic arrangements abound, and through them all the characters grapple with bits of the past that won't go away even when there is no earthly reason why they should matter any more.

In the title story, Updike sets forward these problems almost clinically, and brilliantly conjures up that feeling of unease that comes when all the apparent obstacles to happiness seem to have been overcome. Everything is all right, so something must be wrong. It is this nagging doubt that pursues the characters in *Problems* across a landscape where nothing is secure any more, not even their memories of what was once good. Even when Updike places a couple of his characters as tourists in exotic Ethiopia, it is their own shrivelled inner landscapes that prevail. Despite this, the book is never bleak, for Updike finds a great joke in the permanent emotional baggage with which his characters are always encumbered. — GORDON GRAHAM

•

Michael Dransfield was a young Sydney poet who lived fast, died young (in 1973, at the age of 24) and left thousands of pages of poetry behind him. *The Second Month of Spring* (University of Queensland Press), a "slim volume" of verse at 84 pages, is the third posthumous collection of his writings to appear.

In far too many ways Michael Dransfield was the archetypal Young Romantic Hippie Drug Poet. There were plenty of YRHDPs around in the late 1960s, busy at their work: protesting at the cruel world their elders had made, reading Keats and Shelley by candlelight, wandering from commune to hippie pad and back again, and exploring drugs and sex. And of course writing poems, reams of them: spontaneous, unrevised, fresh with the vitality of youth, and mainly banal.

Michael Dransfield had one thing that most of these people lacked — talent. Before his flirtation with heroin developed into the black habit that finally destroyed his health and spirit, he wrote many strong and beautiful poems.

His first three books are probably his best: *Streets of the Long Voyage, The Inspector of Tides,* and *Drug Poems.* This volume, *The Second Month of Spring,* is certainly the least effective of the three posthumous collections. The poems were all written during the last year or so of his life, when he was in continual distress. A motor-cycle accident had left him half crippled and in continual pain, he suffered from pleurisy and double pneumonia, and his drug addiction flared up again. His health damaged, his mind tormented, he wrote up to eight poems a day.

We are warned in the introduction that some six hundred poems — apart from those already published — have been found and assembled. No doubt we can look forward to a Selected Dransfield, then a Collected Poems, then a revised and annotated Collected Poems; by which stage the flood tide should ebb, and the ghost of this tormented and gifted young writer be laid to rest. — RONA SIMPSON

As a Hollywood producer, Steve Krantz hit the big time as the man who put together the first successful R-rated cartoon, *Fritz the Cat.* His other films are *Cooley High* and *Which Way is Up?* As a husband, he is the man behind Judith Krantz, author of those twin super sellers, *Scruples* and *Princess Daisy.* Now Krantz is up there with *Laurel Canyon* (Coronet).

The first novel is the classic pot-boiler, steaming with violence, sex and decadence among the beautiful people. It is the story of Stevie Tree, a moppet who is virtually orphaned when her nutty father slays her licentious mother, survives an incest-by-marriage relationship, prostitution and a suicide attempt to become an influential artistic agent. Readers from Vermont to Villawood are going to have the time of their lives putting real names to the characters. — GAVIN PLATTS

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Playmate of the Month (Page 82): Shoes from Raymond Castles; sweater from Sportsgirl and television set from Myer.

NEXT MONTH

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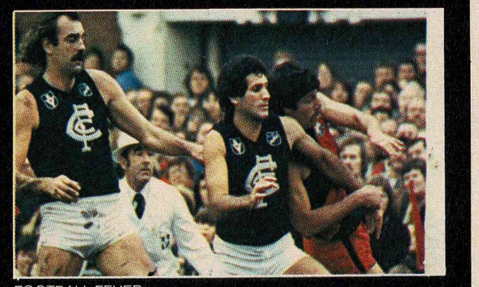
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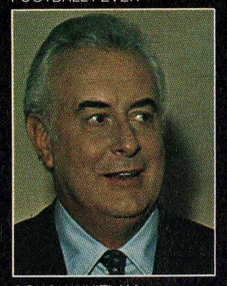
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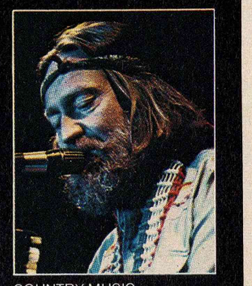
COUNTRY MUSIC

A CASE OF TOO MANY UNIONS — FORMER PRIME MINISTER **GOUGH WHITLAM** ARGUES FOR FEDERAL LAWS TO CONSOLIDATE AUSTRALIA'S 700 UNIONS INTO 15 MEGA-UNIONS

WHAT MAKES 60 MINUTES TICK — PAUL MANN PROFILES THE PEOPLE — HYPED ON ADRENALIN, PROFESSIONALISM AND ALCOHOL — WHO PRODUCE THE HIGHEST-RATING CURRENT AFFAIRS TELEVISION SHOW IN AUSTRALIA

THE WINTER MADNESS — NEIL JAMESON DIVES INTO THE MULTI-CODE FOOTBALL RUCK TO DECIDE WHICH GAME WILL BE MOST LIKELY TO TRIUMPH IN THE MONEY, CROWDS, POWER AND RATING STAKES

COUNTRY MUSIC'S LAWLESS BUNCH — OLD OUTLAWS WILLIE NELSON, JOHNNY PAYCHECK, KENNY ROGERS, WAYLON JENNINGS AND CO HAVE RETURNED TO LEAD THE COUNTRY MOB, WRITES **DENIS WHITBURN.** AND THESE REBELS HAVE AMASSED A HUGE FOLLOWING HERE

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OUR FORGOTTEN WARRIORS — MOST AUSTRALIANS WANT TO FORGET THE VIETNAM WAR, BUT FOR THE MAJORITY OF OUR 50,000 VETERANS THE MEMORY LINGERS IN PHYSICAL AND MENTAL DISABILITIES. **RUSSELL DEILEY** PAINTS A HARROWING PICTURE OF THEIR PLIGHT

RADIO'S GREATEST GAFFES — ON-AIR CLANGERS OVER THE AUSTRALIAN AIRWAVES HAVE CAUSED SOME VERY RED FACES AND A GREAT DEAL OF MIRTH. **TONY MAGUIRE** REPORTS

THE NOSE JOB — THE SCIENCE OF RHINOPLASTY IS A GREAT FACE SAVER FOR THOSE WHO HIT THE BACK OF A BUS — OR WHO SIMPLY NEVER COME TO TERMS WITH THEIR LOOKS. **TOR HOLTH** REPORTS ON HIS OWN SUCCESS STORY — PAID FOR BY MEDIBANK

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